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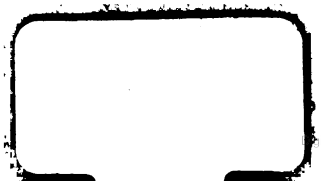

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

MATTHEW PRIOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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J. Heaviside delin.

J. K. Sherwin Sculp.

A Shepherd now along the Plain he roves;
And with his jolly Pipe delights the Groves.

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According to Act of Parliament, Jan.ro 1779. by T. Evans, Strand.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

MATTHEW PRIOR:

NOW FIRST COLLECTED,

WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES,

AND

MEMOIRS OF THE AUTHOR,

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR W. STRAHAN, T. PAYNE, J. RIVINGTON AND SONS, J. DODSLEY, T. LOWNDES, T. CADELL, T. CASLON, J. NICHOLS, AND T. EVANS IN THE STRAND.

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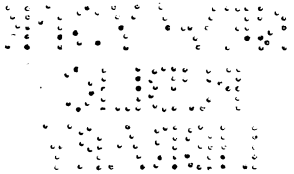

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TO

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN,

"HIMSELF A MUSE"

THE UNAFFECTED WIT, EASE, AND SIMPLICITY

OF WHOSE WRITINGS

THE VOICE OF AN ADMIRING PUBLIC HAS

DECLARED TO HAVE REILLUMINED THE

BRITISH THEATRE;

THIS COMPLETE EDITION

OF THE POETICAL WORKS OF

P R I O R,

ONE OF THAT BRIGHT CONSTELLATION OF GENIUS

WHICH SHONE FORTH LIKE

MR. SHERIDAN,

A PERPETUAL ORNAMENT OF THEIR COUNTRY,

IS INSCRIBED

BY ONE

WHO IS AMBITIOUSLY PROUD

TO

ACKNOWLEDGE HIS FRIENDSHIP,

T. EVANS.

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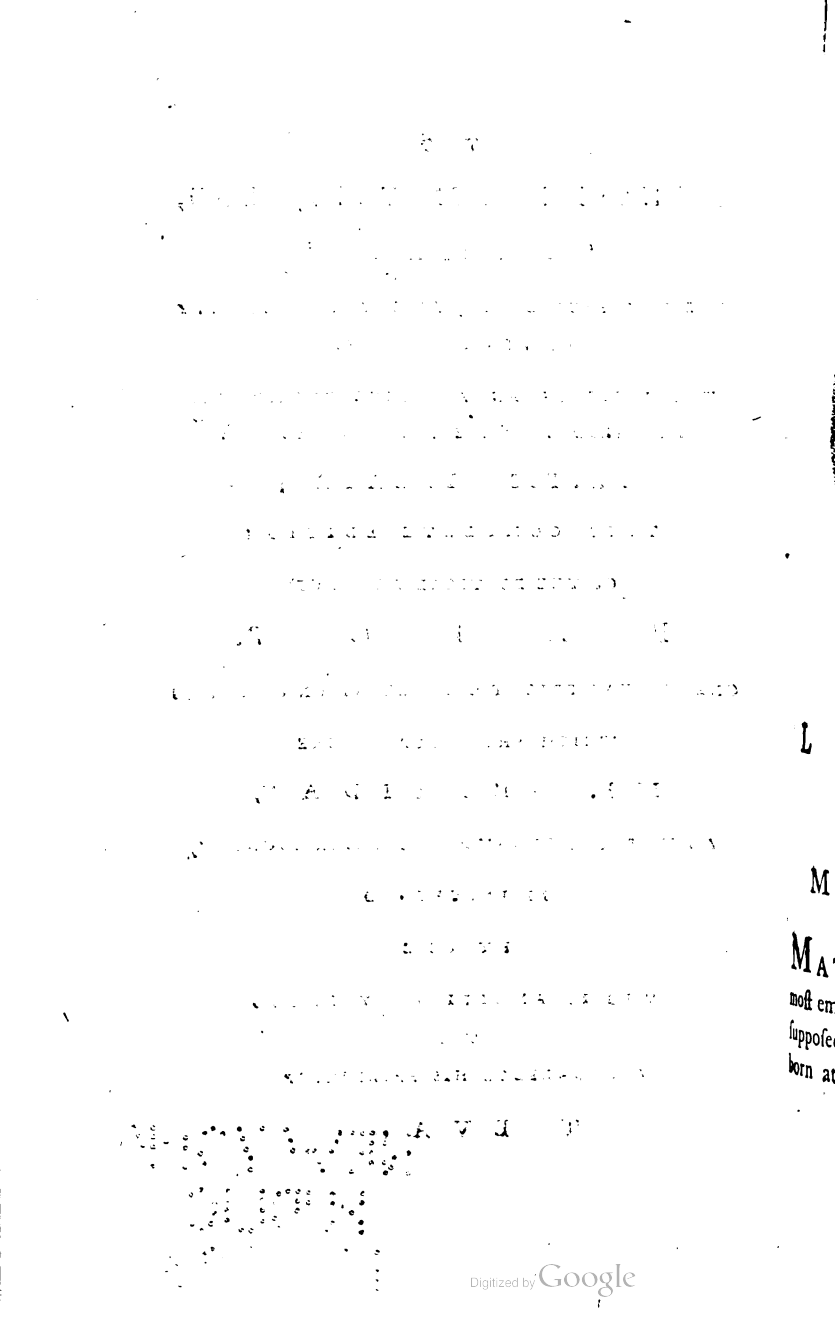
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THE

LIFE

OF

MAT. PRIOR.

MATTHEW PRIOR, one of the moſt eminent poets of the preſent century, is ſuppoſed, with great probability, to have been born at Winbourn Minſter, in the county of

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Dorſet, on the 21ſt day of July 1664. * His parents were diſſenters, and in mean circumſtances. They afforded him, however, as good an education as the place would allow, which was at the free ſchool founded by Margaret Counteſs of Richmond and Derby. How long he continued here before his removal to London, we are not informed, but it may be preſumed that he did not remain any conſiderable time, as it is ſaid on the death of his father he was ſent for by an uncle, then ſettled in town as a vintner, who undertook to give his nephew ſuch an education as his parents were unable to beſtow upon him. He was accordingly placed under the care of Dr. Buſby, at Weſtminſter ſchool, where he diſtinguiſhed himſelf very ſoon above his fellows of the ſame claſs. Before he had gone through the ſchool, his progreſs in literature was interrupted by his uncle, who intending him for his ſucceſſor, took him from

* All the biographers of Mr. Prior ſay he was born in London, but for the reaſons aſſigned by Mr. Hutchins in his Hiſtory and Antiquities of Dorſet, vol. II. p. 73, we have fixed the place of his birth to Winbourn Minſter, which ſeems to be intitled to claim the honour of having given birth to this excellent poet.

thence,

thence, and employed him for some time in the conduct and management of his business. This mean and low situation was insufficient to extinguish that love of letters which he had acquired at school: he still continued to devote some of his time to classical learning, and fortunately the bent of his studies and the force of his genius were known to some who used to frequent his uncle's house. An accident, we are told, occasioned his being released from his ignoble employment. The Earl of Dorset, with other gentlemen, being at the tavern where he lived, a dispute arose about the meaning of a particular passage in Horace, which not being settled to the satisfaction of those present, one of them said, *he was mistaken if there was not a young fellow in the house who was able to set them all right*, and at the same time proposed sending for Mr. Prior. On this recommendation, all the company desired he might be called in; when the difficulty being proposed to him, he explained it with so much modesty, that the Earl of Dorset immediately resolved to take him under his protection, and soon after he was sent to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he was entered a pensioner on the 2d of April, 1683. He there took his degree

degree of Batchelor of Arts in 1686; and on the 5th of April 1688, was admitted to a fellowſhip.

During his reſidence at Cambridge he became acquainted with Charles Montague, afterwards Earl of Halliſax, and in conjunction with him in the preceding year, 1687, exhibited the firſt publick ſpecimen of his abilities, by turning into ridicule Dryden's Hind and Panther, which they parodied with great humour in a piece intitled, *The Hind and Panther tranſverſed to the ſtory of the Country Mouſe and the City Mouſe.* In 1689 he came to London, and immediately applied to his friend Fleetwood Shepherd, * Eſq; who introduced him to the Earl of Dorſet, and by their joint intereſt procured him the next year to be appointed ſecretary on the part of the Engliſh in the Congreſs at the Hague. He executed this office with ſo much ability, and ſo much to the ſatisfaction of his royal maſter, that ſoon afterwards he had the poſt of Gentleman of his Majeſty's Bedchamber conferred upon him. He was in 1697 again employed in the office of ſecretary to the Engliſh negotiations on ſettling the Treaty of Riſwick; and in the ſame year

* See vol. 2. p. 106.

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nominated Principal Secretary of State in Ireland. The next year he went secretary to the embaſſy in France, and continued in that kingdom until Auguſt 1699 *, when on his return to England he viſited Loo in Holland, in order to pay his duty to King William, then reſiding there; and from thence, after a long audience of his Majeſty, departed by the way of Hague, and on his arrival in England took poſſeſſion of his ſeat as Under Secretary of State in the office of the Earl of Jerſey. He had not been many days in this employment before he was ordered back to Paris, to aſſiſt the ambaſſador in negotiating the Partition Treaty. In 1700 the degree of Maſter of Arts was conferred on him by the univerſity of Cambridge, in obedience to a mandamus from the king. The Earl of Jerſey accepting the place of Lord Chamberlain this year, Mr. Prior

* It was during his reſidence this time in France, that one of the officers of the king's houſhold, ſhewing him the royal apartments and curioſities of Verſailles, and among them the paintings of Le Brun, in which the victories of Lewis XIV. are deſcribed, aſked him, whether King William's actions were to be ſeen alſo in his palace? "No," anſwered the Engliſh ſecretary, "the "monuments of my maſter's actions are to be ſeen every "where but in his own houſe."

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loſt his poſt of Under Secretary of State; but for this he ſoon received an ample recompence, being on Mr. Locke's reſignation appointed one of the Lords of Trade, and elected a repreſentative for Eaſt Grinſtead in Suſſex, in the new parliament of that year, where he voted for impeaching the ſeveral lords charged with adviſing the Partition Treaty. From this time he continued to exerciſe his poetical talents as the great ſucceſſes in the war afforded him occaſions. Yet he afterwards concurred with thoſe who ſtrove for a peace, and connected himſelf very cloſely with the Tory miniſtry, who ſeem to have had that object in view from their firſt introduction into power. How much his abilities were relied upon at this important juncture, may be judged from his being fixed upon to begin the negotiations between the two courts. For this purpoſe, he was appointed plenipotentiary to the court of France, having been juſt before promoted to the Board of Cuſtoms. He was much employed in the buſineſs of the peace, as may be ſeen in the report of the Secret Committee. After returning to England he was again ſent to France, in Auguſt 1712, to accommodate ſuch matters as then remained unſettled in the Con-

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Congreſs at Utrecht. From this time he had the appointment and authority of an ambaſſador, and ſo continued until the death of Queen Anne. He remained at Paris ſome months after the acceſſion of George the Firſt, and was ſucceeded by the Earl of Stair, who by orders from home took poſſeſſion of all his papers. A difficulty in obtaining his arrears obliged him to continue at Paris ſome time without any public character. On his arrival in England on the 25th of March 1715, he was immediately taken into cuſtody by order of the Houſe of Commons, committed to the hands of a meſſenger, and ſoon after examined by a committee of the privy council. On the 10th of June, Robert Walpole, Eſq; moved the houſe for an impeachment againſt him; and on the 17th Mr. Prior was ordered into cloſe cuſtody, and no perſon admitted to ſee him without leave of the Speaker. In 1717 an Act of Grace paſſed, but he was one of the perſons excepted out of it; however, at the cloſe of the year he was diſcharged from his confinement. From this period his public life may be ſaid to end: and conſidering that he had had the prudence to retain his fellowſhip at Cam-

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Cambridge thro' all the ſcenes of his proſperity *, it ſeems ſurpriſing that he had not out of all his great appointments ſaved a ſufficient fortune to furniſh the means of a comfortable retreat. This, from Swift's letters, appears not to have been the caſe. His friends, therefore, adviſed him to collect his poems already publiſhed, together with ALMA † and SOLOMON, and print them by ſub-

* It is ſaid, he was often told, that the retaining this fellowſhip was inconſiſtent with the dignity of his ſituation and character; but he replied, that "every thing he had "beſides was precarious, and when all failed, that would "be bread and cheeſe; on which account he did not "mean to part with it." To make the ſociety ſome amends for this humour, he left them books to the value of 200 l. and his picture by La Belle, which had been a preſent to him from Lewis XIV.

† Mr. Pope ſaid "that the Alma of Prior was the only "work that (abating it's exceſſive ſcepticiſm) he could "wiſh to have been the author of. Yet, ſo unable, ſaid "he, are authors to make a true eſtimate of what they "write, (either from their fondneſs for the ſubject, or "the pains it coſts them in compoſition) that Prior aſking "him, ſoon after the publication of his works by ſub-"ſcription, how he liked his SOLOMON; he replied, "'your ALMA is a maſterpiece.' The other with great "impatience and reſentment, replied, 'what do you tell "me

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ſubſcription, and they undertook to conduct the publication in ſuch a manner, that the dignity of a miniſter in diſgrace ſhould not be injured by it. The work, accordingly, appeared in folio, 1718, and procured him a handſome ſum of money. The latter part of his life was ſpent in an agreeable retirement at Down-hall, a ſmall villa in the county of Eſſex, which had been purchaſed for him by his generous friend Lord Harley. Some time before his death he formed a deſign of writing the hiſtory of his own time, but had made very little progreſs in it, when a lingering fever carried him off the 18th of September, 1721, in the 58th year of his age. He died at Wimple, a ſeat of the Earl of Oxford, not far from Cambridge; and his corps was interred in Weſtminſter Abbey, where a monument was erected, with an inſcription on it written by Dr. Robert

" me of my ALMA, a looſe and haſty ſcribble to relieve " the tedious hours of impriſonment, while in the meſ- " ſenger's hand." This judgment of his friend occaſion- " ed thoſe two ſatiric lines in the ſmall poem of THE IM- " PERTINENT." (The Converſation, ſee vol. II. p. 171.)

" Indeed poor Solomon in rhime,
" Was much too grave to be ſublime."

Ruffhead's Life of Pope, 8vo. ed. p. 482.

Friend,

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Friend, maſter of Weſtminſter ſchool. For this monument, which he properly ſtiles *the laſt piece of human vanity*, he ſet apart the ſum of 500 l. by his will. After his death two volumes in octavo were publiſhed; the firſt containing poems by himſelf and his friends, ſome of which muſt be conſidered as doubtful; and the ſecond, The Hiſtory of his own Time, compiled from his original manuſcripts, which in the ſtate it was publiſhed, cannot be deemed one of his productions. Many Poems are ſaid to remain ſtill in MSS. in the poſſeſſion of the Dutcheſs Dowager of Portland.

THE

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MR. PRIOR'S

DEDICATION

TO THE

FIRST EDITION

OF HIS

POEMS.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LIONEL,

EARL OF

DORSET AND MIDDLESEX.*

IT looks like no great compliment to your Lordſhip, that I prefix your name to this epiſtle; when, in the preface, I declare the book is publiſhed almoſt againſt my inclination. But, in all caſes, my Lord, you have an hereditary right to whatever may be called mine. Many of the following pieces were written by the command of your excellent father; and moſt of the reſt, under his protection and patronage.

The particular felicity of your birth, my Lord; the natural endowments of your mind, which, without ſuſpicion of flattery, I may tell you, are

* Afterwards created Duke of Dorſet.

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very great; the good education with which theſe parts have been improved; and your coming into the world, and ſeeing men very early; make us expect from your Lordſhip all the good, which our hopes can form in favour of a young nobleman. *Tu Marcellus eris*,——Our eyes and our hearts are turned on you. You muſt be a judge and maſter of polite learning; a friend and patron to men of letters and merit; a faithful and able counſellor to your prince; a true patriot to your country; an ornament and honor to the titles you poſſeſs; and in one word, a worthy ſon to the great Earl of Dorſet. *

It

* Born 24 January, 1637, died 29 January, 1705-6. Mr. Walpole obſerves that "he was the fineſt gentleman "in the voluptuous court of Charles the ſecond, and in "the gloomy one of King William: he had as much wit "as his firſt maſter, or his cotemporaries, Buckingham and "Rocheſter, without the royal want of feeling, the Duke's "want of principles, or the Earl's want of thought. The "latter ſaid with aſtoniſhment, 'That he did not know "how it was, but Lord Dorſet might do any thing, and "yet was never to blame.'—It was not that he was free "from the failings of humanity, but he had the tenderneſs "of it too, which made every body excuſe whom every "body loved, for even the aſperity of his verſes ſeems "to have been forgiven to 'The beſt good man, with "the worſt natur'd Muſe.'——This line is not more "familiar

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It is as impoſſible to mention that name, without deſiring to commend the perſon; as it is to give him the commendations which his virtues deſerved. But I aſſure myſelf, the moſt agreeable compliment I can bring your Lordſhip, is to pay a grateful reſpect to your father's memory. And my own obligations to him were ſuch; that the world muſt pardon my endeavouring at his character, however I may miſcarry in the attempt.

A thouſand ornaments and graces met in the compoſition of this great man, and contributed to make him univerſally beloved and eſteemed. The figure of his body was ſtrong, proportionable, beautiful: and was his picture well drawn,

"familiar than Lord Dorſet's own poems, to all who have "a taſte for the genteeleſt beauties of natural and eaſy "verſe, or than his Lordſhip's own bon mots; of which "I cannot help repeating one of ſingular humour. Lord "Craven was a proverb for officious whiſpers to men in "power. On Lord Dorſet's promotion, King Charles "having ſeen Lord Craven pay his uſual tribute to him, "aſked the former what the latter had been ſaying: the "Earl replied gravely, 'Sir, my Lord Craven did me the "honour to whiſper, but I did not think it good manners "to liſten.' When he was dying, Congreve, who had "been to viſit him, being aſked how he had left him, re-"plied, 'faith, he ſlabbers more wit than other people do "in their beſt health." Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors. vol. 2, p. 96.

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it muſt deſerve the praiſe given to the portraits of Raphael; and, at once, create love and reſpect. While the greatneſs of his mien informed men, they were approaching the nobleman; the ſweetneſs of it invited them to come nearer to the patron. There was in his look and geſture ſomething that is more eaſily conceived than deſcribed; that gained upon you in his favour, before he ſpake one word. His behaviour was eaſy and courteous to all; but diſtinguiſhed and adapted to each man in particular, according to his ſtation and quality. His civility was free from the formality of rule, and flowed immediately from his good ſenſe.

Such were the natural faculties and ſtrength of his mind, that he had occaſion to borrow very little from education; and he owed thoſe advantages to his own good parts, which others acquire by ſtudy and imitation. His wit was abundant, noble, bold. Wit in moſt writers is like a fountain in a garden, ſupplied by ſeveral ſtreams brought through artful pipes, and playing ſometimes agreeably. But the Earl of Dorſet's was a ſource riſing from the top of a mountain, which forced its own way, and with inexhauſtible ſupplies, delighted and enriched the country through which it paſſed. This extraordinary genius was accom-

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accompanied with ſo true a judgment in all parts of fine learning, that whatever ſubject was before him, he diſcourſed as properly of it, as if the peculiar bent of his ſtudy had been applied that way; and he perfected his judgment by reading and digeſting the beſt authors, though he quoted them very ſeldom,

Contemnebat potiùs literas, quàm neſciebat:

and rather ſeemed to draw his knowledge from his own ſtores, than to owe it to any foreign aſſiſtance.

The brightneſs of his parts, the ſolidity of his judgment, and the candor and generoſity of his temper diſtinguiſhed him in an age of great politeneſs, and at a court abounding with men of the fineſt ſenſe and learning. The moſt eminent maſters in their ſeveral ways appealed to his determination. Waller thought it an honour to conſult him in the ſoftneſs and harmony of his verſe: and Dr. Sprat, in the delicacy and turn of his proſe. Dryden determines by him, * under the character of Eugenius, as to the laws

* See Dryden's Eſſay on Dramatick Poeſie, firſt printed in quarto, and addreſſed to Charles Earl of Dorſet, then Lord Buckhurſt.

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of dramatick poetry. Butler owed it to him that the court taſted his Hudibras: Wicherley, that the town liked his Plain Dealer: and the late Duke of Buckingham deferred to publiſh his Reherſal; till he was ſure (as he expreſſed it) that my Lord Dorſet would not *rehearſe* upon him again. If we wanted foreign teſtimony, La Fontaine and St. Evremont have acknowledged, that he was a perfect maſter of the beauty and fineneſs of their language, and of all that they call *les Belles Letters*. Nor was this nicety of his judgment confined only to books and literature; but was the ſame in ſtatuary, painting, and all other parts of art. Bernini would have taken his opinion upon the beauty and attitude of a figure; and King Charles did not agree with Lely, that my Lady Cleveland's picture was finiſhed, 'till it had the approbation of my Lord Buckhurſt.

As the judgment which he made of others writings, could not be refuted; the manner in which he wrote, will hardly ever be equalled. Every one of his pieces is an ingot of gold, intrinſically and ſolidly valuable; ſuch as, wrought or beaten thinner, would ſhine through a whole book of any other author. His thought was always new; and the expreſſion of it ſo particularly

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larly happy, that every body knew immediately, it could only be my Lord Dorſet's: and yet it was ſo eaſy too, that every body was ready to imagine himſelf capable of writing it. There is a luſtre in his verſes, like that of the ſun in Claude Loraine's landſkips; it looks natural, and is inimitable. His love-verſes have a mixture of delicacy and ſtrength: they convey the wit of Petronius in the ſoftneſs of Tibullus. His ſatyr indeed is ſo ſeverely pointed, that in it he appears, what his great friend the Earl of Rocheſter (that other prodigy of the Age) ſays he was;

The beſt good man, with the worſt natur'd Muſe.

Yet even here, that character may juſtly be applied to him, which Perſius gives of the beſt writer in this kind, that ever lived:

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, & admiſſus circum præcordia ludit.

And the gentleman had always ſo much the better of the ſatyriſt, that the perſons touched did not know where to fix their reſentments; and were forced to appear rather aſhamed than angry. Yet ſo far was this great author from valuing himſelf upon his works, that he cared not what became

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became of them, though every body elſe did. There are many things of his not extant in writing, which however are always repeated: like the verſes and ſayings of the antient Druids, they retain an univerſal veneration; though they are preſerved only by memory.

As it is often ſeen, that thoſe men who are leaſt qualified for buſineſs, love it moſt; my Lord Dorſet's character was, that he certainly underſtood it, but did not care for it.

Coming very young to the poſſeſſion of two plentiful eſtates, and in an age when pleaſure was more in faſhion than buſineſs; he turned his parts rather to books and converſation, than to politicks, and what more immediately related to the public. But whenever the ſafety of his country demanded his aſſiſtance, he readily entered into the moſt active parts of life; and underwent the greateſt dangers, with a conſtancy of mind, which ſhewed, that he had not only read the rules of philoſophy, but underſtood the practice of them.

In the firſt Dutch war he went a volunteer under the Duke of York: his behaviour, during that campaign, was ſuch, as diſtinguiſhed the Sackville deſcended from that Hildebrand of the name, who was one of the greateſt captains that

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came into England with the Conqueror. But his making a ſong * the night before the engagement (and it was one of the prettieſt that ever was made) carries with it ſo ſedate a preſence of mind, and ſuch an unuſual gallantry, that it deſerves as much to be recorded, as Alexander's jeſting with his ſoldiers, before he paſſed the Granicus; or William the Firſt of Orange, giving order over night for a battle, and deſiring to be called in the morning, leſt he ſhould happen to ſleep too long.

From hence, during the remaining part of King Charles's reign, he continued to live in honourable leiſure. He was of the bed-chamber to the king, and poſſeſſed not only his maſter's favour, but (in a great degree) his familiarity; never leaving the court, but when he was ſent to that of France, on ſome ſhort commiſſions and embaſſies of compliment: as if the king deſigned to ſhew the French (who would be thought the politeſt nation), that one of the fineſt gentlemen in Europe was his ſubject; and that we had a prince who underſtood his worth ſo well,

* See ſong beginning, "To all you ladies now at land," is printed in the vol. of the works of the Minor Poets.

as

as not to ſuffer him to be long out of his preſence.

The ſucceeding reign neither reliſhed my Lord's wit, nor approved his maxims: ſo he retired altogether from court. But as the irretrievable miſtakes of that unhappy government went on to threaten the nation with ſomething more terrible than a Dutch war: he thought it became him to reſume the courage of his youth, and once more to engage himſelf in defending the liberty of his country. He entered into the prince of Orange's intereſt; and carried on his part of that great enterpriſe here in London, and under the eye of the court; with the ſame reſolution, as his friend and fellow-patriot, the late Duke of Devonſhire did in open arms at Nottingham, till the dangers of thoſe times encreaſed to extremity; and juſt apprehenſions aroſe for the ſafety of the princeſs, our preſent glorious queen: then the Earl of Dorſet was thought the propereſt guide of her neceſſary flight, and the perſon under whoſe courage and direction the nation might moſt ſafely truſt a charge ſo precious and important.

After the eſtabliſhment of their late majeſties upon the throne, there was room again at court for men of my Lord's character. He had a part in

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in the councils of thoſe princes, a great ſhare in their friendſhip; and all the marks of diſtinction, with which a good government could reward a patriot. He was made chamberlain of their majeſties houſhold; a place which he ſo eminently adorned by the grace of his perſon, and the fineneſs of his breeding, and the knowledge and practice of what was decent and magnificent; that he could only be rivalled in theſe qualifications by one great man, who has ſince held the ſame ſtaff.

The laſt honours he received from his ſovereign (and indeed they were the greateſt which a ſubject could receive), were, that he was made knight of the garter, and conſtituted one of the regents of the kingdom, during his majeſty's abſence. But his health, about that time, ſenſibly declining; and the public affairs not threatned by any imminent danger; he left the buſineſs to thoſe who delighted more in the ſtate of it; and appeared only ſometimes at council, to ſhew his reſpect to the commiſſion: giving as much leiſure as he could to the relief of thoſe pains, with which it pleaſed God to afflict him; and indulging the reflections of a mind, that had looked through the world with too piercing an eye, and was grown weary of the proſpect.

Upon

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Upon the whole, it may very juſtly be ſaid of this great man, with regard to the public, that through the courſe of his life, he acted like an able pilot in a long voyage; contented to ſit quiet in the cabin, when the winds were allayed, and the waters ſmooth; but vigilant and ready to reſume the helm, when the ſtorm aroſe, and the ſea grew tumultuous.

I aſk your pardon, my Lord, if I look yet a little more nearly into the late Lord Dorſet's character: if I examine it not without ſome intention of finding fault; and (which is an odd way of making a panegyric) ſet his blemiſhes and imperfections in open view.

The fire of his youth carried him to ſome exceſſes: but they were accompanied with a moſt lively invention, and true humour. The little violences and eaſy miſtakes of a night too gaily ſpent, (and that too in the beginning of life) were always ſet right the next day, with great humanity, and ample retribution. His faults brought their excuſe with them, and his very failings had their beauties. So much ſweetneſs accompanied what he ſaid, and ſo great generoſity what he did; that people were always prepoſſeſſed in his favour: and it was in fact true, what the late Earl of Rocheſter ſaid in jeſt to King

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King Charles; that he did not know how it was, but my Lord Dorset might do any thing, yet was never to blame.

He was naturally very subject to passion; but the short gust was soon over, and served only to set off the charms of his temper, when more composed. That very passion broke out with a force of wit, which made even anger agreeable: while it lasted, he said and forgot a thousand things, which other men would have been glad to have studied and wrote: but the impetuosity was corrected upon a moment's reflection; and the measure altered with such grace and delicacy, that you could scarce perceive where the key was changed.

He was very sharp in his reflections; but never in the wrong place. His darts were sure to wound; but they were sure too to hit none, but those whose follies gave him very fair aim. And when he allowed no quarter; he had certainly been provoked by more than common error: by men's tedious and circumstantial recitals of their affairs; or by their multiplied questions about his own; by extreme ignorance and impertinence; or the mixture of these, an ill-judged and never-ceasing civility: or lastly, by the two things which were his utter aversion; the insinuation

nuation of a flatterer, and the whiſper of a tale-bearer.

If therefore we ſet the piece in its worſt poſition; if its faults be moſt expoſed; the ſhades will ſtill appear very finely joined with their lights; and every imperfection will be diminiſhed by the luſtre of ſome neighbouring virtue. But if we turn the great drawings and wonderful colourings to their true light; the whole muſt appear beautiful, noble, admirable.

He poſſeſſed all thoſe virtues in the higheſt degree, upon which the pleaſure of ſociety, and the happineſs of life depend: and he exerciſed them with the greateſt decency, and beſt manners. As good-nature is ſaid, by a great * author, to belong more particularly to the Engliſh, than any other nation; it may again be ſaid, that it belonged more particularly to the late Earl of Dorſet, than to any other Engliſh man.

A kind huſband he was, without fondneſs: and an indulgent father, without partiality. So extraordinary good a maſter, that this quality ought indeed to have been numbered among his defects: for he was often ſerved worſe than became his ſtation; from his unwillingneſs to

* Sprat. Hiſt. of the Royal Society.

aſſume

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aſſume an authority too ſevere. And, during thoſe little tranſports of paſſion, to which I juſt now ſaid he was ſubject; I have known his ſervants get into his way, that they might make a merit of it immediately after: for he that had the good fortune to be chid, was ſure of being rewarded for it.

His table was one of the laſt, that gave us an example of the old houſe-keeping of an Engliſh nobleman. A freedom reigned at it, which made every one of his gueſts think himſelf at home: and an abundance, which ſhewed that the maſter's hoſpitality extended to many more, than thoſe who had the honour to ſit at table with him.

In his dealings with others; his care and exactneſs that every man ſhould have his due, was ſuch, that you would think he had never ſeen a court: the politeneſs and civility with which this juſtice was adminiſtered, would convince you he never had lived out of one.

He was ſo ſtrict an obſerver of his word, that no conſideration whatever could make him break it; yet ſo cautious, leſt the merit of his act ſhould ariſe from that obligation only; that he uſually did the greateſt favours, without making any pre-

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vious promiſe. So inviolable was he in his friendſhip, and ſo kind to the character of thoſe, whom he had once honoured with a more intimate acquaintance; that nothing leſs than a demonſtration of ſome eſſential fault, could make him break with them: and then too, his good-nature did not conſent to it, without the greateſt reluctance and difficulty. Let me give one inſtance of this amongſt many. When, as lord chamberlain, he was obliged to take the king's penſion from Mr. Dryden, who had long before put himſelf out of a poſſibility of receiving any favour from the court: my Lord allowed him an equivalent out of his own eſtate. However diſpleaſed with the conduct of his old acquaintance, he relieved his neceſſities; and while he gave him his aſſiſtance in private; in publick he extenuated and pitied his error.

The foundation indeed of theſe excellent qualities, and the perfection of my Lord Dorſet's character, was that unbounded charity which ran through the whole tenor of his life; and ſat as viſibly predominant over the other faculties of his ſoul; as ſhe is ſaid to do in Heaven, above her ſiſter virtues.

Crouds

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Crouds of poor daily thronged his gates, expecting thence their bread: and were ſtill leſſened by his ſending the moſt proper objects of his bounty to apprenticeſhips, or hoſpitals. The lazar and the ſick, as he accidentally ſaw them, were removed from the ſtreet to the phyſician; and many of them not only reſtored to health, but ſupplied with what might enable them to reſume their former callings, and make their future life happy. The priſoner has often been releaſed, by my Lord's paying the debt; and the condemned has been ſaved by his interceſſion with the ſovereign, where he thought the letter of the law too rigid. To thoſe whoſe circumſtances were ſuch as made them aſhamed of their poverty, he knew how to beſtow his munificence, without offending their modeſty; and under the notion of frequent preſents, gave them what amounted to a ſubſiſtence. Many yet alive know this to be true, though he told it to none, nor ever was more uneaſy, than when any one mentioned it to him.

We may find among the Greeks and Latins, Tibullus, and Gallus, the noblemen that writ poetry: Auguſtus and Mæcenas, the protectors of learning: Ariſtides, the good citizen; and

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Atticus, the well-bred friend: and bring them in, as examples of my Lord Dorſet's wit; his judgment; his juſtice; and his civility. But for his charity, my Lord, we can ſcarce find a parallel in hiſtory itſelf.

Titus was not more the *delitiæ humani generis*, on this account, than my Lord Dorſet was. And, without any exaggeration, that prince did not do more good in proportion out of the revenue of the Roman empire, than your father out of the income of a private eſtate. Let this, my Lord, remain to you and your poſterity a poſſeſſion for ever; to be imitated, and, if poſſible, to be excelled.

As to my own particular, I ſcarce knew what life was, ſooner than I found myſelf obliged to his favour; nor have had reaſon to feel any ſorrow, ſo ſenſibly as that of his death.

" Ille dies quem ſemper acerbum
" Semper honoratum (ſic Di voluiſtis) habebo."

Æneas could not reflect upon the loſs of his own father with greater piety, my Lord, than I muſt recall the memory of your's: and when I think whoſe ſon I am writing to, the leaſt I promiſe

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miſe myſelf from your goodneſs is an uninterrupted continuance of favour, and a friendſhip for life. To which, that I may with ſome juſtice intitle myſelf, I ſend your Lordſhip a dedication, not filled with a long detail of your praiſes, but with my ſincereſt wiſhes that you may deſerve them. That you may employ thoſe extraordinary parts and abilities with which Heaven has bleſſed you, to the honour of your family, the benefit of your friends, and the good of your country; that all your actions may be great, open and noble, ſuch as may tell the world whoſe ſon and whoſe ſucceſſor you are.

What I now offer to your Lordſhip is a collection of poetry, a kind of garland of goodwill. If any verſes of my writing ſhould appear in print, under another name and patronage, than that of an Earl of Dorſet, people might ſuſpect them not to be genuine. I have attained my preſent end, if theſe poems prove the diverſion of ſome of your youthful hours, as they have been occaſionally the amuſement of ſome of mine; and I humbly hope, that as I may hereafter bind up my fuller ſheaf, and lay ſome pieces of a very different nature (the product of

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my ſeverer ſtudies) at your Lordſhip's feet, I ſhall engage your more ſerious reflection: happy, if in all my endeavours I may contribute to your delight, or to your inſtruction. I am, with all duty and reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient, and

Moſt humble ſervant,

MAT. PRIOR.

PRE-

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PREFACE.

THE greateſt part of what I have written having been already publiſhed, either ſingly or in ſome of the miſcellanies, it would be too late for me to make any excuſe for appearing in print. But a collection of poems has lately appeared under my name, though without my knowledge, in which the publiſher has given me the honour of ſome things that did not belong to me; and has tranſcribed others ſo imperfectly, that I hardly knew them to be mine. This has obliged me, in my own defence, to look back upon ſome of thoſe lighter ſtudies, which I ought long ſince to have quitted, and to publiſh an indifferent collection of poems, for fear of being thought the author of a worſe.

Thus I beg pardon of the publick for reprinting ſome pieces, which as they came ſingly from their firſt impreſſion, have (I fancy) lain long and quietly in Mr. Tonſon's ſhop; and adding

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others to them, which were never before printed, and might have lain as quietly, and perhaps more ſafely, in a corner of my own ſtudy.

The reader will, I hope, make allowance for their having been written at very diſtant times, and on very different occaſions; and take them as they happen to come. Publick panegyricks, amorous odes, ſerious reflections, or idle tales, the product of his leiſure hours, who had buſineſs enough upon his hands, and was only a poet by accident.

I take this occaſion to thank my good friend and ſchool-fellow Mr. Dibben*, for his excellent verſion of the Carmen Seculare, though my gra-

* Thomas Dibben, afterwards doctor of divinity, rector of Great Fontmell, in Dorſetſhire, precentor of St. Paul's. He was born at Manſton, in the ſame county, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and went chaplain to Dr. Robinſon, biſhop of Briſtol, at the congreſs of Utrecht. While he continued in that ſituation, he preached a ſermon at St. John's church, before the ambaſſadors on the day of Queen Ann's acceſſion, which he afterwards publiſhed, as he did another ſermon preached at Shaſton viſitation. The ſequel of his life did not anſwer the expectations formed of him from the beginning of it. Many years before his death he became diſordered in his ſenſes, left his houſe and friends, ſpent his fortune, and died in the Poultry Compter in London, in the year 1741.

titude

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titude may juſtly carry a little envy with it; for I believe the moſt accurate judges will find the tranſlation exceed the original.

I muſt likewiſe own myſelf obliged to Mrs. Singer †, who has given me leave to print a paſtoral of her writing; that poem having produced the verſes immediately following it. I wiſh ſhe might be prevailed with to publiſh ſome other pieces of that kind, in which the ſoftneſs of her ſex, and the fineneſs of her genius, conſpire to give her a very diſtinguiſhing character.

† Afterwards the celebrated Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe. It is ſaid that Mr. Prior, about the time this poem was written, made his addreſſes to this lady.

POST-

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POSTSCRIPT.

I MUST help my preface by a poſtſcript, to tell the reader, that there are ten years diſtance between my writing the one and the other; and that (whatever I thought then, and have ſomewhere ſaid, that I would publiſh no more poetry) he will find ſeveral copies of verſes ſcattered through this edition, which were not printed in the firſt. Thoſe relating to the publick ſtand in the order they did before, and according to the ſeveral years, in which they were written; however the diſpoſition of our national affairs, the actions, or the fortunes of ſome men, and the opinions of others may have changed. Proſe, and other human things may take what turn they can; but poetry, which pretends to have ſomething of divinity in it, is to be more permanent. Odes once printed cannot well be altered,

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tered, when the author has already ſaid, that he expects his works ſhould live forever. And it had been very fooliſh in my friend Horace, if ſome years after his Exegi Monumentum, he ſhould have deſired to ſee his building taken down again.

The dedication likewiſe is reprinted to the Earl of Dorſet, in the foregoing leaves, without any alteration; though I had the faireſt opportunity, and the ſtrongeſt inclination to have added a great deal to it. The blooming hopes, which I ſaid the world expected from my then very young patron, have been confirmed by moſt noble and diſtinguiſhed firſt-fruits; and his life is going on towards a plentiful harveſt of all accumulated virtues. He has in fact exceeded whatever the fondneſs of my wiſhes could invent in his favour: his equally good and beautiful lady enjoys in him an indulgent, and obliging huſband; his children, a kind and careful father; and his acquaintance, a faithful, generous, and polite friend. His fellow-peers have attended to the perſuaſion of his eloquence; and have been convinced by the ſolidity of his reaſoning. He has long ſince deſerved and attained the honour of the garter. He has managed ſome of the greateſt charges of the kingdom with known ability;

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ability; and laid them down with entire diſintereſtment. And as he continues the exerciſes of theſe eminent virtues (which that he may do to a very old age, ſhall be my perpetual wiſh, he may be one of the greateſt men that our age, or poſſibly our nation has bred; and leave materials for a panegyric, not unworthy the pen of ſome future Pliny.

From ſo noble a ſubject as the Earl of Dorſet, to ſo mean a one as myſelf, is (I confeſs) a very pindaric tranſition. I ſhall only ſay one word, and trouble the reader no farther. I publiſhed my poems formerly, as Monſieur Jourdain ſold his ſilk: he would not be thought a tradeſman; but ordered ſome pieces to be meaſured out to his particular friends. Now I give up my ſhop, and diſpoſe of all my poetical goods at once: I muſt therefore deſire, that the public would pleaſe to take them in the groſs; and that every body would turn over what he does not like.

THE

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THE POEMS OF MAT. PRIOR.

ON EXOD. III, 14.—I AM THAT I AM.

AN ODE.

WRITTEN IN 1688, AS AN EXERCISE AT ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

I.

MAN! fooliſh man!
Scarce know'ſt thou how thyſelf began;
Scarce haſt thou thought enough to prove thou art;
Yet ſteel'd with ſtudy'd boldneſs, thou dar'ſt try
To ſend thy doubting reaſon's dazzled eye
Through the myſterious gulph of vaſt immenſity.
Much thou canſt there diſcern, much thence impart.
Vain

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Vain wretch! ſuppreſs thy knowing pride;
Mortify thy learned luſt!
Vain are thy thoughts, while thou thyſelf art duſt.

II.

Let Wit her ſails, her oars let Wiſdom lend;
The helm let politick Experience guide:
Yet ceaſe to hope thy ſhort-liv'd bark ſhall ride
Down ſpreading Fate's unnavigable tide.
What, though ſtill it farther tend?
Still 'tis farther from its end;
And, in the boſom of that boundleſs ſea,
Still finds its error lengthen with its way.

III.

With daring pride and inſolent delight
Your doubts reſolv'd you boaſt, your labours crown'd;
And ΄ΕΥΡΗΚΑ! your god, forſooth is found
Incomprehenſible and infinite.
But is he therefore found? vain ſearcher! no:
Let your imperfect definition ſhow,
That nothing you, the weak definer, know.

IV.

Say, why ſhould the collected main
Itſelf within itſelf contain?
Why to its caverns ſhould it ſometimes creep,
And with delighted ſilence ſleep
On the lov'd boſom of it's parent deep?
Why ſhould it's numerous waters ſtay
In comely diſcipline, and fair array,
Till winds and tides exert their high command?

Then

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Then prompt and ready to obey,
Why do the riſing ſurges ſpread
Their op'ning ranks o'er earth's ſubmiſſive head,
Marching through different paths to different lands?

V.

Why does the conſtant ſun
With meaſur'd ſteps his radiant journies run?
Why does he order the diurnal hours
To leave earth's other part, and riſe on ours?
Why does he wake the correſpondent moon,
And fill her willing lamp with liquid light,
Commanding her with delegated pow'rs
To beautify the world, and bleſs the night?
Why does each animated ſtar
Love the juſt limits of it's proper ſphere?
Why does each conſenting ſign
With prudent harmony combine
In turns to move, and ſubſequent appear,
To gird the globe, and regulate the year?

VI.

Man does with dangerous curioſity
Theſe unfathom'd wonders try:
With fancy'd rules and arbitrary laws
Matter and motion he reſtrains;
And ſtudy'd lines and fictious circles draws:
Then with imagin'd ſovereignty
Lord of his new hypotheſis he reigns.
He reigns: how long? 'till ſome uſurper riſe;
And he too, mighty thoughtful, mighty wiſe,
Studies new lines, and other circles feigns.

From

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From this laſt toil again what knowledge flows?
Juſt as much, perhaps, as ſhows,
That all his predeceſſor's rules
Were empty cant, all Jargon of the ſchools;
That he on t'other's ruin rears his throne;
And ſhows his friend's miſtake, and thence confirms his own.

VII.

On earth, in air, amidſt the ſeas and ſkies,
Mountainous heaps of wonders riſe;
Whoſe tow'ring ſtrength will ne'er ſubmit
To Reaſon's batteries, or the mines of wit:
Yet ſtill enquiring, ſtill miſtaking man,
Each hour repuls'd, each hour dare onward preſs;
And levelling at God his wandring gueſs,
(That feeble engine of his reaſoning war,
Which guides his doubts, and combats his deſpair)
Laws to his Maker the learn'd wretch can give:
Can bound that nature, and preſcribe that will,
Whoſe pregnant word did either ocean fill:
Can tell us whence all beings are, and how they move and live.
Through either ocean, fooliſh man!
That pregnant word ſent forth again,
Might to a world extend each atom there;
For every drop call forth a ſea, a heav'n for every ſtar.

VIII. Let

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VIII.

Let cunning Earth her fruitful wonders hide;
And only lift thy ſtaggering reaſon up
To trembling Calvary's aſtoniſh'd top;
Then mock thy knowledge, and confound thy pride,
Explaining how Perfection ſuffer'd pain,
Almighty languiſh'd, and eternal dy'd:
How by her patient victor Death was ſlain;
And earth prophan'd, yet bleſs'd with deicide.
Then down with all thy boaſted volumes, down;
Only reſerve the ſacred one:
Low, reverently low,
Make thy ſtubborn knowledge bow;
Weep out thy reaſon's, and thy body's eyes;
Deject thyſelf, that thou may'ſt riſe;
To look to Heav'n, be blind to all below.

IX.

Then Faith, for Reaſon's glimmering light, ſhall give
Her immortal perſpective;
And Grace's preſence Nature's loſs retrieve:
Then thy enliven'd ſoul ſhall ſee,
That all the volumes of philoſophy,
With all their comments, never cou'd invent
So politick an inſtrument,
To reach the Heav'n of Heav'ns, the high abode,
Where Moſes places his myſterious God,
As was that ladder which old Jacob rear'd,
When light divine had human darkneſs clear'd;
And his enlarg'd ideas found the road,
Which Faith had dictated, and Angels trod.

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TO THE
COUNTESS OF EXETER,*
PLAYING ON THE LUTE.

WHAT charms you have, from what high race you ſprung,
Have been the pleaſing ſubjects of my ſong:
Unſkill'd and young, yet ſomething ſtill I writ,
Of Ca'ndiſh beauty join'd to Cecil's wit.
But when you pleaſe to ſhow the lab'ring Muſe,
What greater theme your muſick can produce;
My babling praiſes I repeat no more,
But hear, rejoice, ſtand ſilent, and adore.

* Anne, daughter of William Earl of Devonſhire, and ſiſter to the firſt Duke of Devonſhire, widow alſo to Charles Lord Rich, was married to John Cecil Lord Burleigh, afterwards Earl of Exeter; ſhe attended her lord upon all his travels, and was preſent when he died, Auguſt 29, 1700, at a village called Iſſy, near Paris, and ſurviving him till the 18th of June, 1703, the remains of both were depoſited at St. Martin, Stamford, where a magnificent monument, brought among other curious works from Rome, is erected to their memory.

The

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The Perſians thus, firſt gazing on the ſun,
Admir'd how high 'twas plac'd, how bright it ſhone;
But, as his pow'r was known, their thoughts were raiſ'd;
And ſoon they worſhip'd, what at firſt they praiſ'd.
Eliza's glory lives in Spencer's ſong;
And Cowley's verſe keeps fair Orinda young.
That as in birth, in beauty you excel,
The Muſe might dictate, and the Poet tell:
Your art no other art can ſpeak; and you,
To ſhow how well you play, muſt play anew:
* Your muſick's pow'r your muſick muſt diſcloſe;
For what light is, 'tis only light that ſhows.
Strange force of harmony, that thus controuls
Our thoughts, and turns and ſanctifies our ſouls:
While with its utmoſt art your ſex could move
Our wonder only, or at beſt our love:
You far above both theſe your God did place,
That your high pow'r might worldly thoughts deſtroy;
That with your numbers you our zeal might raiſe,
And, like himſelf, communicate your joy.
When to your native Heav'n you ſhall repair,
And with your preſence crown the bleſſings there;

* Imitated from Alleyne's Poetical Hiſtory of Henry VII.

"For nought but light itſelf, itſelf can ſhow,
And only kings can write what kings can do."

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Your lute may wind its ſtrings but little higher,
To tune their notes to that immortal quire.
Your art is perfect here; your numbers do,
More than our books, make the rude atheiſt know,
That there's a Heav'n, by what he hears below.

As in ſome piece, while Luke his ſkill expreſt,
A cunning angel came, and drew the reſt:
So, when you play, ſome godhead does impart
Harmonious aid, divinity helps art;
Some cherub finiſhes what you begun,
And to a miracle improves a tune.

To burning Rome when frantick Nero play'd,
Viewing that face, no more he had ſurvey'd
The raging flames; but ſtruck with ſtrange ſurpriſe,
Confeſt them leſs than thoſe of Anna's eyes:
But, had he heard thy lute, he ſoon had found
His rage eluded, and his crime aton'd:
Thine, like Amphion's hand, had wak'd the ſtone,
And from deſtruction call'd the riſing town:
Malice to Muſick had been forc'd to yield;
Nor could he burn ſo faſt, as thou cou'dſt build.

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PICTURE OF SENECA DYING IN A BATH. BY JORDAIN.*

AT THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF EXETER'S AT BURLEIGH HOUSE.

WHILE cruel Nero only drains
The moral Spaniard's ebbing veins,
By ſtudy worn, and ſlack with age,
How dull, how thoughtleſs is his rage!
Heighten'd revenge he ſhould have took;
He ſhould have burnt his tutor's book;
And long have reign'd ſupreme in vice:
One nobler wretch can only riſe;
'Tis he whoſe fury ſhall deface
The ſtoic's image in this piece.

* Jacques Jordain was born at Antwerp in 1584; was a diſciple of Adam van Oort, but was indebted to Rubens for the principal part of his knowledge in the art of painting: "He painted with extraordinary freedom, eaſe, and expedition; there is a brilliancy and harmony in his colouring, and a good underſtanding of the Chiaro Scuro. His compoſition is rich, his expreſſion natural and ſtrong, but his deſign wanted elegance and taſte. He ſtudied and copied nature, yet he neither ſelected its beauties, nor rejected its defects. He knew how to give his figures a good relief, though frequently incorrect in the outlines; but his pencil is always excellent, and for a free and ſpirited touch, no painter can be accounted his ſuperior." Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters. He died in 1678, aged 84 years.

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For while unhurt, divine Jordain,
Thy work and Seneca's remain,
He ſtill has body, ſtill has ſoul,
And lives and ſpeaks, reſtor'd and whole.

AN

ODE.

I.

WHILE blooming youth, and gay delight
Sit on thy roſy cheeks confeſt,
Thou haſt, my dear, undoubted right
To triumph o'er this deſtin'd breaſt.
My reaſon bends to what thy eyes ordain:
For I was born to love, and thou to reign.

II.

But would you meanly thus rely
On power, you know I muſt obey?
Exert a legal tyranny;
And do an ill, becauſe you may?
Still muſt I thee, as atheiſts Heaven adore;
Not ſee thy mercy, and yet dread thy power?

III.

Take heed, my dear, youth flies apace;
As well as Cupid, Time is blind:
Soon muſt thoſe glories of thy face
The fate of vulgar beauty find:
The thouſand loves, that arm thy potent eye,
Muſt drop their quivers, flag their wings, and die.

IV. Then

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IV.

Then wilt thou ſigh, when in each frown
A hateful wrinkle more appears;
And putting peeviſh humours on,
Seems but the ſad effect of years:
Kindneſs itſelf too weak a charm will prove,
To raiſe the feeble fires of aged love.

V.

Forc'd compliments, and formal bows
Will ſhow thee juſt above neglect:
The heat with which thy lover glows,
Will ſettle into cold reſpect:
A talking dull platonic I ſhall turn;
Learn to be civil, when I ceaſe to burn.

VI.

Then ſhun the ill, and know, my dear,
Kindneſs and conſtancy will prove
The only pillars fit to bear
So vaſt a weight as that of love.
If thou can'ſt wiſh to make my flames endure,
Thine muſt be very fierce, and very pure.

VII.

Haſte, Celia, haſte, while youth invites,
Obey kind Cupid's preſent voice;
Fill ev'ry ſenſe with ſoft delights,
And give thy ſoul a looſe to joys:
Let millions of repeated bliſſes prove,
That thou all kindneſs art, and I all love.

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VIII.

Be mine, and only mine; take care
Thy looks, thy thoughts, thy dreams to guide
To me alone; nor come ſo far,
As liking any youth beſide:
What men e'er court thee, fly 'em, and believe,
They 're ſerpents all, and thou the tempted Eve.

IX.

So ſhall I court thy deareſt truth,
When beauty ceaſes to engage;
So thinking on thy charming youth,
I'll love it o'er again in age:
So Time itſelf our raptures ſhall improve,
While ſtill we wake to joy, and live to love.

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AN EPISTLE TO FLEETWOOD SHEPHERD, ESQ.

BURLEIGH, MAY 14, 1689.

SIR,

AS once a twelvemonth to the prieſt,
Holy at Rome, here antichriſt,
The Spaniſh king preſents a jennet,
To ſhow his love;——That's all that's in it:
For if his holineſs would thump
His reverend bum 'gainſt horſe's rump,
He might b' equipt from his own ſtable
With one more white, and eke more able.
Or as with Gondola's and men, his
Good excellence the Duke of Venice
(I wiſh, for rhime, 't had been the king)
Sails out, and gives the gulph a ring;
Which trick of ſtate, he wiſely maintains,
Keeps kindneſs up 'twixt old acquaintance:
For elſe, in honeſt truth, the ſea
Has much leſs need of gold, than he.

Or,

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Or, not to rove, and pump one's fancy
For popiſh ſimilies beyond ſea;
As folks from mud-wall'd tenement
Bring landlords pepper-corn for rent;
Preſent a turkey, or a hen
To thoſe might better ſpare them ten:
Ev'n ſo, with all ſubmiſſion, I
(For firſt men inſtance, then apply)
Send you each year a homely letter,
Who may return me much a better.
Then take it, Sir, as it was writ,
To pay reſpect, and not ſhow wit:
Nor look aſkew at what it ſaith;
There 's no petition in it,—'Faith.
Here ſome would ſcratch their heads, and try
What they ſhould write, and how, and why;
But I conceive, ſuch folks are quite in
Miſtakes, in theory of writing.
If once for principle 't is laid,
That thought is trouble to the head;
I argue thus: the world agrees,
That he writes well, who writes with eaſe:
Then he, by ſequel logical,
Writes beſt, who never thinks at all.
Verſe comes from Heav'n, like inward light;
Meer human pains can ne'er come by 't:
The God, not we, the poem makes;
We only tell folks what he ſpeaks.
Hence when anatomiſts diſcourſe,
How like brutes organs are to ours;

They

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They grant, if higher powers think fit,
A bear might ſoon be made a wit;
And that for any thing in nature,
Pigs might ſqueak love-odes, dogs bark ſatyr.
Memnon, though ſtone, was counted vocal;
But 'twas the God, mean while, that ſpoke all.
Rome oft has heard a croſs haranguing,
With prompting prieſt behind the hanging:
The wooden head reſolv'd the queſtion;
While you and Pettis help'd the jeſt on.
Your crabbed rogues, that read Lucretius,
Are againſt gods, you know; and teach us,
The God makes not the poet; but
The theſis, vice-verſâ put,
Should Hebrew-wiſe be underſtood;
And means, the Poet makes the God.
Ægyptian gard'ners thus are ſaid to
Have ſet the leeks they after pray'd to;
And Romiſh bakers praiſe the deity
They chipp'd, while yet in its paniety.
That when you poets ſwear and cry,
The God inſpires; I rave, I die;
If inward wind does truly ſwell ye,
'T muſt be the cholick in your belly:
That writing is but juſt like dice;
And lucky mains make people wiſe:
That jumbled words, if fortune throw 'em,
Shall, well as Dryden, form a poem;
Or make a ſpeech, correct and witty,
As you know who—at the committee.

So

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So atoms dancing round the center,
They urge, made all things at a venture.
But granting matters ſhould be ſpoke
By method, rather than by luck;
This may confine their younger ſtiles,
Whom Dryden pedagogues at Will's:
But never could be meant to tye
Authentic wits, like you and I:
For as young children, who are try'd in
Go-carts, to keep their ſteps from ſliding;
When members knit, and legs grow ſtronger,
Make uſe of ſuch machine no longer;
But leap pro libitu, and ſcout
On horſe call'd hobby, or without:
So when at ſchool we firſt declaim,
Old Buſbey walks us in a theme,
Whoſe props ſupport our infant vein,
And help the rickets in the brain:
But when our ſouls their force dilate,
And thoughts grow up to wit's eſtate;
In verſe or proſe, we write or chat,
Not ſix-pence matter upon what.
'Tis not how well an author ſays;
But 'tis how much, that gathers praiſe.
Tonſon, who is himſelf a wit,
Counts writers merits by the ſheet.
Thus each ſhould down with all he thinks,
As boys eat bread, to fill up chinks.
Kind Sir, I ſhould be glad to ſee you;
I hope y' are well; ſo God be wi' you;

Was

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Was all I thought at firſt to write:
But things, ſince then, are alter'd quite;
Fancies flow in, and Muſe flies high:
So God knows when my clack will lie:
I muſt, Sir, prattle on, as afore,
And beg your pardon yet this half hour.
So at pure barn of loud Non-con,
Where with my granam I have gone,
When Lobb had ſifted all his text,
And I well hop'd the pudding next;
Now TO APPLY, has plagu'd me more,
Than all his villain cant before.
For your religion, firſt, of her
Your friends do ſav'ry things aver:
They ſay, ſhe's honeſt, as your claret,
Not ſowr'd with cant, nor ſtum'd with merit;
Your chamber is the ſole retreat
Of chaplains ev'ry Sunday night:
Of grace, no doubt, a certain ſign,
When lay-man herds with man divine:
For if their fame be juſtly great,
Who would no Popiſh nuncio treat;
That his is greater, we muſt grant,
Who will treat nuncio's Proteſtant.
One ſingle poſitive weighs more,
You know, than negatives a ſcore.
In politicks, I hear, you 're ſtanch,
Directly bent againſt the French;
Deny to have your free-born toe
Dragoon'd into a wooden ſhoe:

Are

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Are in no plots; but fairly drive at
The public welfare, in your private:
And will, for England's glory, try
Turks, Jews, and Jeſuits to defy,
And keep your places till you die.
For me, whom wandring Fortune threw
From what I lov'd, the town and you;
Let me juſt tell you how my time is
Paſt in a country-life.—Imprimis,
As ſoon as Phœbus' rays inſpect us,
Firſt, Sir, I read, and then I breakfaſt;
So on, 'till foreſaid God does ſet,
I ſometimes ſtudy, ſometimes eat.
Thus, of your heroes and brave boys,
With whom old Homer makes ſuch noiſe,
The greateſt actions I can find,
Are, that they did their work, and din'd.
The books of which I'm chiefly fond,
Are ſuch, as you have whilom con'd;
That treat of China's civil law,
And ſubjects rights in Golconda;
Of highway-elephants at Ceylan,
That rob in clans, like men o' th' Highland;
Of apes that ſtorm, or keep a town,
As well almoſt, as count Lauzun;
Of unicorns and alligators,
Elks, mermaids, mummies, witches, ſatyrs,
And twenty other ſtranger matters;
Which, though they 're things I 've no concern in,
Make all our grooms admire my learning.

Criticks

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Criticks I read on other men,
And hypers upon them again;
From whoſe remarks I give opinion
On twenty books, yet ne'er look in one.
Then all your wits, that ſtear and ſham,
Down from Don Quixote to Tom Tram;
From whom I jeſts and puns purloin,
And ſlily put them off for mine:
Fond to be thought a country wit:
The reſt,—when fate and you think fit.
Sometimes I climb my mare, and kick her
To bottl'd ale, and country vicar;
Sometimes at Stamford take a quart,
'Squire Shephard's health,—with all my heart.
Thus, without much delight, or grief,
I fool away an idle life;
'Till Shadwell from the town retires,
(Choak'd up with ſame and ſea-coal fires,)
To bleſs the wood with peaceful lyric;
Then hey for praiſe and panegyric;
Juſtice reſtor'd, and nations freed,
And wreaths round William's glorious head.

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TO THE
COUNTESS OF DORSET.

WRITTEN IN HER MILTON,

BY MR. BRADBURY.

SEE here how bright the firſt-born virgin ſhone,
And how the firſt fond lover was undone.
Such charming words our beauteous mother ſpoke,
As Milton wrote, and ſuch as yours her look.
Yours, the beſt copy of th' original face,
Whoſe beauty was to furniſh all the race:
Such chains no author could eſcape but he;
There's no way to be ſafe, but not to ſee.

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TO THE
LADY DURSLEY:*
ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

HERE reading how fond Adam was betray'd,
And how by ſin Eve's blaſted charms decay'd;
Our common loſs unjuſtly you complain;
So ſmall that part of it, which you ſuſtain.
You ſtill, fair mother, in your offspring trace
The ſtock of beauty deſtin'd for the race:
Kind nature, forming them, the pattern took
For Heav'n's firſt work, and Eve's original look.
You, happy ſaint, the ſerpent's pow'r controul:
Scarce any actual guilt defiles your ſoul:
And hell does o'er that mind vain triumph boaſt,
Which gains a Heav'n, for earthly Eden loſt.
With virtue ſtrong as yours had Eve been arm'd,
In vain the fruit had bluſh'd, or ſerpent charm'd:
Nor had our bliſs by penitence been bought;
Nor had frail Adam fall'n, nor Milton wrote.

* Elizabeth, daughter of Baptiſt Noel, Viſcount Campden. She died 30 July, 1719. Her huſband, Charles Earl of Berkeley (when Lord Durſley), had been envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the States of Holland, from whence he returned in 1695.

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TO MY LORD BUCKHURST.*

VERY YOUNG,

PLAYING WITH A CAT.

THE am'rous youth, whoſe tender breaſt
Was by his darling cat poſſeſt,
Obtain'd of Venus his deſire,
Howe'er irregular his fire:
Nature the pow'r of love obey'd:
The cat became a bluſhing maid;
And, on the happy change, the boy
Employ'd his wonder, and his joy.
Take care, O beauteous child, take care,
Leſt thou prefer ſo raſh a pray'r:
Nor vainly hope, the queen of love
Will e'er thy fav'rite's charms improve,
O quickly from her ſhrine retreat;
Or tremble for thy darling's fate.
The queen of love, who ſoon will ſee
Her own Adonis live in thee,
Will lightly her firſt loſs deplore;
Will eaſily forgive the boar:

* Lionel, afterwards Duke of Dorſet, to whom Prior afterwards dedicated his poems.

Her

Her eyes with tears no more will flow;
With jealous rage her breaſt will glow:
And on her tabby rival's face
She deep will mark her new diſgrace.

AN ODE.

I.

WHILE from our looks, fair nymph, you gueſs
The ſecret paſſions of our mind;
My heavy eyes, you ſay, confeſs
A heart to love and grief inclin'd.

II.

There needs, alas! but little art,
To have this fatal ſecret found:
With the ſame eaſe you threw the dart,
'Tis certain you may ſhow the wound.

III.

How can I ſee you, and not love;
While you as op'ning eaſt are fair?
While cold as northern blaſts you prove;
How can I love, and not deſpair?

IV.

The wretch in double fetters bound
Your potent mercy may releaſe:
Soon, if my love but once were crown'd,
Fair propheteſs, my grief would ceaſe.

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A SONG.

IN vain you tell your parting lover,
You wiſh fair winds may waft him over.
Alas! what winds can happy prove,
That bear me far from what I love?
Alas! what dangers on the main
Can equal thoſe that I ſuſtain,
From ſlighted vows, and cold diſdain?
Be gentle, and in pity chooſe
To wiſh the wildeſt tempeſts looſe:
That thrown again upon the coaſt,
Where firſt my ſhipwrackt heart was loſt,
I may once more repeat my pain;
Once more in dying notes complain
Of ſlighted vows, and cold diſdain.

THE DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.

ALEXIS ſhun'd his fellow ſwains,
Their rural ſports, and jocund ſtrains,
(Heav'n guard us all from Cupid's bow!)
He loſt his crook, he left his flocks;
And wand'ring through the lonely rocks,
He nouriſh'd endleſs woe.

The

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The nymphs and ſhepherds round him came:
His grief ſome pity, others blame;
The fatal cauſe all kindly ſeek:
He mingled his concern with theirs;
He gave 'em back their friendly tears;
He ſigh'd, but would not ſpeak.

Clorinda came among the reſt;
And ſhe too kind concern expreſt,
And aſk'd the reaſon of his woe:
She aſk'd, but with an air and mien,
That made it eaſily foreſeen,
She fear'd too much to know.

The ſhepherd rais'd his mournful head;
And will you pardon me, he ſaid,
While I the cruel truth reveal;
Which nothing from my breaſt ſhould tear;
Which never ſhould offend your ear,
But that you bid me tell?

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain;
You are the cauſe of all my care:
Your eyes ten thouſand dangers dart:
Ten thouſand torments vex my heart:
I love, and I deſpair.

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Too much, Alexis, I have heard:
'Tis what I thought; 'tis what I fear'd:
And yet I pardon you, ſhe cry'd:
But you ſhall promiſe ne'er again
To breathe your vows, or ſpeak your pain:
He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

TO THE HONOURABLE

CHARLES MONTAGUE, ESQ.*

I.

HOWE'ER, 'tis well, that while mankind
Through Fate's perverſe mæander errs,
He can imagin'd pleaſures find,
To combat againſt real cares.

* Afterwards Earl of Halifax. "He raiſed himſelf," ſays Mr. Walpole, "by his abilities and eloquence in the Houſe of Commons, where he had the honour of being attacked, in conjunction with Lord Somers, and the ſatiſfaction of eſtabliſhing his innocence as clearly. Addiſon has celebrated this lord in his account of the greateſt Engliſh poets: Steele has drawn his character in the dedication of the ſecond volume of the Spectator, and the fourth of the Tatler; but Pope in the portrait of Bufo in the Epiſtle to Arbuthnot has returned the ridicule, which his lordſhip, in conjunction with Prior, had heaped on Dryden's Hind and Panther." He dyed 19 May, 1715.

II. Fancies

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II.

Fancies and notions he purſues,
Which ne'er had being but in thought:
Each, like the Grecian artiſt †, woo's
The image he himſelf has wrought.

III.

Againſt experience he believes;
He argues againſt demonſtration;
Pleas'd, when his reaſon he deceives;
And ſets his judgment by his paſſion.

IV.

The hoary fool, who many days
Has ſtruggled with continued ſorrow,
Renews his hope, and blindly lays
The deſp'rate bett upon to-morrow.

V.

To-morrow comes: 'tis noon, 'tis night;
This day like all the former flies:
Yet on he runs, to ſeek delight
To-morrow, 'till to-night he dies.

VI.

Our hopes, like tow'ring falcons, aim
At objects in an airy height:
The little pleaſure of the game
Is from afar to view the flight.

VII.

Our anxious pains we, all the day,
In ſearch of what we like, employ:
Scorning at night the worthleſs prey,
We find the labour gave the joy.

† Apelles.

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VIII.

At distance through an artful glass
To the mind's eye things well appear:
They lose their forms, and make a mass
Confus'd and black if brought too near.

IX.

If we see right, we see our woes:
Then what avails it to have eyes?
From ignorance our comfort flows.
The only wretched are the wise.

X.

We weary'd should lye down in death:
This cheat of life would take no more;
If you thought fame but empty breath;
I, Phillis but a perjur'd whore.

HYMN TO THE SUN.

SET BY DR. PURCEL.

AND INTENDED TO BE SUNG BEFORE THEIR MAJESTIES ON NEW-YEAR'S-DAY, 1693-4.

WRITTEN AT THE HAGUE.

I.

LIGHT of the world, and ruler of the year,
With happy speed begin thy great career;
And, as thou dost thy radiant journies run,
Through every distant climate own,

That

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That in fair Albion thou haſt ſeen
The greateſt prince, the brighteſt queen,
That ever ſav'd a land, or bleſt a throne,
Since firſt thy beams were ſpread, or genial power
was known.

II.

So may thy godhead be confeſt,
So the returning year be bleſt,
As his infant months beſtow
Springing wreaths for William's brow;
As his ſummer's youth ſhall ſhed
Eternal ſweets around Maria's head:
From the bleſſings they beſtow,
Our times are dated, and our æra's move:
They govern and enlighten all below,
As thou doſt all above.

III.

Let our hero in the war
Active and fierce, like thee, appear:
Like thee, great ſon of Jove, like thee,
When clad in riſing majeſty,
Thou marcheſt down o'er Delos' hills confeſt,
With all thy arrows arm'd, in all thy glory dreſt.
Like thee, the hero does his arms employ,
The raging Python to deſtroy,
And give the injur'd nations peace and joy.

IV.

From faireſt years, and Time's more happy ſtores,
Gather all the ſmiling hours;

Such

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Such as with friendly care have guarded
Patriots and kings in rightful wars;
Such as with conqueſt have rewarded
Triumphant victors happy cares;
Such as ſtory has recorded
Sacred to Naſſau's long renown,
For countries ſav'd, and battles won.

V.

March them again in fair array,
And bid them form the happy day,
The happy day deſign'd to wait
On William's fame, and Europe's fate.
Let the happy day be crown'd
With great event, and fair ſucceſs;
No brighter in the year be found,
But that which brings the victor home in peace.

VI.

Again thy godhead we implore,
Great in wiſdom as in power;
Again, for good Maria's ſake, and ours,
Chuſe out other ſmiling hours;
Such as with joyous wings have fled,
When happy counſels were adviſing;
Such as have lucky omens ſhed
O'er forming laws, and empires riſing;
Such as many courſes ran,
Hand in hand, a goodly train,
To bleſs the great Eliza's reign;
And in the typic glory ſhow,
What fuller bliſs Maria ſhall beſtow.

VII. As

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VII.

As the ſolemn hours advance,
Mingled ſend into the dance
Many fraught with all the treaſures,
Which thy eaſtern travel views;
Many wing'd with all the pleaſures,
Man can aſk, or Heav'n diffuſe:
That great Maria all thoſe joys may know,
Which, from her cares, upon her ſubjects flow.

VIII.

For thy own glory ſing our ſov'reign's praiſe,
God of verſes and of days:
Let all thy tuneful ſons adorn
Their laſting work with William's name;
Let choſen Muſes yet unborn
Take great Maria for their future theme:
Eternal ſtructures let them raiſe,
On William's and Maria's praiſe:
Nor want new ſubject for the Song;
Nor fear they can exhauſt the ſtore;
'Till Nature's muſick lies unſtrung;
'Till thou, great God, ſhalt loſe thy double pow'r;
And touch thy lyre, and ſhoot thy beams no more.

THE

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THE

LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS.*

IN IMITATION OF A GREEK IDYLLIUM.

CELIA and I the other day
Walk'd o'er the ſand-hills to the ſea:
The ſetting ſun adorn'd the coaſt,
His beams entire, his fierceneſs loſt:
And on the ſurface of the deep,
The winds lay only not aſleep:
The nymph did like the ſcene appear,
Serenely pleaſant, calmly fair:
Soft fell her words, as flew the air.

* See Longinus's compariſon of the Odyſſey to the Setting Sun. Ed. Pearce, 8vo. p. 56.

"Whether Prior had the latter words in view, one cannot ſay; but it is difficult to conceive how the ſame image could be more accurately or forcibly transferred from one language to another. That lively and moſt agreeable writer was very fond of copying from the Grecian ſchool, but always in ſuch a manner as to ſhew the maſter, where he even meant to imitate, of which this little poem is a beautiful inſtance: the learned will eaſily trace in the Looking-Glaſs of Prior the Poet and his Muſe (as it may be inſcribed) of Moſchus. CAPRICE is the general ſubject of both poems, and many images of the latter are tranſplanted into the former." Note to Eunomus, 1774, vol. iv. p. 108.

With

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With ſecret joy I heard her ſay,
That ſhe would never miſs one day
A walk ſo fine, a ſight ſo gay.

But, oh the change! the winds grow high;
Impending tempeſts charge the ſky;
The lightning flies; the thunder roars;
And big waves laſh the frighten'd ſhores.
Struck with the horror of the ſight,
She turns her head, and wings her flight;
And trembling vows, ſhe 'll ne'er again
Approach the ſhore, or view the main.

Once more at leaſt look back, ſaid I;
Thyſelf in that large glaſs deſcry:
When thou art in good-humour dreſt;
When gentle reaſon rules thy breaſt;
The ſun upon the calmeſt ſea
Appears not half ſo bright as thee:
'Tis then, that with delight I rove
Upon the boundleſs depth of love:
I bleſs my chain; I hand my oar;
Nor think on all I left on ſhore.

But when vain doubt, and groundleſs fear
Do that dear fooliſh boſom tear;
When the big lip, and wat'ry eye
Tell me, the riſing ſtorm is nigh:
'Tis then, thou art yon' angry main,
Deform'd by winds, and daſh'd by rain;
And the poor ſailor, that muſt try
It's fury, labours leſs than I.

Ship-

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Shipwreck'd, in vain to land I make;
While Love and Fate ſtill drive me back:
Forc'd to doat on thee thy own way,
I chide thee firſt, and then obey.
Wretched when from thee, vex'd when nigh,
I with thee, or without thee, die.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP:

A

PASTORAL.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH SINGER.*

AMARYLLIS.

WHILE from the ſkies the ruddy ſun deſcends;
And riſing night the ev'ning ſhade extends:
While pearly dews o'erſpread the fruitful field;
And cloſing flowers reviving odours yield:
Let us, beneath theſe ſpreading trees, recite
What from our hearts our Muſes may indite.
Nor need we, in this cloſe retirement, fear,
Leſt any ſwain our am'rous ſecrets hear.

* Afterwards the celebrated Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe. It is ſaid Mr. Prior once made his addreſſes to this lady.

SIL-

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SILVIA.

To ev'ry ſhepherd I would mine proclaim;
Since fair Aminta is my ſofteſt theme:
A ſtranger to the looſe delights of love,
My thoughts the nobler warmth of friendſhip prove:
And, while it's pure and ſacred fire I ſing,
Chaſte goddeſs of the groves, thy ſuccour bring.

AMARYLLIS.

Propitious God of Love, my breaſt inſpire
With all thy charms, with all thy pleaſing fire:
Propitious God of Love, thy ſuccour bring;
Whilſt I thy darling, thy Alexis ſing.
Alexis, as the opening bloſſoms fair,
Lovely as light, and ſoft as yielding air.
For him each virgin ſighs; and on the plains
The happy youth above each rival reigns.
Nor to the ecchoing groves, and whiſp'ring ſpring,
In ſweeter ſtrains does artful Conon ſing;
When loud applauſes fill the crouded groves;
And Phœbus the ſuperior ſong approves.

SILVIA.

Beauteous Aminta is as early light,
Breaking the melancholy ſhades of night.
When ſhe is near, all anxious trouble flies;
And our reviving hearts confeſs her eyes.
Young love, and blooming joy, and gay deſires,
In ev'ry breaſt the beauteous nymph inſpires:

And

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And on the plain when ſhe no more appears,
The plain a dark and gloomy proſpect wears.
In vain the ſtreams roll on: the eaſtern breeze
Dances in vain among the trembling trees.
In vain the birds begin their ev'ning ſong,
And to the ſilent night their notes prolong:
Nor groves, nor chryſtal ſtreams, nor verdant field
Does wonted pleaſure in her abſence yield.

AMARYLLIS.

And in his abſence, all the penſive day,
In ſome obſcure retreat I lonely ſtray;
All day to the repeating caves complain,
In mournful accents, and a dying ſtrain.
Dear lovely youth, I cry to all around:
Dear lovely youth, the flattering vales reſound.

SILVIA.

On flow'ry banks, by ev'ry murm'ring ſtream,
Aminta is my Muſe's ſofteſt theme:
'Tis ſhe that does my artful notes refine:
With fair Aminta's name my nobleſt verſe ſhall ſhine.

AMARYLLIS.

I'll twine freſh garlands for Alexis' brows,
And conſecrate to him eternal vows:
The charming youth ſhall my Apollo prove:
He ſhall adorn my ſongs, and tune my voice to love.

TO

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TO THE AUTHOR OF THE FOREGOING PASTORAL.

BY Silvia if thy charming ſelf be meant;
If friendſhip be thy virgin vows extent;
O! let me in Aminta's praiſes join:
Her's my eſteem ſhall be, my paſſion thine.
When for thy head the garland I prepare;
A ſecond Wreath ſhall bind Aminta's hair:
And when my choiceſt ſongs thy worth proclaim;
Alternate verſe ſhall bleſs Aminta's name;
My heart ſhall own the juſtice of her cauſe;
And Love himſelf ſubmit to Friendſhip's laws.
But, if beneath thy numbers ſoft diſguiſe,
Some favour'd ſwain, ſome true Alexis lyes;
If Amaryllis breaths thy ſecret pains;
And thy fond heart beats meaſure to thy ſtrains,
May'ſt thou, howe'er I grieve, for ever find
The flame propitious, and the lover kind:
May Venus long exert her happy pow'r,
And make thy beauty, like thy verſe, endure;

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May ev'ry God his friendly aid afford;
Pan guard thy flock, and Ceres bleſs thy board.
But, if by chance the ſeries of thy joys
Permit one thought leſs chearful to ariſe;
Piteous transfer it to the mournful ſwain,
Who loving much, who not belov'd again,
Feels an ill-fated paſſion's laſt exceſs;
And dies in woe, that thou may'ſt live in peace.

TO

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TO

A LADY:

SHE REFUSING TO CONTINUE A DISPUTE WITH ME, AND LEAVING ME IN THE ARGUMENT.

AN

ODE.

I.

SPARE, gen'rous Victor, ſpare the ſlave,
Who did unequal war purſue;
That more than triumph he might have,
In being overcome by you.

II.

In the diſpute whate'er I ſaid,
My heart was by my tongue bely'd;
And in my looks you might have read,
How much I argu'd on your ſide.

III.

You, far from danger as from fear,
Might have ſuſtain'd an open fight:
For ſeldom your opinions err;
Your eyes are always in the right.

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IV.

Why, fair one, would you not rely
On Reaſon's force with Beauty's join'd?
Could I their prevalence deny,
I muſt at once be deaf and blind.

V.

Alas! not hoping to ſubdue,
I only to the fight aſpir'd:
To keep the beauteous foe in view
Was all the glory I deſir'd.

VI.

But ſhe, howe'er of vict'ry ſure,
Contemns the wreath too long delay'd;
And, arm'd with more immediate pow'r,
Calls cruel ſilence to her aid.

VII.

Deeper to wound, ſhe ſhuns the fight:
She drops her arms, to gain the field:
Secures her conqueſt by her flight;
And triumphs, when ſhe ſeems to yield.

VIII.

So when the Parthian turn'd his ſteed,
And from the hoſtile camp withdrew;
With cruel ſkill the backward reed
He ſent; and as he fled, he ſlew.

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SEEING THE

DUKE OF ORMOND'S*

PICTURE,

AT SIR GODFREY KNELLER'S.

OUT from the injur'd canvas, Kneller, ſtrike
Theſe lines too faint: the picture is not like.
Exalt thy thought, and try thy toil again:
Dreadful in arms, on Landen's † glorious plain

 Place

* James Duke of Ormond, eldeſt ſon of Thomas Earl of Oſſory. He ſucceeded his grandfather in title and eſtate in the year 1688; was bred at Chriſt Church in the univerſity of Oxford, and after holding many conſiderable poſts during the reigns of King William and Queen Anne, was in the beginning of the reign of George the Firſt, attainted of high treaſon on account of his being concerned in the unpopular meaſures of the laſt four years of Queen Anne's reign. He died in Exile in the year 1745, in a very advanced age.

† At the battle of Landen the Duke of Ormond was taken priſoner after his horſe was ſhot under him, and he had received many wounds. Mr. Dryden, in his dedication prefixed to his Fables in the year 1699, ſays, "Yet "not to be wholly ſilent of all your charities, I muſt ſtay "a little

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Place Ormond's duke: impendent in the air
Let his keen ſabre, comet-like, appear,
Where-e'er it points, denouncing death: below
Draw routed ſquadrons, and the num'rous foe
Falling beneath, or flying from his blow:
'Till

" a little on one action, which preferred the relief of others
" to the conſideration of your ſelf. When, in the battle
" of Landen, your heat of courage (a fault only pardon-
" able to your youth) had tranſported you ſo far before
" your friends, that they were unable to follow, much leſs
" to ſuccour you; when you were not only dangerouſly,
" but in all appearance mortally wounded, when in that
" deſperate condition you were made priſoner, and carried
" to Namur, at that time in poſſeſſion of the French;
" then it was, my Lord, that you took a conſiderable part
" of what was remitted to you of your own revenues,
" and as a memorable inſtance of your heroic charity, put
" it into the hands of Count Guiſcard, who was Go-
" vernor of the place, to be diſtributed among your fel-
" low-priſoners. The French commander, charmed with
" the greatneſs of your ſoul, accordingly conſigned it to
" the uſe for which it was intended by the donor: by
" which means the lives of ſo many miſerable men were
" ſaved, and a comfortable proviſion made for their ſub-
" ſiſtence, who had otherwiſe periſhed, had not you been
" the companion of their misfortune: or rather ſent by
" Providence, like another Joſeph, to keep out famine
" from invading thoſe, whom in humility you called your
" brethren. How happy was it for thoſe poor creatures,
" that your grace was made their fellow-ſufferer? and
" how

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'Till weak with wounds, and cover'd o'er with blood,
Which from the patriot's breaſt in torrents flow'd,
He faints: his ſteed no longer hears the rein;
But ſtumbles o'er the heap, his hand had ſlain.
And now exhauſted, bleeding, pale he lies;
Lovely, ſad object! in his half-cloſ'd eyes
Stern vengeance yet, and hoſtile terror ſtand:
His front yet threatens; and his frowns command:
The Gallick chiefs their troops around him call;
Fear to approach him, though they ſee him fall.—
O Kneller, could thy ſhades and lights expreſs
The perfect hero in that glorious dreſs;

" how glorious for you, that you choſe to want, rather
" than not relieve the wants of others? The heathen
" poet, in commending the charity of Dido to the Trojans,
" ſpoke like a Chriſtian: NON IGNARA MALI, MISERIS
" SUCCURRERE DISCO. All men, even thoſe of a dif-
" ferent intereſt, and contrary principles, muſt praiſe this
" Action, as the moſt eminent for piety, not only in this
" degenerate age, but almoſt in any of the former; when
" men were made DE MELIORE LUTO; when examples
" of charity were frequent, and when they were in being,
" TEUCRI PULCHERRIMA PROLES, MAGNANIMI HE-
" ROES NATI MELIORIBUS ANNIS. No envy can de-
" tract from this; it will ſhine in hiſtory; and, like
" ſwans, grow whiter the longer it endures: and the
" name of ORMOND will be more celebrated in his cap-
" tivity, than in his greateſt triumphs."

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Ages to come might Ormond's picture know;
And palms for thee beneath his lawrels grow:
In ſpight of Time thy work might ever ſhine;
Nor Homer's colours laſt ſo long as thine.

CELIA to DAMON.

ATQUE IN AMORE MALA HÆC PROPRIO, SUMMEQUE SECUNDO INVENIUNTUR—— LUCRET. LIB. 4.

WHAT can I ſay, what arguments can prove
My truth, what colours can deſcribe my love;
If it's exceſs and fury be not known,
In what thy Celia has already done?
Thy infant flames, whilſt yet they were conceal'd
In tim'rous doubts, with pity I beheld;
With eaſy ſmiles diſpell'd the ſilent fear,
That durſt not tell me, what I dy'd to hear:
In vain I ſtrove to check my growing flame,
Or ſhelter paſſion under friendſhip's name:
You ſaw my heart, how it my tongue bely'd;
And when you preſs'd, how faintly I deny'd——
E'er guardian thought could bring it's ſcatter'd aid;
E'er reaſon could ſupport the doubting maid;

My

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My ſoul ſurpriz'd, and from herſelf disjoin'd,
Left all reſerve, and all the ſex behind:
From your command her motions ſhe receiv'd;
And not for me, but you, ſhe breath'd and liv'd.
But ever bleſt be Cytherea's ſhrine;
And fires eternal on her altars ſhine;
Since thy dear breaſt has felt an equal wound;
Since in thy kindneſs my deſires are crown'd,
By thy each look, and thought, and care, 'tis ſhown,
Thy joys are center'd all in me alone;
And ſure I am, thou wouldſt not change this hour
For all the white ones, Fate has in it's pow'r.——
Yet thus belov'd, thus loving to exceſs,
Yet thus receiving and returning bliſs,
In this great moment, in this golden now,
When ev'ry trace of what, or when, or how
Should from my ſoul by raging love be torn,
And far on ſwelling ſeas of rapture born;
A melancholy tear afflicts my eye;
And my heart labours with a ſudden ſigh:
Invading fears repel my coward joy:
And ills foreſeen the preſent bliſs deſtroy.
Poor as it is, this Beauty was the cauſe,
That with firſt ſighs your panting boſom roſe:
But with no owner Beauty long will ſtay,
Upon the wings of Time borne ſwift away:
Paſs but ſome fleeting years, and theſe poor eyes,
(Where now without a boaſt ſome luſtre lies)

No

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No longer ſhall their little honours keep;
Shall only be of uſe to read, or weep:
And on this forehead, where your verſe has ſaid,
The Loves delighted, and the Graces play'd;
Inſulting Age will trace his cruel way,
And leave ſad marks of his deſtructive ſway.
Mov'd by my charms, with them your love may ceaſe,
And as the fuel ſinks, the flame decreaſe:
Or angry Heav'n may quicker darts prepare;
And Sickneſs ſtrike what Time awhile would ſpare.
Then will my ſwain his glowing vows renew;
Then will his throbbing heart to mine beat true;
When my own face deters me from my glaſs;
And Kneller only ſhews, what Celia was.
Fantaſtic fame may ſound her wild alarms:
Your country, as you think, may want your arms.
You may neglect, or quench, or hate the flame,
Whoſe ſmoak too long obſcur'd your riſing name;
And quickly cold indiff'rence will enſue;
When you Love's joys through Honour's optic view.
Then Celia's loudeſt pray'r will prove too weak,
To this abandon'd breaſt to bring you back;
When my loſt lover the tall ſhip aſcends,
With muſick day, and wet with jovial friends:
The tender accents of a woman's cry
Will paſs unheard, will unregarded die;

When

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When the rough ſeaman's louder ſhouts prevail;
When fair occaſion ſhows the ſpringing gale;
And Int'reſt guides the helm; and Honour ſwells the ſail.

Some wretched lines from this neglected hand,
May find my hero on the foreign ſtrand,
Warm with new fires, and pleas'd with new command:

While ſhe who wrote 'em, of all joy bereft,
To the rude cenſure of the world is left;
Her mangl'd fame in barb'rous paſtime loſt,
The coxcomb's novel, and the drunkard's toaſt.

But nearer care (O pardon it!) ſupplies
Sighs to my breaſt, and ſorrow to my eyes.
Love, Love himſelf (the only friend I have)
May ſcorn his triumph, having bound his ſlave.
That tyrant god, that reſtleſs conqueror
May quit his pleaſure, to aſſert his pow'r;
Forſake the provinces that bleſs his ſway,
To vanquiſh thoſe which will not yet obey.

Another nymph with fatal pow'r may riſe,
To damp the ſinking beams of Celia's eyes;
With haughty pride may hear her charms confeſt;
And ſcorn the ardent vows that I have bleſt:
You ev'ry night may ſigh for her in vain;
And riſe each morning to ſome freſh diſdain:
While Celia's ſofteſt look may ceaſe to charm;
And her embraces want the pow'r to warm:
While theſe fond arms, thus circling you, may prove
More heavy chains, and thoſe of hopeleſs love.

Juſt

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Juſt Gods! all other things their like produce;
The vine ariſes from her mother's juice:
When feeble plants, or tender flow'rs decay;
They to their ſeed their images convey:
Where the old myrtle her good influence ſheds;
Sprigs of like leaf erect their filial heads:
And when the parent-roſe decays, and dies;
With a reſembling face the daughter-buds ariſe.
That product only which our paſſions bear,
Eludes the planter's miſerable care:
While blooming Love aſſures us golden fruit;
Some inborn poiſon taints the ſecret root:
Soon fall the flow'rs of joy; ſoon ſeeds of hatred ſhoot.

Say, ſhepherd, ſay, are theſe reflections true?
Or was it but the woman's fear, that drew
This cruel ſcene, unjuſt to Love and you?
Will you be only, and for ever mine?
Shall neither time, nor age our ſouls disjoin?
From this dear boſom ſhall I ne'er be torn?
Or you grow cold, reſpectful, and forſworn?
And can you not for her you love do more,
Than any youth for any nymph before?

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AN

ODE

PRESENTED TO THE KING, ON HIS MAJESTY'S ARRIVAL IN HOLLAND,

AFTER

THE QUEEN'S DEATH.

MDCXCV. *

QUIS DESIDERIO SIT PUDOR AUT MODUS
TAM CARI CAPITIS? PRÆCIPE LUGUBRES
CANTUS, MELPOMENE.

I.

AT Mary's tomb, (ſad, ſacred place!)
The virtues ſhall their vigils keep:
And every Muſe, and every grace
In ſolemn ſtate ſhall ever weep.

II.

The future, pious, mournful fair,
Oft as the rolling years return,
With fragrant wreaths, and flowing hair,
Shall viſit her diſtinguiſh'd urn.

* Queen Mary died on the 28th December, 1694, in the 33d year of her age.

III. For

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III.

For her the wife and great ſhall mourn;
When late records her deeds repeat:
Ages to come, and men unborn
Shall bleſs her name, and ſigh her fate.

IV.

Fair Albion ſhall, with faithful truſt,
Her holy Queen's ſad reliques guard;
'Till Heav'n awakes the precious duſt,
And gives the ſaint her full reward.

V.

But let the king diſmiſs his woes,
Reflecting on his fair renown;
And take the cypreſs from his brows,
To put his wonted laurels on.

VI.

If preſt by grief our monarch ſtoops;
In vain the Britiſh lions roar:
If he, whoſe hand ſuſtain'd them, droops,
The Belgic darts will wound no more.

VII.

Embattel'd princes wait the chief,
Whoſe voice ſhould rule, whoſe arm ſhould lead;
And, in kind murmurs, chide that grief,
Which hinders Europe being freed.

VIII.

The great example they demand,
Who ſtill to conqueſt led the way;
Wiſhing him preſent to command,
As they ſtand ready to obey.

IX. They

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IX.

They ſeek that joy, which uſed to glow,
Expanded on the hero's face;
When the thick ſquadrons preſt the foe,
And William led the glorious chace.

X.

To give the mourning nations joy,
Reſtore them thy auſpicious light,
Great ſun: with radiant beams deſtroy
Thoſe clouds, which keep thee from our ſight.

XI.

Let thy ſublime meridian courſe
For Mary's ſetting rays attone:
Our luſtre with redoubl'd force,
Muſt now proceed from thee alone.

XII.

See, pious King, with diff'rent ſtrife
Thy ſtruggling Albion's boſom-torn:
So much ſhe fears for William's life,
That Mary's fate ſhe dare not mourn.

XIII.

Her beauty, in thy ſofter half
Bury'd and loſt, ſhe ought to grieve:
But let her ſtrength in thee be ſafe:
And let her weep; but let her live.

XIV.

Thou, guardian angel, ſave the land
From thy own grief, her fierceſt foe;
Leſt Britain, reſcu'd by thy hand,
Should bend and ſink beneath thy woe.

XV. Her

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XV.

Her former triumphs all are vain,
Unleſs new trophies ſtill be ſought;
And hoary majeſty ſuſtain
The battles, which thy youth has fought.

XVI.

Where now is all that fearful love,
Which made her hate the war's alarms?
That ſoft exceſs, with which ſhe ſtrove
To keep her hero in her arms?

XVII.

While ſtill ſhe chid the coming ſpring,
Which call'd him o'er his ſubject ſeas;
While, for the ſafety of the king,
She wiſh'd the victor's glory leſs.

XVIII.

'Tis chang'd; 'tis gone: ſad Britain now
Haſtens her lord to foreign wars:
Happy, if toils may break his woe;
Or danger may divert his cares.

XIX.

In martial din ſhe drowns her ſighs,
Leſt he the riſing grief ſhould hear;
She pulls her helmet o'er her eyes,
Leſt he ſhould ſee the falling tear.

XX.

Go, mighty prince, let France be taught,
How conſtant minds by grief are try'd;
How great the land, that wept and fought,
When William led, and Mary dy'd.

XXI. Fierce

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XXI.

Fierce in the battle make it known,
Where death with all his darts is ſeen,
That he can touch thy heart with none,
But that which ſtruck the beauteous queen.

XXII.

Belgia indulg'd her open grief,
While yet her maſter was not near;
With ſullen pride refus'd relief,
And ſat obdurate in deſpair.

XXIII.

As waters from her ſluices, flow'd
Unbounded ſorrow from her eyes:
To earth her bended front ſhe bow'd,
And ſent her wailings to the ſkies.

XXIV.

But when her anxious lord return'd;
Rais'd is her head; her eyes are dry'd:
She ſmiles, as William ne'er had mourn'd:
She looks, as Mary ne'er had dy'd.

XXV.

That freedom which all ſorrows claim,
She does for thy content reſign:
Her piety itſelf would blame;
If her regrets ſhould waken thine.

XXVI.

To cure thy woe, ſhe ſhews thy fame;
Leſt the great mourner ſhould forget,
That all the race, whence Orange came,
Made Virtue triumph over Fate.

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XXVII.

William his country's cauſe could fight,
And with his blood her freedom ſeal:
Maurice and Henry guard that right,
For which their pious parents fell.

XXVIII.

How heroes riſe, how patriots ſet,
Thy father's bloom and death may tell:
Excelling others theſe were great:
Thou, greater ſtill, muſt theſe excell.

XXIX.

The laſt fair inſtance thou muſt give,
Whence Naſſau's virtue can be try'd;
And ſhew the world, that thou can'ſt live,
Intrepid, as thy conſort dy'd.

XXX.

Thy virtue, whoſe reſiſtleſs force
No dire event could every ſtay,
Muſt carry on it's deſtin'd courſe;
Though Death and Envy ſtop the way.

XXXI.

For Britain's ſake, for Belgia's, live:
Pierc'd by their grief forget thy own:
New toils endure; new conqueſt give;
And bring them eaſe, though thou haſt none.

XXXII.

Vanquiſh again; though ſhe be gone,
Whoſe garland crown'd the victor's hair:
And reign; though ſhe has left the throne,
Who made thy glory worth thy care.

XXXIII. Fair

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XXXIII.

Fair Britain never yet before
Breath'd to her king a uſeleſs pray'r:
Fond Belgia never did implore,
While William turn'd averſe his ear.

XXXIV.

But ſhould the weeping hero now
Relentleſs to their wiſhes prove;
Should he recall, with pleaſing woe,
The object of his grief and love;

XXXV.

Her face with thouſand beauties bleſt,
Her mind with thouſand virtues ſtor'd,
Her pow'r with boundleſs joy confeſt,
Her perſon only not ador'd:

XXXVI.

Yet ought his ſorrow to be checkt;
Yet ought his paſſions to abate:
If the great mourner would reflect,
Her glory in her death compleat.

XXXVII.

She was inſtructed to command,
Great king, by long obeying thee:
Her ſcepter, guided by thy hand,
Preſerv'd the iſles, and rul'd the ſea.

XXXVIII.

But oh! 'twas little, that her life
O'er earth and water bears thy fame:
In death, 'twas worthy William's wife,
Amidſt the ſtars to fix his name.

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XXXIX.

Beyond where matter moves, or place
Receives it's forms, thy virtues rowl:
From Mary's glory, angels trace
The beauty of her part'ner's ſoul.

XL.

Wiſe Fate, which does it's Heav'n decree
To heroes, when they yield their breath,
Haſtens thy triumph. Half of thee
Is deify'd before thy death.

XLI.

Alone to thy renown 'tis giv'n,
Unbounded through all worlds to go:
While ſhe, great ſaint, rejoices Heav'n;
And thou ſuſtain'ſt the orb below.

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IN

IMITATION

OF

ANACREON.

LET 'em cenſure: what care I?
The herd of criticks I defy.
Let the wretches know, I write
Regardleſs of their grace, or ſpight.
No, no: the fair, the gay, the young
Govern the numbers of my Song.
All that they approve is ſweet:
And all is ſenſe, that they repeat.
Bid the warbling Nine retire:
Venus, ſtring thy ſervant's lyre:
Love ſhall be my endleſs theme:
Pleaſure ſhall triumph over fame:
And when theſe maxims I decline,
Apollo, may thy fate be mine:
May I graſp at empty praiſe;
And loſe the nymph, to gain the bays.

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AN

ODE.

I.

THE merchant, to ſecure his treaſure,
Conveys it in a borrow'd name:
Euphelia ſerves to grace my meaſure;
But Cloe is my real flame.

II.

My ſofteſt verſe, by darling lyre
Upon Euphelia's toylet lay;
When Cloe noted her deſire,
That I ſhould ſing, that I ſhould play.

III.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raiſe;
But with my numbers mix my ſighs;
And whilſt I ſing Euphelia's praiſe,
I fix my ſoul on Cloe's eyes.

IV.

Fair Cloe bluſh'd: Euphelia frown'd:
I ſung and gaz'd: I play'd and trembl'd;
And Venus to the Loves around
Remark'd, how ill we all diſſembl'd.

ODE

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ODE

SUR LA PRISE

DE NAMUR,

PAR LES ARMES DU ROY,

L'ANNEE MDCXCII.

PAR MONSIEUR BOILEAU DESPREAUX.

AN ENGLISH BALLAD,

ON THE

TAKING OF NAMUR,

BY THE

KING OF GREAT BRITAIN,

MDCXCV.

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ODE

SUR LA PRISE

DE NAMUR,

PAR LES ARMES DU ROY,

L'ANNEE MDCXCII.

PAR MONSIEUR BOILEAU DESPREAUX.

I.

QUELLE docte & ſainte yvreſſe
Aujourd' huy me fait la loy ?
Chaſtes nymphes du permeſſe,
N'eſt-ce pas vous que je voy ?
Accourez, troupe ſçavante :
Des ſons que ma lyre enfante ;
Ces arbres ſont réjoüis :
Marquez en bien la cadence :
En vous, vents, faites ſilence :
Je vais parler de Louis.

II. Dans

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AN ENGLISH BALLAD, ON THE TAKING OF NAMUR, BY THE KING OF GREAT BRITAIN.

MDCXCV.

DULCE EST DESIPERE IN LOCO.*

I. & II.

SOME folks are drunk, yet do not know it:
So might not Bacchus give you law?
Was it a Muſe, O lofty Poet,
Or virgin of St. Cyr, you ſaw?
Why all this fury? What's the matter,
That oaks muſt come from Thrace to dance?
Muſt ſtupid ſtocks be taught to flatter?
And is there no ſuch wood in France?
Why muſt the winds all hold their tongue?
If they a little breath ſhould raiſe:
Would that have ſpoiled the Poet's ſong;
Or puff'd away the monarch's praiſe?

Pindar.

* This Ballad received great alterations after the firſt edition of it. The taking of Namur by the French in the year 1692, and the retaking it by the Engliſh in the year 1695, were conſidered by each nation as events which contributed.

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II.

Dans ſes chanſons immortelles,
Comme un aigle audacieux,
Pindare étendant ſes aiſles,
Fuit loin des vulgaires yeux.
Mais, ô ma fidele lyre,
Si, dans l'ardeur qui m'inſpire.
Tu peux ſuivre mes tranſports;
Les cheſnes de monts de Thrace
N'ont rien oüi, que ne'efface
La douceur de tes accords.

III.

Eſt-ce Apollon & Neptune,
Qui ſur ces rocs fourcilleux
Ont, compagnons de fortune,
Baſti ces murs orgueilleux?
De leur enceinte fameuſe
La Sambre unie à la Meuſe,
Defend le fatal abord;
Et par cent bouches horribles
L'airain ſur ces monts terribles
Vomit le fer, & la mort.

tributed to raiſe the honour and reputation of the reſpective kingdoms. Both ſieges were carried on by the rival monarchs in perſon, and the ſucceſs of each was celebrated by the beſt writers of the times. It may be doubted whether there ever was a burleſque more agreeably or happily executed than this by our excellent countryman.

Dix

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Pindar, that eagle, mounts the ſkies:
While Virtue leads the noble way:
Too like a vulture Boileau flies,
Where ſordid Int'reſt ſhews the prey.
When once the Poet's honour ceaſes,
From reaſon far his tranſports rove:
And Boileau, for eight hundred pieces,
Makes Louis take the wall of Jove.

III.

Neptune and Sol came from above,
Shap'd like Megrigny and Vauban: †
They armed theſe rocks: then ſhow'd old Jove
Of Marli wood, the wond'rous plan.
Such walls, theſe three wiſe gods agreed,
By human force could ne'er be ſhaken:
But you and I in Homer read
Of gods, as well as men, miſtaken.
Sambre and Maeſe their waves may join;
But ne'er can William's force reſtrain:
He'll paſs them both, who paſs'd the Boyn: *
Remember this and arm the Sein.

† Two celebrated engineers.

* In the year 1690, notwithſtanding numberleſs difficulties, this famous paſſage of the river brought on a general engagement, which entirely deſtroyed the power of King James, and put an end to every hope of ſucceſs, which he had before entertained from his expedition to Ireland.

IV. Full

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IV.

Dix mille vaillans Alcides
Les bordant de toutes parts,
D' éclair au loin homicides
Font petiller, leurs remparts ;
Et dans ſon ſein infidele
Par tout la terre y recele
Un feu preſt â s'élancer,
Qui ſoudain perçant ſon goufre,
Ouvre un ſepulchre de ſoufre,
A quiconque oſe avancer.

V.

Namur, devant tes murailles
Jadis la Grece euſt vingt ans
Sans fruit veu les funerailles
De ſes plus fiers combattans.
Quelle effroyable Puiſſance
Aujourd'huy pourtant s'avance,
Preſte à foudroyer tes monts ?
Quel bruit, quel feu l'environne ?
C'eſt Jupiter en perſonne ;
Ou c'eſt le vainqueur de Mons.

VI.

N'en doute point : c'eſt luy-meſme.
Tout brille en luy ; tout eſt roy.
Dans Bruxelles Naſſau blême
Commence à trembler pour toy.

En

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IV.

Full fifteen thouſand luſty fellows
With fire and ſword the fort maintain;
Each was a Hercules, you tell us,
Yet out they march'd like common men.
Cannons above, and mines below,
Did death and tombs for foes contrive:
Yet matters have been order'd ſo,
That moſt of us are ſtill alive.

V.

If Namur be compar'd to Troy;
Then Britain's boys excell'd the Greeks:
Their ſiege did ten long years employ;
We've done our bus'neſs in ten weeks.
What godhead does ſo faſt advance,
What dreadful pow'r thoſe hills to gain?
'Tis little Will, the ſcourge of France;
No Godhead but the firſt of men.
His mortal arm exerts the pow'r
To keep ev'n Mons's victor under: †
And that ſame jupiter no more
Shall fright the world with impious thunder.

VI.

Our king thus trembles at Namur,
Whilſt Villeroy, who never afraid is, *
To Bruxelles marches on ſecure,
To bomb the monks and ſcare the ladies.

† Mons ſurrendered to Louis XIV. 10 April, 1691.

* While King William was carrying on the ſiege of Namur, Marſhal Villeroy, in order to compel him to relinquiſh that deſign, marched to Bruſſels and bombarded that town.

After

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En vain il voit le Batâve,
Deſormais docile Eſclâve,
Rangé Sous ſes étendars :
En vain au Lion Belgique
Il voit l'aigle Germanique
Uni ſous les leopards.

VII.

Plein de la frayeur nouvelle,
Dont ſes ſens ſont agités,
A ſon ſecours il appelle
Les peuples les plus vantéz.
Ceux là viennent du rivage,
Ou s'enorgueillit le Tage
De l'or, qui roule en ſes eaux ;
Ceux-ci des champs, où la neige
Des marais de la norvége
Neuf mois couvre les roſeaux.

VIII.

Mais qui fait enfler la Sambre ?
Sous les Jumeaux effrayéz,
Des froids torrens de Decembre
Les champs par tout ſont noyéz.
Ceres s'enfuit, éplorée
De voir en proye à Boree

Ses

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After this glorious expedition,
One battle makes the marſhal great:
He muſt perform the king's commiſſion:
Who knows, but Orange may retreat?
Kings are allow'd to feign the gout,
Or be prevail'd with not to fight:
And mighty Louis hop'd, no doubt,
That William would preſerve that right.

VII.

From Seyn and Loyre, to Rhone and Po,
See ev'ry mother's ſon appear:
In ſuch a caſe ne'er blame a foe,
If he betrays ſome little fear.
He comes, the mighty Villeroy comes;
Finds a ſmall river in his way:
So waves his colours, beats his drums;
And thinks it prudent there to ſtay.
The Gallic troops breathe blood and war,
The Marſhal cares not to march faſter:
Poor Vill'roy moves ſo ſlowly here,
We fancy'd all, it was his maſter.

VIII.

Will no kind flood, no friendly rain
Diſguiſe the Marſhal's plain diſgrace:
No torrents ſwell the low Mehayne?
The world will ſay, he durſt not paſs.
Why will no Hyades appear,
Dear Poet, on the banks of Sambre?
Juſt as they did that mighty year,
When you turn'd June into December.

The

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Ses guerets d'epics chargéz,
Et ſous les urnes fangeuſes
Des Hyades orageuſes
Tous ſes tréſors ſubmergéz.

IX.

Déployez toutes vos rages,
Princes, vents, peuples, frimats;
Ramaſſéz tous vos nuages;
Raſſemblez tous vos ſoldats.
Malgré vous Namur en poudre
S'en va tomber ſous la foudre
Qui domta Lille, courtray,
Gand la ſuperbe eſpagnole,
Saint Omer, Bezançon, Dole,
Ypres, Maſtricht, & Cambray.

X.

Mes préſages s'accompliſſent:
Il commence à chanceler:
Sous les coups qui retentiſſent
Ses murs s'en vont s'écrouler.
Mars en feu qui les domine,
Souffle à grand bruit leur ruine,
Et les bombes dans les airs
Allant chercher le tonnere
Semblent tombant ſur la terre,
Vouloirs s'ouvrir les enfers.

XI. Accourez,

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The Water-nymphs are too unkind
To Vill'roy; are the Land-nymphs ſo?
And fly they all, at once combin'd
To ſhame a general, and a beau?

IX.

Truth, Juſtice, Senſe, Religion, Fame,
May join to finiſh William's ſtory:
Nations ſet free may bleſs his name;
And France in ſecret own his glory.
But Ypres, Mæſtricht, and Cambray,
Beſançon, Ghent, St. Omers, Liſle,
Courtray, and Dole——ye criticks, ſay,
How poor to this was Pindar's ſtile!
With *eke's* and *alſo's* tack thy ſtrain,
Great bard; and ſing the deathleſs prince,
Who loſt Namur the ſame campaign,
He bought Dixmude, and plunder'd Deynſe.

X.

I'll hold ten pound my dream is out:
I'd tell it you, but for the rattle
Of thoſe confounded drums; no doubt
Yon' bloody rogues intend a battle.
Dear me! a hundred thouſand French
With terror fill the neighb'ring field:
While William carries on the trench,
Till both the town and caſtle yield.
Vill'roy to Boufflers ſhould advance,
Says Mars, through cannons mouths in fire;
Id eſt, one mareſchal of France
Tells t' other, he can come no nigher.

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XI.

Accourez, Naſſau, Baviere,
De ces murs l'unique eſpoir :
A couvert d'une riviere
Venez : vous pouvez tout voir.
Conſiderez ces approches :
Voyez grimper ſur ces roches
Ces athletes belliqueux ;
Et dans les eaux, dans la flame,
Louis à tout donnant l'ame,
Marcher, courir avec eux.

XIII.

Contemplez dans la tempeſte,
Qui ſort de ces boulevars,
La plume qui ſur ſa teſte
Attire tous les regards.
A cet aſtre redoutable
Toûjours un ſort favorable
S'attache dans les combats ;
Et toujours avec la gloire
Mars amenant la victoire
Vole, & le ſuit à grands pas.

XIII.

Grands deffenſeurs de l'Eſpagne,
Montrez-vous : il en eſt temps :
Courage ; vers la Mahagne
Voilà vos drapeaux flottans.
Jamais ſes ondes craintives
N'ont veû ſur leurs foibles rives

Tant

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XI.

Regain the lines the ſhorteſt way,
Vill'roy; or to Verſailles take poſt;
For, having ſeen it, thou canſt ſay
The ſteps, by which Namur was loſt,
The ſmoke and flame may vex thy ſight:
Look not once back: but as thou goeſt,
Quicken the ſquadrons in their flight;
And bid the d——l take the ſloweſt.
Think not what reaſon to produce,
From Louis to conceal thy fear:
He'll own the ſtrength of thy excuſe;
Tell him that William was but there.

XII.

Now let us look for Louis' feather,
That us'd to ſhine ſo like a ſtar:
The gen'rals could not get together,
Wanting that influence, great in war,
O Poet! thou had'ſt been diſcreeter,
Hanging the monarch's hat ſo high;
If thou had'ſt dubb'd thy ſtar a meteor,
That did but blaze, and rove, and die.

XIII.

To animate the doubtful fight,
Namur in vain expects that ray:
In vain France hopes, the fickly light
Should ſhine near William's fuller day,

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Tant de guerries s'amaſſer.
Courez donc : qui vous retarde ?
Tout l'univers vous regarde.
N'oſez vous la traverſer ?

XIV.

Loin de fermer le paſſage
A vos nombreux bataillons,
Luxembourg a du rivage
Reculé ſes pavillons.
Quoy ? leur ſeul aſpect vous glace ?
Où ſont ces chefs pleins d'audace,
Jadis ſi prompts à marcher,
Qui devoient de la Tamiſe,
Et de la Drâve ſoûmiſe,
Juſq'à Paris nous chercher ?

XV.

Cependant l'effroy redouble
Sur les remparts de Namur
Son gouverneur qui ſe trouble
S'enfuit ſous ſon dernier mur.
Déja juſques à ſes portes
Je voy monter nos cohortes,
La flame & le fer en main :
Et ſur les monceaux de piques,
De corps morts, de rocs, de briques,
S'ouvrir un large chemin.

XVI. C'en

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It knows Verſailles, it's proper ſtation;
Nor cares for any foreign ſphere:
Where you ſee Boileau's conſtellation,
Be ſure no danger can be near.

XIV.

The French had gather'd all their force;
And William met them in their way:
Yet off they bruſh'd, both foot and horſe.
What has friend Boileau left to ſay?
When his high Muſe is bent upon't,
To ſing her king—that great commander,
Or on the ſhores of Helleſpont,
Or in the valleys near Scamander;
Would it not ſpoil his noble taſk,
If any fooliſh Phrygian there is,
Impertinent enough to aſk,
How far Namur may be from Paris.

XV.

Two ſtanzas more before we end,
Of death, pikes, rocks, arms, bricks, and fire:
Leave them behind you, honeſt friend:
And with your countrymen retire.
Your ode is ſpoilt; Namur is freed;
For Dixmuyd ſomething yet is due:
So good Count Guiſcard may proceed; *
But Boufflers, Sir, one word with you——

* Count Guiſcard was commander of the town of Namur. Marſhal Boufflers of the caſtle there.

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XVI.

C'en eſt fait. Je viens d'entendre
Sur ces Rochers éperdus
Battre un ſignal pour ſe rendre :
Le feu ceſſe. Ils ſont rendus.
Dépoüillez vôtre arrogance,
Fiers ennemis de la France,
Et deſormais gracieux,
Allez à Liege, à Bruxelles,
Porter les humbles nouvelles
De Namur pris à vos yeux.

When

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XVI.

'Tis done. In ſight of theſe commanders,
Who neither fight, nor raiſe the ſiege,
The foes of France march ſafe through Flanders;
Divide to Bruxelles, or to Liege,
Send, Fame, this news to Trianon,
That Boufflers may new honours gain:
He the ſame play by land has ſhewn,
As Tourville did upon the main. *
Yet is the Marſhal made a peer!
O William, may thy arms advance;
That he may loſe Dinant next year,
And ſo be conſtable of France.

* M. de Tourville was commander of the French ſquadron which engaged Admiral Ruſſell in 1692, off La Hogue.

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PRESENTED

TO THE KING,

AT HIS

ARRIVAL IN HOLLAND,

AFTER THE

DISCOVERY OF THE CONSPIRACY*

MDCXCVI.

SERUS IN COELUM REDEAS; DIUQUE
LÆTUS INTERSIS POPULO QUIRINI:
NEVE TE NOSTRIS VITIIS INIQUUM
OCYOR AURA
TOLLAT——— Hor. ad Augustum.

YE careful angels, whom eternal Fate
Ordains, on earth and human acts to wait;
Who turn with secret power this restless ball,
And bid predestin'd empires rise and fall:
Your sacred aid religious monarchs own;
When first they merit, then ascend the throne:

* This conspiracy is generally called the Assassination Plot. Sir John Fenwick was executed for being concerned in it.

But

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But tyrants dread ye, leſt your juſt decree
Transfer the power, and ſet the people free:
See reſcu'd Britain at your altars bow:
And hear her hymns your happy care avow:
That ſtill her axes and her rods ſupport
The judge's frown, and grace the awful court:
That law with all her pompous terror ſtands,
To wreſt the dagger from the traitor's hands;
And rigid juſtice reads the fatal word;
Poiſes the balance firſt, then draws the ſword.
  Britain her ſafety to your guidance owns,
That ſhe can ſep'rate parricides from ſons;
That, impious rage diſarm'd, ſhe lives and reigns,
Her freedom kept by him, who broke her chains.
  And thou, great miniſter, above the reſt
Of guardian Spirits, be thou for ever bleſt:
Thou, who of old wert ſent to Iſrael's court,
With ſecret aid great David's ſtrong ſupport;
To mock the frantick rage of cruel Saul,
And ſtrike the uſeleſs javelin to the wall.
Thy later care o'er William's temples held.
On Boyne's propitious banks, the heav'nly ſhield;
When power divine did ſovereign right declare;
And cannons mark'd, whom they were bid to ſpare.
  Still, bleſſed angel, be thy care the ſame;
Be William's life untouch'd, as is his fame:
Let him own thine, as Britain owns his hand:
Save thou the king, as he has ſav'd the land.
  We angels forms in pious monarchs view;
We reverence William; for he acts like you;

Like

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Like you, commiſſion'd to chaſtiſe and bleſs,
He muſt avenge the world, and give it peace.
Indulgent Fate our potent prayer receives;
And ſtill Britannia ſmiles, and William lives;
The hero dear to earth, by heaven belov'd,
By troubles muſt be vex'd, by dangers prov'd:
His foes muſt aid to make his fame compleat,
And fix his throne ſecure on their defeat.
So, though with ſudden rage the tempeſt comes;
Though the winds roar; and though the water foams;
Imperial Britain on the ſea looks down,
And ſmiling ſees her rebel ſubject frown:
Striking her cliff, the ſtorm confirms her pow'r:
The waves but whiten her triumphant ſhore:
In vain they would advance, in vain retreat:
Broken they daſh, and periſh at her feet.
For William ſtill new wonders ſhall be ſhown:
The powers that reſcued, ſhall preſerve the throne.
Safe on his darling Britain's joyful ſea,
Behold, the monarch ploughs his liquid way:
His fleets in thunder through the world declare,
Whoſe empire they obey, whoſe arms they bear.
Bleſs'd by aſpiring winds, he finds the ſtrand
Blacken'd with clouds; he ſees the nations ſtand
Bleſſing his ſafety, proud of his command.
In various tongues he hears the captains dwell
On their great leader's praiſe, by turns they tell,
And liſten, each with emulous glory fir'd,
How William conquer'd, and how France retir'd;

How

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How Belgia freed the hero's arm confeſs'd,
But trembled for the courage which ſhe bleſs'd,
O Louis, from this great example know,
To be at once a hero, and a foe:
By ſounding trumpets, hear, and rattling drums,
When William to the open vengeance comes:
And ſee the ſoldier plead the monarch's right,
Heading his troops, and foremoſt in the fight.
Hence then, cloſe Ambuſh and perfidious War,
Down to your native ſeats of Night repair.
And thou, Bellona, weep thy cruel pride
Reſtrain'd, behind the victor's chariot ty'd
In brazen knots, and everlaſting chains.
(So Europe's peace, ſo William's fate ordains.)
While on the ivory chair in happy ſtate
He ſits, ſecure in innocence, and great
In regal clemency; and views beneath
Averted darts of rage, and pointleſs arms of death.

TO

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TO
CLOE WEEPING.

SEE, whilſt thou weep'ſt, fair Cloe, ſee
The world in ſympathy with thee.
The chearful birds no longer ſing,
Each droops his head, and hangs his wing.
The clouds have bent their boſom lower,
And ſhed their ſorrows in a ſhower.
The brooks beyond their limits flow;
And louder murmurs ſpeak their woe.
The nymphs and ſwains adopt thy cares:
They heave thy ſighs, and weep thy tears.
Fantaſtic nymph! that grief ſhould move
Thy heart obdurate againſt Love.
Strange tears! whoſe power can ſoften all,
But that dear breaſt on which they fall.

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TO

MR. HOWARD:*

AN

ODE.

I.

DEAR Howard, from the ſoft aſſaults of Love,
Poets and painters never are ſecure;
Can I untouch'd the fair ones paſſions move?
Or thou draw beauty, and not feel its pow'r?

To

* "Hugh Howard, better known by theſe beautiful "verſes to him, than by his own works, was ſon of Ralph "Howard, doctor of phyſick, and was born in Dublin, "February 7, 1675. His father being driven from Ire-"land by the troubles that followed the Revolution, "brought the lad to England, who diſcovering a diſpoſi-"tion to the arts and Belles Lettres, was ſent to travel in "1697; and, in his way to Italy, paſſed through Holland "in the train of Thomas Earl of Pembroke, one of the "plenipotentiaries at the treaty of Ryſwick. Mr. Howard "proceeded as he had intended, and having viſited France "and Italy, returned home in October, 1700.

"Some years he paſſed in Dublin: the greateſt and "latter part of his life he ſpent entirely in England, prac-"tiſing

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II.

To great Apelles when young Ammon brought *
The darling idol of his captive heart;
And the pleas'd nymph with kind attention ſat,
To have her charms recorded by his art:

" tiſing painting, at leaſt with applauſe; but having in-
" gratiated himſelf by his fame and knowledge of lands
" with men of the firſt rank, particularly the Duke of
" Devonſhire and Lord Pembroke, and by a parſimonious
" management of his good fortune, and of what he received
" with his wife, he was enabled to quit the practical part
" of his profeſſion for the laſt twenty years of his life; the
" former peer having obtained for him the poſts of Keeper
" of the State Papers, and Pay-Maſter of his Majeſty's
" Palaces. In this pleaſing ſituation he amuſed himſelf
" with forming a large collection of prints, books, and
" medals, which at his death † (March 27, 1737), he be-
" queathed to his only brother Robert Howard, Biſhop of
" Elphin, who tranſported them to Ireland.

" Mr. Howard's picture was drawn by Dahl, very
" like, and publiſhed in Mezzotinto about a year before
" his death. Howard himſelf etched from a drawing of
" Carlo Marati, a head of Padra Reſta, the collector,
" with his ſpectacles on, turning over a large book of
" drawings."

† He died in Pall-mall, and was buried at Richmond. Walpole's Anecdotes, vol. III. 156.

* See Pliny's Natural Hiſtory, B. 35. C. 10.

III. The

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III.

The am'rous maſter own'd her potent eyes;
Sigh'd when he look'd, and trembled as he drew;
Each flowing line confirm'd his firſt ſurprize,
And as the piece advanc'd, the paſſion grew.

IV.

While Philip's ſon, while Venus' ſon was near,
What different tortures does his boſom feel?
Great was the rival, and the god ſevere:
Nor could he hide his flame, nor durſt reveal.

V.

The prince, renown'd in bounty as in arms,
With pity ſaw the ill-conceal'd diſtreſs;
Quitted his title to Campaſpe's charms,
And gave the fair-one to the friend's embrace.

VI.

Thus the more beauteous Cloe ſat to thee,
Good Howard, emulous of the Grecian art:
But happy thou, from Cupid's arrow free,
And flames that pierc'd thy predeceſſor's heart.

VII.

Had thy poor breaſt receiv'd an equal pain;
Had I been veſted with the monarch's power;
Thou muſt have ſigh'd, unlucky youth, in vain;
Nor from my bounty hadſt thou found a cure.

VIII.

Though to convince thee, that the friend did feel
A kind concern for thy ill-fated care,
I would have ſooth'd the flame, I could not heal;
Giv'n thee the world; though I with-held the fair.

LOVE

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LOVE DISARMED.

BENEATH a myrtle's verdant ſhade
As Cloe half aſleep was laid,
Cupid perch'd lightly on her breaſt,
And in that heav'n deſir'd to reſt:
Over her paps his wings he ſpread:
Between he found a downy bed,
And neſtled in his little head.
Still lay the god: the nymph ſurpriz'd,
Yet miſtreſs of herſelf, deviſ'd,
How ſhe the vagrant might enthral,
And captive him, who captives all.
Her bodice half-way ſhe unlac'd;
About his arms ſhe ſlily caſt
The ſilken bond, and held him faſt.
The god awak'd; and thrice in vain
He ſtrove to break the cruel chain;
And thrice in vain he ſhook his wing,
Incumber'd in the ſilken ſtring.
Flutt'ring the god, and weeping ſaid,
Pity poor Cupid, generous maid,
Who happen'd, being blind, to ſtray,
And on thy boſom loſt his way:

Who

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Who ſtray'd, alas! but knew too well,
He never there muſt hope to dwell.
Set an unhappy priſ'ner free.
Who ne'er intended harm to thee.
To me pertains not, ſhe replies,
To know or care where Cupid flies;
What are his haunts, or which his way;
Where he would dwell, or whither ſtray:
Yet will I never ſet thee free:
For harm was meant, and harm to me.
Vain fears that vex thy virgin heart!
I'll give thee up my bow and dart:
Untangle but this cruel chain,
And freely let me fly again.
Agreed: ſecure my virgin heart:
Inſtant give up thy bow and dart:
The chain I'll in return unty;
And freely thou again ſhalt fly.
Thus ſhe the captive did deliver;
The captive thus gave up his quiver.
The god diſarm'd, e'er ſince that day
Paſſes his life in harmleſs play:
Flies round, or ſits upon her breaſt,
A little, fluttering, idle gueſt.
E'er ſince that day the beauteous maid
Governs the world in Cupid's ſtead;
Directs his arrow as ſhe wills;
Gives grief, or pleaſure; ſpares, or kills.

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CLOE HUNTING.

BEHIND her neck her comely treſſes ty'd,
Her ivory quiver graceful by her ſide,
A-hunting Cloe went: ſhe loſt her way,
And through the woods uncertain chanc'd to ſtray.
Apollo paſſing by beheld the maid;
And, ſiſter dear, bright Cynthia turn, he ſaid:
The hunted hind lies cloſe in yonder brake.
Loud Cupid laugh'd, to ſee the god's miſtake;
And, laughing cry'd, learn better, great divine,
To know thy kindred, and to honour mine.
Rightly advis'd, far hence thy ſiſter ſeek,
Or on Meander's bank, or Latmus' peak.
But in this nymph, my friend, my ſiſter know:
She draws my arrows, and ſhe bends my bow:
Fair Thames ſhe haunts, and every neighb'ring grove,
Sacred to ſoft receſs, and gentle love.
Go, with thy Cynthia, hurl the pointed ſpear
At the rough boar; or chaſe the flying deer:
I and my Cloe take a nobler aim:
At human hearts we fling, nor ever miſs the game.

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CUPID AND GANYMEDE.

IN Heaven, one holy-day, you read
In wiſe Anacreon, Ganymede
Drew heedleſs Cupid in, to throw
A main, to paſs an hour, or ſo.
The little Trojan, by the way,
By Hermes taught, play'd all the play.
The god unhappily engag'd,
By nature raſh, by play enrag'd,
Complain'd, and ſigh'd, and cry'd, and fretted;
Loſt every earthly thing he betted:
In ready-money, all the ſtore
Pick'd up long ſince from Danae's ſhower;
A ſnuff-box, ſet with bleeding hearts,
Rubies, all pierc'd with diamond darts;
His nine-pins made of myrtle wood:
(The tree in Ida's foreſt ſtood)
His bowl pure gold, the very ſame
Which Paris gave the Cyprian dame;
Two table-books in ſhagreen covers;
Fill'd with good verſe from real lovers;
Merchandiſe rare! a billet-doux,
Its matter paſſionate, yet true;

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Heaps of hair rings, and cypher'd ſeals;
Rich trifles; ſerious bagatelles.
What ſad diſorders play begets!
Deſperate and mad, at length he ſets
Thoſe darts, whoſe points make gods adore
His might, and deprecate his power:
Thoſe darts, whence all our joy and pain
Ariſe: thoſe darts——come, ſeven's the main,
Cries Ganymede: the uſual trick:
Seven, flur a fix; eleven: a nick.
Ill news goes faſt: 'twas quickly known,
That ſimple Cupid was undone.
Swifter than lightning Venus flew:
Too late ſhe found the thing too true.
Gueſs how the goddeſs greets her ſon:
Come hither, ſirrah: no, begon;
And, hark ye, is it ſo indeed?
A comrade you for Ganymede?
An imp as wicked, for his age,
As any earthly lady's page;
A ſcandal and a ſcourge to Troy:
A prince's ſon? a black-guard boy:
A ſharper that with box and dice
Draws in young deities to vice.
All Heaven is by the ears together,
Since firſt that little rogue came hither:
Juno herſelf has had no peace:
And truly I've been favour'd leſs:
For Jove, as Fame reports, (but Fame
Says things not fit for me to name)

Has

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Has acted ill for such a god,
And taken ways extremely odd.
And thou, unhappy child, she said
(Her anger by her grief allay'd)
Unhappy child, who thus hast lost
All the estate we e'er could boast;
Whither, O whither wilt thou run,
Thy name despis'd, thy weakness known?
Nor shall thy shrine on earth be crown'd:
Nor shall thy power in Heaven be own'd;
When thou, nor man, nor god can'st wound.
Obedient Cupid kneeling cry'd,
Cease, dearest mother, cease to chide:
Gany's a cheat, and I'm a bubble:
Yet why this great excess of trouble?
The dice were false: the darts are gone:
Yet how are you or I undone?
The loss of these I can supply
With keener shafts from Cloe's eye:
Fear not, we e'er can be disgrac'd,
While that bright magazine shall last:
Your crouded altars still shall smoke;
And man your friendly aid invoke:
Jove shall again revere your power,
And rise a swan, or fall a shower,

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CUPID MISTAKEN.

I.

AS after noon, one ſummer's day,
Venus ſtood bathing in a river;
Cupid a-ſhooting went that way,
New ſtrung his bow, new fill'd his quiver.

II.

With ſkill he choſe his ſharpeſt dart:
With all his might his bow he drew,
Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
The too well-guided arrow flew.

III.

I faint! I die! the goddeſs cry'd;
O cruel, could'ſt thou find none other,
To wreck thy ſpleen on? Parricide!
Like Nero, thou haſt ſlain thy mother.

IV.

Poor Cupid ſobbing ſcarce could ſpeak;
Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye:
Alas! how eaſy my miſtake?
I took you for your likeneſs Cloe.

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VENUS MISTAKEN.

I.

WHEN Cloe's picture was to Venus ſhown;
Surpriz'd, the goddeſs took it for her own.
And what, ſaid ſhe, does this bold painter mean?
When was I bathing thus, and naked ſeen?

II.

Pleas'd Cupid heard, and check'd his mother's pride:
And who's blind now, mamma? the urchin cry'd.
'Tis Cloe's eye, and cheek, and lip, and breaſt:
Friend Howard's genius fancy'd all the reſt.

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A

SONG.

IF wine and muſick have the power,
To eaſe the ſickneſs of the ſoul;
Let Phœbus every ſtring explore;
And Bacchus fill the ſprightly bowl.
Let them their friendly aid employ,
To make my Cloe's abſence light;
And ſeek for pleaſure, to deſtroy
The ſorrows of this live-long night.
But ſhe to-morrow will return:
Venus, be thou to-morrow great;
Thy myrtles ſtrow, thy odours burn;
And meet thy fav'rite nymph in ſtate,
Kind goddeſs, to no other powers
Let us to-morrow's bleſſings own:
Thy darling loves ſhall guide the hours:
And all the day be thine alone.

THE

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THE DOVE.

——TANTÆNE ANIMIS COELESTIBUS IRÆ? Virg.

I.

IN Virgil's ſacred verſe we find,
That paſſion can depreſs or raiſe
The heavenly as the human mind:
Who dare deny what Virgil ſays?

II.

But if they ſhould; what our great maſter
Has thus laid down, my tale ſhall prove.
Fair Venus wept the ſad diſaſter
Of having loſt her favourite Dove.

III.

In complaiſance poor Cupid mourn'd;
His grief reliev'd his mother's pain;
He vow'd he'd leave no ſtone unturn'd,
But ſhe ſhould have her Dove again.

IV.

Though none, ſaid he, ſhall yet be nam'd,
I know the felon well enough:
But be ſhe not, mamma, condemn'd
Without a fair and legal proof.

V. With

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V.

With that, his longeſt dart he took,
As conſtable would take his ſtaff:
That gods deſire like men to look,
Would make e'en Heraclitus laugh.

VI.

Love's ſubaltern, a duteous band,
Like watchmen round their chief appear:
Each had his lanthorn in his hand:
And Venus maſk'd brought up the rear.

VII.

Accouter'd thus, their eager ſtep
To Cloe's lodging they directed:
(At once I write, alas! and weep,
That Cloe is of theft ſuſpected.)

VIII.

Late they ſet out, had far to go:
St. Dunſtan's as they paſs'd, ſtruck one.
Cloe for reaſons good, you know,
Lives at the ſober end o'th'town.

IX.

With one great peal they rap the door,
Like footmen on a viſiting day.
Folks at her houſe at ſuch an hour!
Lord! what will all the neighbours ſay?

X.

The door is open: up they run:
Nor prayers, nor threats divert their ſpeed:
Thieves! thieves! cries Suſan; we're undone;
They'll kill my miſtreſs in her bed.

XI. In

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XI.

In bed indeed the nymph had been
Three hours: for all hiſtorians ſay,
She commonly went up at ten,
Unleſs Piquet was in the way.

XII.

She wak'd, be ſure, with ſtrange ſurprize,
O Cupid, is this right or law,
Thus to diſturb the brighteſt eyes,
That ever ſlept, or ever ſaw?

XIII.

Have you obſerv'd a ſitting hare,
Liſtening, and fearful of the ſtorm
Of horns and hounds, clap back her ear,
Afraid to keep, or leave her form?

XIV.

Or have you mark'd a partridge quake,
Viewing the towering faulcon nigh?
She cuddles low behind the brake:
Nor would ſhe ſtay: nor dares ſhe fly.

XV.

Then have you ſeen the beauteous maid;
When gazing on her midnight foes,
She turn'd each way her frighted head,
Then ſunk it deep beneath the cloaths.

XVI.

Venus this while was in the chamber
Incognito: for Suſan ſaid,
It ſmelt ſo ſtrong of myrrh and amber——
And Suſan is no lying maid.

XVII. But

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XVII.

But ſince we have no preſent need
Of Venus for an epiſode:
With Cupid let us e'en proceed;
And thus to Cloe ſpoke the god:

XVIII.

Hold up your head: hold up your hand,
Would it were not my lot to ſhew ye
This cruel WRIT, wherein you ſtand
Indicted by the name of Cloe:

XIX.

For by that ſecret malice ſtirr'd,
Or by an emulous pride invited,
You have purloin'd the fav'rite bird,
In which my mother moſt delighted.

XX.

Her bluſhing face the lovely maid
Rais'd juſt above the milk-white ſheet,
A roſe-tree in a lilly bed,
Nor glows ſo red, nor breathes ſo ſweet.

XXI.

Are you not he whom virgins fear,
And widows court? is not your name
Cupid? If ſo, pray come not near——
Fair maiden, I'm the very ſame.

XXII.

Then what have I, good Sir, to ſay,
Or do with her, you call your mother?
If I ſhould meet her in my way,
We hardly court'ſy to each other.

XXIII. Diana

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XXIII.

Diana chaſte, and Hebe ſweet,
Witneſs that what I ſpeak is true:
I would not give my paroquet
For all the Doves that ever flew.

XXIV.

Yet, to compoſe this midnight noiſe,
Go freely ſearch where-e'er you pleaſe:
(The rage that rais'd, adorn'd her voice)
Upon yon' toilet lie my keys.

XXV.

Her keys he takes; her doors unlocks;
Through wardrobe, and through cloſet bounces;
Peeps into every cheſt and box;
Turns all her furbeloes and flounces.

XXVI.

But Dove, depend on't, finds he none;
So to the bed returns again:
And now the maiden, bolder grown,
Begins to treat him with diſdain.

XXVII.

I marvel much, ſhe ſmiling ſaid,
Your poultry cannot yet be found:
Lies he in yonder ſlipper dead,
Or may be, in the tea-pot drown'd?

XXVIII.

No, traytor, angry love replies,
He's hid ſomewhere about your breaſt;
A place, nor god, nor man denies,
For Venus' Dove the proper neſt.

XXIX. Search

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XXIX.

Search then, ſhe ſaid, put in your hand,
And Cynthia, dear protectreſs, guard me:
As guilty I, or free may ſtand,
Do thou, or puniſh, or reward me.

XXX.

But ah! what maid to love can truſt;
He ſcorns, and breaks all legal power:
Into her breaſt his hand he thruſt;
And in a moment forc'd it lower.

XXXI.

O, whither do thoſe fingers rove,
Cries Cloe, treacherous urchin, whither?
O Venus! I ſhall find thy Dove,
Says he; for ſure I touch his feather.

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A

LOVER'S ANGER.

AS Cloe came into the room t'other day,
I peeviſh began; where ſo long could you ſtay?
In your life-time you never regarded your hour:
You promis'd at two; and (pray look child) 'tis four.
A lady's watch needs neither figures nor wheels:
'Tis enough, that 'tis loaded with baubles and ſeals.
A temper ſo heedleſs no mortal can bear——
Thus far I went on with a reſolute air.
Lord bleſs me, ſaid ſhe; let a body but ſpeak:
Here's an ugly hard roſe-bud fallen into my neck:
It has hurt me, and vex'd me to ſuch a degree——
See here; for you never believe me; pray ſee,
On the left ſide my breaſt what a mark it has made.
So ſaying, her boſom ſhe careleſs diſplay'd.
That ſeat of delight I with wonder ſurvey'd;
And forgot every word I deſign'd to have ſaid.

MER-

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MERCURY AND CUPID.

IN ſullen humour one day Jove
Sent Hermes down to Ida's grove,
Commanding Cupid to deliver
His ſtore of darts, his total quiver;
That Hermes ſhould the weapons break,
Or throw 'em into Lethe's lake.
Hermes, you know, muſt do his errand:
He found his man, produc'd his warrant:
Cupid, your darts—this very hour—
There's no contending againſt power.
How ſullen Jupiter, juſt now
I think I ſaid: and you'll allow,
That Cupid was as bad as he:
Hear but the youngſter's repartée.
Come kinſman (ſaid the little god)
Put off your wings, lay by your rod;
Retire with me to yonder bower;
And reſt yourſelf for half an hour:
'Tis far indeed from hence to Heaven:
And you fly faſt: and it is but ſeven.
We'll take one cooling cup of nectar;
And drink to this celeſtial hector—

He

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He break my dart, or hurt my power!
He, Leda's ſwan, and Danae's ſhower!
Go, bid him his wife's tongue reſtrain;
And mind his thunder, and his rain.—
My darts? O certainly I'll give 'em:
From Cloe's eyes he ſhall receive 'em:
There's one, the beſt in all my quiver,
Twang! through his very heart and liver,
He then ſhall pine, and ſigh, and rave:
Good lord! what buſtle ſhall we have!
Neptune muſt ſtrait be ſent to ſea;
And Flora ſummon'd twice a day:
One muſt find ſhells, and t'other flowers,
For cooling grotts, and fragrant bowers,
That Cloe may be ſerv'd in ſtate:
The Hours muſt at her toilet wait:
Whilſt all the reaſoning fools below,
Wonder their watches go too ſlow,
Lybs muſt fly ſouth, and Eurus eaſt,
For jewels for her hair and breaſt:
No matter though their cruel haſte
Sink cities, and lay foreſts waſte.
No matter though this fleet be loſt;
Or that lie wind-bound on the coaſt.
What whiſpering in my mother's ear!
What care, that Juno ſhould not hear!
What work among you ſcholar gods!
Phœbus muſt write him am'rous odes:
And thou, poor couſin, muſt compoſe
His letters in ſubmiſſive proſe:

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Whilſt haughty Cloe, to ſuſtain
The honour of my myſtick reign,
Shall all his gifts and vows diſdain;
And laugh at your old bully's pain.
Dear couz, ſaid Hermes in a fright,
For Heaven ſake keep your darts: good night.

ON
BEAUTY.
A
RIDDLE.

RESOLVE me, Cloe, what is this:
Or forfeit me one precious kiſs.
'Tis the firſt off-ſpring of the Graces:
Bears different forms in different places;
Acknowledg'd fine, where-e'er beheld;
Yet fancy'd finer, when conceal'd.
'Twas Flora's wealth, and Circe's charm;
Pandora's box of good and harm:
'Twas Mar's wiſh, Endymion's dream;
Apelles' draught, and Ovid's theme.
This guided Theſeus through the maze;
And ſent him home with life and praiſe.

But

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But this undid the Phrygian boy;
And blew the flames that ruin'd Troy.
This ſhew'd great kindneſs to old Greece,
And help'd rich Jaſon to the fleece.
This through the eaſt juſt vengeance hurl'd,
And loſt poor Anthony the world.
Injur'd, though Lucrece found her doom;
This baniſh'd tyranny from Rome.
Appeas'd, though Lais gain'd her hire;
This ſet Perſepolis on fire.
For this Alcides learn'd to ſpin:
His club laid down, and lion's ſkin.
For this Apollo deign'd to keep,
With ſervile care, a mortal's ſheep.
For this the father of the gods,
Content to leave his high abodes,
In borrow'd figures looſely ran,
Europa's bull, and Leda's ſwan,
For this he reaſſumes the nod,
(While Semele commands the God)
Launces the bolt, and ſhakes the poles;
Though Momus laughs, and Juno ſcolds.
Here liſtening Cloe ſmil'd and ſaid;
Your riddle is not hard to read:
I gueſs it—fair one, if you do;
Need I, alas! the theme purſue?
For this thou ſee'ſt, for this I leave,
Whate'er the world thinks wiſe or grave,
Ambition, buſineſs, friendſhip, news,
My uſeful books, and ſerious Muſe.

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For this I willingly decline
The mirth of feaſts, and joys of wine;
And chuſe to ſit and talk with thee,
(As thy great orders may decree)
Of cocks and bulls, and flutes and fiddles,
Of idle tales, and fooliſh riddles.

THE QUESTION, TO LISETTA.

WHAT nymph ſhould I admire, or truſt,
But Cloe, beauteous Cloe, juſt?
What nymph ſhould I deſire to ſee,
But her who leaves the plain for me?
To whom ſhould I compoſe the lay,
But her who liſtens when I play?
To whom, in ſong, repeat my cares,
But her who in my ſorrow ſhares?
For whom ſhould I the garland make,
But her who joys the gift to take,
And boaſts ſhe wears it for my ſake?
In love am I not fully bleſt?
Liſetta, pr'ythee tell the reſt.

LI-

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LISETTA'S REPLY.

SURE Cloe juſt, and Cloe fair,
Deſerves to be your only care:
But when you and ſhe to day
Far into the wood did ſtray,
And I happen'd to paſs by;
Which way did you caſt your eye?
But when your cares to her you ſing,
Yet dare not tell her whence they ſpring;
Does it not more afflict your heart,
That in thoſe cares ſhe bears a part?
When you the flowers for Cloe twine,
Why do you to her garland join
The meaneſt bud that falls from mine?
Simpleſt of ſwains! the world may ſee,
Whom Cloe loves, and who loves me.

THE

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THE GARLAND.

I.

THE pride of every grove I choſe,
The violet ſweet, and lilly fair,
The dappl'd pink, and bluſhing roſe,
To deck my charming Cloe's hair.

II.

At morn the nymph vouchſaft to place
Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flowers leſs blooming than her face,
The ſcent leſs fragrant than her breath.

III.

The flowers ſhe wore along the day:
And every nymph and ſhepherd ſaid,
That in her hair they lookt more gay,
Than glowing in their native bed.

IV.

Undreſt at evening when ſhe found
Their odours loſt, their colours paſt;
She changed her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eye ſhe caſt.

V. That

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V.

That eye dropt ſenſe diſtinct and clear,
As any Muſe's tongue could ſpeak,
When from it's lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

VI.

Diſſembling what I knew too well,
My love, my life, ſaid I, explain
This change of humour: pry'thee tell:
That falling tear—What does it mean?

VII.

She ſigh'd; ſhe ſmil'd: and to the flowers
Pointing, the lovely moraliſt ſaid:
See, friend, in ſome few fleeting hours,
See yonder, what a change is made.

VIII.

Ah me! the blooming pride of May,
And that of beauty are but one:
At morn both flouriſh bright and gay,
Both fade at evening, pale, and gone.

IX.

At dawn poor Stella danc'd and ſung;
The amorous youth around her bow'd;
At night her fatal knell was rung;
I ſaw, and kiſs'd her in her ſhrowd.

X.

Such as ſhe is, who dy'd to-day,
Such I, alas! may be to-morrow;
Go, Damon, bid thy Muſe diſplay
The juſtice of thy Cloe's ſorrow.

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THE LADY

WHO OFFERS HER

LOOKING-GLASS

TO

VENUS. †

VENUS, take my votive glaſs;
Since I am not what I was;
What from this day I ſhall be,
Venus, let me never ſee.

† Taken from an epigram of Plato. See Rambler, Number 143.

CLOE

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CLOE JEALOUS.

I.

FORBEAR to aſk me, why I weep;
Vext Cloe to her ſhepherd ſaid;
'Tis for my two poor ſtraggling ſheep
Perhaps, or for my ſquirrel dead.

II.

For mind I what you late have writ?
Your ſubtle queſtions, and replies;
Emblems, to teach a female wit
The ways, where changing Cupid flies

III.

Your riddle purpos'd to rehearſe
The general power that beauty has:
But why did no peculiar verſe
Deſcribe one charm of Cloe's face?

IV.

The glaſs, which was at Venus' ſhrine,
With ſuch myſterious ſorrow laid:
The garland (and you call it mine)
Which ſhow'd how youth and beauty fade.

V.

Ten thouſand trifles light as theſe,
Nor can my rage, nor anger move:
She ſhould be humble, who would pleaſe;
And ſhe muſt ſuffer, who can love.

VI. When

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VI.

When in my glaſs I chanc'd to look;
Of Venus what did I implore?
That every grace which thence I took,
Should know to charm my Damon more.

VII.

Reading thy verſe; who heeds, ſaid I,
If here or there his glances flew?
O free for ever be his eye,
Whoſe heart to me is always true.

VIII.

My bloom indeed, my little flower
Of beauty quickly loſt its pride;
For ſever'd from its native bower,
It on thy glowing boſom dy'd.

IX.

Yet car'd I not, what might preſage,
Or withering wreath, or fleeting youth;
Love I eſteem'd more ſtrong than age,
And time leſs permanent than truth.

X.

Why then I weep, forbear to know:
Fall uncontroul'd my tears, and free:
O Damon, 'tis the only woe,
I ever yet conceal'd from thee.

XI.

The ſecret wound with which I bleed
Shall lie wrapt up, ev'n in my hearſe:
But on my tomb-ſtone thou ſhalt read
My anſwer to thy dubious verſe.

AN-

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ANSWER TO CLOE JEALOUS,

IN THE SAME STILE.

THE

AUTHOR SICK.

I.

YES, faireſt proof of Beauty's power,
Dear idol of my panting heart,
Nature points this my fatal hour:
And I have liv'd; and we muſt part.

II.

While now I take my laſt adieu,
Heave thou no ſigh, nor ſhed a tear;
Leſt yet my half-clos'd eye may view,
On earth an object worth its care.

III.

From Jealouſy's tormenting ſtrife
For ever be thy boſom freed:
That nothing may diſturb thy life,
Content I haſten to the dead.

IV. Yet

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IV.

Yet when ſome better-fated youth
Shall with his amorous parly move thee;
Reflect one moment on his truth
Who dying thus, perſiſts to love thee.

A

BETTER ANSWER.

I.

DEAR Cloe, how blubber'd is that pretty face;
Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncurl'd:
Pr'ythee quit this caprice; and (as old Falſtaf ſays)
Let us e'en talk a little like folks of this world.

II.

How can'ſt thou preſume, thou haſt leave to deſtroy
The beauties, which Venus but lent to thy keeping?
Thoſe looks were deſign'd to inſpire love and joy:
More ord'nary eyes may ſerve people for weeping.

III.

To be vext at a trifle or two that I writ,
Your judgment at once, and my paſſion you wrong:
You take that for fact, which will ſcarce be found wit:
Od's life! muſt one ſwear to the truth of a ſong?

IV. What

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IV.

What I ſpeak, my fair Cloe, and what I write, ſhews
The difference there is betwixt nature and art:
I court others in verſe; but I love thee in proſe:
And they have my whimſies, but thou haſt my heart.

V.

The god of us verſe-men (you know child) the ſun,
How after his journeys he ſets up his reſt:
If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run:
At night he declines on his Thetis's breaſt.

VI.

So when I am weary'd with wandering all day;
To thee, my delight, in the evening I come:
No matter what beauties I ſaw in my way: *
They were but my viſits, but thou art my home.

VII.

Then finiſh, dear Cloe, this paſtoral war;
And let us, like Horace and Lydia agree:
For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
As he was a poet ſublimer than me.

* My heart with her but, as gueſt wiſe ſojourn'd,
And now to Helen it is home return'd,
There to remain.———
Midſummer Night's Dream, A. 3. S. 2.

PAL-

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PALLAS AND VENUS.

AN

EPIGRAM.

THE Trojan ſwain had judg'd the great diſpute,
And beauty's power obtain'd the golden fruit;
When Venus, looſe in all her naked charms,
Met Jove's great daughter clad in ſhining arms.
The wanton goddeſs view'd the warlike maid
From head to foot, and tauntingly ſhe ſaid:
Yield, ſiſter; rival, yield: naked, you ſee,
I vanquiſh: gueſs how potent I ſhould be;
If to the field I came in armour dreſt;
Dreadful, like thine, my ſhield, and terrible my creſt.
The warrior goddeſs with diſdain reply'd;
Thy folly, child, is equal to thy pride:
Let a brave enemy for once adviſe,
And Venus (if 'tis poſſible) be wiſe.
Thou to be ſtrong muſt put off every dreſs:
Thy only armour is thy nakedneſs:
And more than once, (or thou art much bely'd)
By Mars himſelf that armour has been try'd.

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TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN IN LOVE.

A TALE.

FROM public noiſe and factious ſtrife,
From all the buſy ills of life,
Take me, my Celia, to thy breaſt
And lull my wearied ſoul to reſt.
For ever, in this humble cell,
Let thee and I, my fair one, dwell;
None enter elſe, but Love —— and he
Shall bar the door, and keep the key.
To painted roofs, and ſhining ſpires
(Uneaſy ſeats of high deſires)
Let the unthinking many croud,
That dare be covetous and proud:
In golden bondage let them wait,
And barter happineſs for ſtate:
But Oh! my Celia, when thy ſwain
Deſires to ſee a court again;

May

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May Heaven around this deſtin'd head
The choiceſt of its curſes ſhed:
To ſum up all the rage of Fate,
In the two things I dread and hate;
May'ſt thou be falſe, and I be great.
Thus, on his Celia's panting breaſt,
Fond Celadon his ſoul expreſt;
While with delight the lovely maid
Received the vows, ſhe thus repaid:
Hope of my age, joy of my youth,
Bleſt miracle of love and truth!
All that could e'er be counted mine,
My love and [illegible] long ſince are thine:
A real joy I never knew;
'Till I believ'd thy paſſion true:
A real grief I ne'er can find;
'Till thou prov'ſt perjur'd or unkind.
Contempt, and poverty, and care,
All we abhor, and all we fear,
Bleſt with thy preſence, I can bear.
Through waters, and through flames I'll go,
Sufferer and ſolace of thy woe:
Trace me ſome yet unheard-of way,
That I thy ardour may repay;
And make my conſtant paſſion known,
By more than woman yet has done.
Had I a wiſh that did not bear
The ſtamp and image of my dear;
I'd pierce my heart through every vein,
And die to let it out again,

No:

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No: Venus ſhall my witneſs be,
(If Venus ever lov'd like me)
That for one hour I would not quit
My ſhepherd's arms, and this retreat,
To be the Perſian monarch's bride,
Part'ner of all his power and pride;
Or rule in regal ſtate above,
Mother of gods, and wife of Jove.
O HAPPY THESE OF HUMAN RACE!
But ſoon, alas! our pleaſures paſs.
He thank'd her on his bended knee;
Then drank a quart of milk and tea:
And leaving her ador'd embrace,
Haſten'd to court to beg a place.
While ſhe, his abſence to bemoan,
The very moment he was gone,
Call'd Thyrſis from beneath the bed!
Where all this time he had been hid.

MORAL.

WHILE men have theſe ambitious fancies;
And wanton wenches read romances;
Our ſex will——What? out with it. Lye;
And theirs in equal ſtrains reply.

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The moral of the tale I ſing
(A poſy for a wedding ring)
In this ſhort verſe will be confin'd:
Love is a jeſt, and vows are wind.

AN

ENGLISH PADLOCK.

MISS Danäe, when fair and young,
(As Horace has divinely ſung)
Could not be kept from Jove's embrace
By doors of ſteel, and walls of braſs.
The reaſon of the thing is clear;
Would Jove the naked truth aver:
Cupid was with him of the party;
And ſhew'd himſelf ſincere and hearty:
For, give that whipſter but his errand;
He takes my Lord Chief Juſtice' warrant;
Dauntleſs as death away he walks;
Breaks the doors open; ſnaps the locks;
Searches the parlour, chamber, ſtudy;
Nor ſtops 'till he has Culprit's body.

Since

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Since this has been authentic truth,
By age deliver'd down to youth;
Tell us, miſtaken huſband tell us,
Why ſo myſterious, why ſo jealous?
Does the reſtraint, the bolt, the bar
Make us leſs curious, her leſs fair?
The ſpy, which does this treaſure keep,
Does ſhe ne'er ſay her prayers, nor ſleep?
Does ſhe to no exceſs incline?
Does ſhe fly muſick, mirth, and wine?
Or have not gold and flattery power,
To purchaſe one unguarded hour?
Your care does farther yet extend:
That ſpy is guarded by your friend.——
But has this friend nor eye, nor heart?
May he not feel the cruel dart,
Which, ſoon or late, all mortals feel?
May he not, with too tender zeal,
Give the fair pris'ner cauſe to ſee,
How much he wiſhes, ſhe were free?
May he not craftily infer
The rules of friendſhip too ſevere,
Which chain him to a hated truſt;
Which make him wretched, to be juſt?
And may not ſhe, this darling ſhe,
Youthful and healthy, fleſh and blood,
Eaſy with him, ill us'd by thee,
Allow this logic to be good?

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Sir, will your queſtions never end?
I truſt to neither ſpy nor friend.
In ſhort, I keep her from the ſight
Of every human face.—She'll write.
From pen and paper ſhe's debarr'd.——
Has ſhe a bodkin and a card?
She'll prick her mind.——She will you ſay:
But how ſhall ſhe that mind convey?
I keep her in one room: I lock it:
The key (look here) is in this pocket.
The key-hole, is that left? moſt certain,
She'll thruſt her letter through—Sir Martin.
Dear angry friend, what muſt be done?
Is there no way?——There is but one.
Send her abroad; and let her ſee,
That all this mingled maſs, which ſhe
Being forbidden longs to know,
Is a dull farce, an empty ſhow,
Powder, and pocket-glaſs, and beau;
A ſtaple of romance and lies,
Falſe tears, and real perjuries:
Where ſighs and looks are bought and ſold;
And love is made but to be told:
Where the fat bawd, and laviſh heir
The ſpoils of ruin'd beauty ſhare:
And youth ſeduced from friends and fame,
Muſt give up age to want and ſhame.
Let her behold the frantic ſcene,
The women wretched, falſe the men:

And

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And when, theſe certain ills to ſhun,
She would to thy embraces run;
Receive her with extended arms:
Seem more delighted with her charms:
Wait on her to the park and play:
Put on good humour; make her gay:
Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind;
Let all her ways be unconfin'd:
And clap your PADLOCK—on her mind.

HANS CARVEL.

HANS CARVEL, impotent and old,
Married a laſs of London mould:
Handſome? enough; extremely gay:
Lov'd muſic, company, and play:
High flights ſhe had, and wit at will:
And ſo her tongue lay ſeldom ſtill;
For in all viſits who but ſhe.
To argue, or to repartée?
She made it plain, that human paſſion
Was order'd by predeſtination;

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That if weak women went aſtray,
Their ſtars were more in fault than they:
Whole tragedies ſhe had by heart;
Entered into Roxana's part:
To triumph in her rival's blood,
The action certainly was good.
How like a vine young Ammon curl'd!
Oh that dear conqueror of the world!
She pitied Betterton in age,
That ridicul'd the god-like rage.
She, firſt of all the town, was told,
Where neweſt India things were ſold:
So in a morning, without bodice,
Slipt ſometimes out to Mrs. Thody's;
To cheapen tea, to buy a ſcreen:
What elſe could ſo much virtue mean?
For to prevent the leaſt reproach,
Betty went with her in the coach.
But when no very great affair
Excited her peculiar care;
She without fail was wak'd at ten;
Drank chocolate, then ſlept again:
At twelve ſhe roſe; with much ado
Her cloaths were huddled on by two;
Then, does my lady dine at home?
Yes ſure;—but is the Colonel come?
Next, how to ſpend the afternoon,
And not come home again too ſoon;
The Change, the City, or the Play,
As each was proper for the day:

A turn

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A turn in ſummer to Hyde-Park,
When it grew tolerably dark.
Wife's pleaſure cauſes huſband's pain:
Strange fancies come in Hans's brain:
He thought of what he did not name;
And would reform, but durſt not blame.
At firſt he therefore preach'd his wife
The comforts of a pious life:
Told her, how tranſient beauty was;
That all muſt die, and fleſh was graſs:
He bought her ſermons, pſalms and graces;
And doubled down the uſeful places.
But ſtill the weight of worldly care
Allowed her little time for prayer:
And Cleopatra* was read o'er,
While Scot†, and Wake‡, and twenty more,
That teach one to deny one's ſelf,
Stood unmoleſted on the ſhelf.
An untouch'd bible grac'd her toilet:
No fear that thumb of her's ſhould ſpoil it.
In ſhort, the trade was ſtill the ſame:
The dame went out, the colonel came.

* Cleopatra is a novel much read by the ladies in the laſt century.

† Dr. John Scot, rector of St. Giles in the Fields, and Author of the Chriſtian Life, in 5 vols.

‡ Dr. William Wake, afterwards archbiſhop of Canterbury.

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What's to be done? poor Carvel cry'd;
Another battery muſt be try'd:
What if to ſpells I had recourſe?
'Tis but to hinder ſomething worſe.
The end muſt juſtify the means:
He only ſins who ill intends:
Since therefore 'tis to combat evil;
'Tis lawful to employ the devil.
Forthwith the devil did appear
(For name him and he's always near)
Not in the ſhape in which he plies
At Miſs's elbow when ſhe lies;
Or ſtands before the nurſery doors,
To take the naughty boy that roars:
But without ſawcer eye or claw,
Like a grave barriſter at law.
Hans Carvel, lay aſide your grief,
The devil ſays; I bring relief.
Relief, ſays Hans: pray let me crave
Your name, Sir,—Satan—Sir, your ſlave;
I did not look upon your feet:
You'll pardon me:——Ay now I ſee't:
And pray, Sir, when came you from hell?
Our friends there, did you leave them well?
All well; but pr'ythee, honeſt Hans,
(Says Satan) leave your complaiſance;
The truth is this: I cannot ſtay
Flaring in ſun-ſhine all the day:
For, *entre nous*, we helliſh ſprites,
Love more the freſco of the nights;

And

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And oftener our receipts convey
In dreams, than any other way.
I tell you therefore as a friend,
Ere morning dawns, your fears ſhall end:
Go then this evening, maſter Carvel,
Lay down your fowls, and broach your barrel;
Let friends and wine diſſolve your care;
Whilſt I the great receipt prepare:——
To night I'll bring it, by my faith;
Believe for once what Satan ſaith.
Away went Hans: glad? not a little;
Obey'd the devil to a tittle;
Invited friends ſome half a dozen,
The colonel and my lady's couſin.
The meat was ſerv'd; the bowls were crown'd;
Catches were ſung; and healths went round;
Barbadoes waters for the cloſe:
'Till Hans had fairly got his doſe:
The colonel toaſted to the beſt:
The Dame mov'd off, to be undreſt:
The chimes went twelve: the gueſts withdrew:
But when, or how, Hans hardly knew.
Some modern anecdotes aver,
He nodded in his elbow chair;
From thence was carry'd off to bed:
John held his heels, and Nan his head.
My lady was diſturb'd: new ſorrow!
Which Hans muſt anſwer for to-morrow.
In bed then view this happy pair;
And think how Hymen triumph'd there.

Hans

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Hans faſt aſleep, as ſoon as laid;
The duty of the night unpaid:
The waking dame, with thoughts oppreſt,
That made her hate both him and reſt:
By ſuch a huſband, ſuch a wife!
'Twas Acme's and Septimius' life:
The lady ſigh'd: the lover ſnor'd:
The punctual devil kept his word:
Appear'd to honeſt Hans again:
But not at all by madam ſeen:
And giving him a magic ring,
Fit for the finger of a king;
Dear Hans, ſaid he, this jewel take,
And wear it long for Satan's ſake:
'Twill do your buſineſs to a hair:
For, long as you this ring ſhall wear,
As ſure as I look over Lincoln,
That ne'er ſhall happen which you think on.
Hans took the ring with joy extream;
(All this was only in a dream)
And, thruſting it beyond his joint,
'Tis done, he cry'd: I've gain'd my point.—
What point, ſaid ſhe, you ugly beaſt?
You neither give me joy nor reſt:
'Tis done.—What's done, you drunken bear?
You've thruſt your finger G—d knows where.

A

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A

DUTCH PROVERB.

FIRE, water, woman, are man's ruin;
Says wife profeſſor Vander Brüin.
By flames a houſe I hir'd was loſt
Laſt year: and I muſt pay the coſt.
This ſpring the rains o'erflow'd my ground:
And my beſt Flanders mare was drown'd.
A ſlave I am to Clara's eyes:
The gipſey knows her power, and flies.
Fire, water, woman, are my ruin:
And great thy wiſdom, Vander Brüin.

PAULO

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PAULO PURGANTI AND HIS WIFE:

AN HONEST, BUT A SIMPLE PAIR.

Eſt enim quiddam, idque intelligitur in omni virtute, quod deceat: quod cogitatione magis à virtute poteſt quàm re ſeparari. Cic. de Off. L. 2.

BEYOND the fixed and ſettled rules
Of vice and virtue in the ſchools,
Beyond the letter of the law,
Which keeps our men and maids in awe,
The better ſort ſhould ſet before 'em
A grace, a manner, a decorum;
Something, that gives their acts a light;
Makes 'em not only juſt, but bright;
And ſets them in that open fame,
Which witty malice cannot blame.
For 'tis in life, as 'tis in painting:
Much may be right, yet much be wanting;
From lines drawn true, our eye may trace
A foot, a knee, a hand, a face:
May juſtly own the picture wrought
Exact to rule, exempt from fault;

Yet

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Yet, if the colouring be not there,
The Titian ſtroke, the Guido air;
To niceſt judgment ſhow the piece;
At beſt 'twill only not diſpleaſe:
It would not gain on Jerſey's eye:
Bradford would frown, and ſet it by.
Thus in the picture of our mind
The action may be well deſign'd;
Guided by law, and bound by duty;
Yet want this *Je ne ſçay quoi* of beauty:
And though it's error may be ſuch,
As * Knags and Burgeſs cannot hit;
It yet may feel the nicer touch
Of Wicherley's or Congreve's wit.
What is this talk? replies a friend,
And where will this dry moral end?
The truth of what you here lay down
By ſome example ſhould be ſhown.——
With all my heart,—for once; read on.
An honeſt, but a ſimple pair
(And twenty other I forbear)
May ſerve to make this Theſis clear.
A Doctor of great ſkill and fame,
Paulo Purganti was his name,
Had a good, comely, virtuous wife;
No woman led a better life:

* Two divines. Knags was Lecturer of St. Giles in the Fields; Burgeſs a Diſſenter.

She

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She to intrigues was ev'n hard-hearted:
She chuckl'd when a Bawd was carted;
And thought the nation ne'er would thrive,
'Till all the whores were burnt alive.
On married men, that dar'd be bad,
She thought no mercy ſhould be had;
They ſhould be hang'd, or ſtarv'd, or flead,
Or ſerv'd like Romiſh prieſts in Swede.——
In ſhort, all lewdneſs ſhe defy'd:
And ſtiff was her parochial pride.
Yet, in an honeſt way, the dame
Was a great lover of that ſame;
And could from ſcripture take her cue,
That huſbands ſhould give wives their due.
Her prudence did ſo juſtly ſteer
Between the gay and the ſevere,
That if in ſome regards ſhe choſe
To curb poor Paulo in too cloſe;
In others ſhe relaxed again,
And govern'd with a looſer reign.
Thus though ſhe ſtrictly did confine
The doctor from exceſs of wine:
With oyſters, eggs, and vermicelli,
She let him almoſt burſt his belly:
Thus drying coffee was deny'd:
But chocolate that loſs ſupply'd:
And for tobacco (who could bear it)
Filthy concomitant of claret!
(Bleſt revolution!) one might ſee
Eringo roots, and bohea tea.

She

She often ſet the doctor's band,
And ſtroak'd his beard, and ſqueez'd his hand:
Kindly complain'd, that after noon
He went to pore on books too ſoon:
She held it wholeſomer by much,
To reſt a little on the couch:——
About his waiſt in bed a-nights
She clung ſo cloſe—for fear of ſprites.
The Doctor underſtood the call;
But had not always wherewithal,
The lion's ſkin too ſhort, you know,
(As Plutarch's Morals finely ſhow)
Was lengthened by the fox's tail:
And art ſupplies, where ſtrength may fail.
Unwilling then, in arms to meet
The enemy he could not beat;
He ſtrove to lengthen the campaign,
And ſave his forces by chicane.
Fabius, the Roman chief, who thus
By fair retreat grew Maximus,
Shows us, that all the warrior can do
With force inferior, is CUNCTANDO.
One day then, as the foe drew near,
With love, and joy, and life, and dear;
Our don, who knew this tittle tattle
Did, ſure as trumpet, call to battle:
Thought it extremely *à propos*,
To ward againſt the coming blow:
To ward: but how? Ay, there's the queſtion;
Fierce the aſſault, unarmed the baſtion.

The

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The doctor feign'd a ſtrange ſurprize:
He felt her pulſe; he view'd her eyes;
That beat too faſt: theſe rowl'd too quick:
She was, he ſaid, or would be ſick:
He judg'd it abſolutely good,
That ſhe ſhould purge and cleanſe her blood.
Spaw waters for that end were got:
If they paſt eaſily or not,
What matters it? the lady's fever
Continued violent as ever.
For a diſtemper of this kind,
(Blackmore * and Hans † are of my mind,)
If once it youthful blood infects,
And chiefly of the female ſex;
Is ſcarce remov'd by pill or potion;
Whate'er might be our doctor's notion.
One luckleſs night then, as in bed
The doctor and the dame were laid;
Again this cruel fever came,
High pulſe, ſhort breath, and blood in flame.
What meaſures ſhall poor Paulo keep
With madam in this piteous taking?
She, like Macbeth, has murdered ſleep,
And won't allow him reſt though waking.
Sad ſtate of matters! when we dare
Nor aſk for peace, nor offer war;

* Sir Richard Blackmore.
† Sir Edward Hannes.

Nor

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Nor Livy nor Comines have ſhown,
What in this juncture may be done.
Grotius might own, that Paulo's caſe is
Harder, than any which he places
Amongſt his Belli and Pacis.
He ſtrove, alas! but ſtrove in vain,
By dint of logick to maintain,
That all the ſex was born to grieve,
Down to her ladyſhip from Eve.
He rang'd his tropes, and preach'd up patience;
Back'd his opinion with quotations,
Divines and moraliſts; and run ye on
Quite through from Seneca to Bunyan *.
As much in vain he bid her try
To fold her arms, and cloſe her eye;
Telling her, reſt would do her good;
If any thing in nature could:
So held the Greeks quite down from Galen,
Maſters and princes of their calling:
So all our modern friends maintain
(Though no great Greeks) in Warwick-lane.
Reduce, my Muſe, the wandering ſong:
A tale ſhould never be too long.
The more he talked, the more, ſhe burn'd,
And ſigh'd, and toſt, and groan'd, and turn'd:
At laſt, I wiſh, ſaid ſhe, my dear——
(And whiſper'd ſomething in his ear.)

* John Bunyan, author of the Pilgrim's Progreſs.

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You wiſh! wiſh on, the doctor cries:
Lord! when will womankind be wiſe?
What, in your waters? are you mad?
Why poiſon is not half ſo bad.
I'll do it—but I give you warning:
You'll dye before to-morrow morning.—
'Tis kind, my dear, what you adviſe;
The lady with a ſigh replies!
But life you know, at beſt is pain:
And death is what we ſhould diſdain.
So do it therefore, and adieu:
For I will die for love of you.——
Let wanton wives by death be ſcar'd:
But, to my comfort, I'm prepar'd.

THE LADLE.

THE ſcepticks think, 'twas long ago,
Since gods came down *incognito:*
To ſee who were their friends or foes,
And how our actions fell or roſe:
That ſince they gave things their beginning;
And ſet this whirligig a ſpinning;
Supine they in their Heaven remain,
Exempt from paſſion, and from pain.

And

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And frankly leave us human elves,
To cut and ſhuffle for ourſelves:
To ſtand or walk, to riſe or tumble,
As matter, and as motion jumble.
The poets now, and painters hold
This Theſis both abſurd and bold:
And your good-natur'd gods, they ſay,
Deſcend ſome twice or thrice a-day:
Elſe all theſe things we toil ſo hard in,
Would not avail one ſingle farthing:
For, when the hero we rehearſe,
To grace his actions and our verſe;
'Tis not by dint of human thought,
That to his Latium he is brought;
Iris deſcends by Fate's commands,
To guide his ſteps through foreign lands:
And Amphitrite clears the way
From rocks and quick ſands in the ſea.
And if you ſee him in a ſketch;
(Though drawn by Paulo or Carache)
He ſhews not half his force and ſtrength,
Strutting in armour, and at length:
That he may take his proper figure,
The piece muſt yet be four yards bigger:
The nymphs conduct him to the field:
One holds his ſword, and one his ſhield:
Mars ſtanding by aſſerts his quarrel:
And Fame flies after with a lawrel.
Theſe points, I ſay, of ſpeculation
(As 'twere to ſave or ſink the nation)

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Men idly learned will diſpute,
Aſſert, object, confirm, refute:
Each mighty angry, mighty right,
With equal arms ſuſtains the fight;
'Till now no umpire can agree 'em:
So both draw off and ſing *Te Deum.*
Is it in *equilibrio*,
If deities deſcend or no?
Then let the affirmative prevail,
As requiſite to form my tale:
For by all parties 'tis confeſt,
That thoſe opinions are the beſt,
Which in their nature moſt conduce
To preſent ends, and private uſe.
Two gods came therefore from above,
One Mercury, the t'other Jove:
The humour was (it ſeems) to know,
If all the favours they beſtow,
Could from our own Perverſeneſs eaſe us;
And if our wiſh enjoy'd would pleaſe us.
Diſcourſing largely on this theme,
O'er hills and dales their godſhips came;
'Till, well nigh tir'd and almoſt night,
They thought it proper to alight.
Note here, that it as true as odd is,
That in diſguiſe a god or goddeſs
Exerts no ſupernat'ral powers;
But acts on maxims much like ours.
They ſpy'd at laſt a country farm,
Where all was ſnug, and clean, and warm;

For

For woods before and hills behind
Secur'd it both from rain and wind:
Large oxen in the fields were lowing:
Good grain was ſow'd: good fruit was growing:
Of laſt year's corn in barns great ſtore;
Fat turkeys gobbling at the door:
And wealth (in ſhort) with peace conſented,
That people here ſhould live contented:
But did they in effect do ſo?
Have patience, friend, and thou ſhalt know.
The honeſt farmer and his wife,
To years declin'd from prime of life,
Had ſtruggled with the marriage nooſe;
As almoſt every couple does:
Sometimes, my plague! ſometimes, my darling!
Kiſſing to day, to-morrow ſnarling;
Jointly ſubmitting to endure
That evil, which admits no cure.
Our gods the outward gates unbarr'd:
Our farmer met 'em in the yard;
Thought they were folks that loſt their way;
And aſk'd them civilly to ſtay:
Told 'em, for ſupper, or for bed
They might go on, and be worſe ſped.——
So ſaid, ſo done: the gods conſent:
All three into the parlour went:
They compliment; they ſit; they chat;
Fight o'er the wars; reform the ſtate:
A thouſand knotty points they clear,
'Till ſupper and my wife appear.

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Jove made his leg, and kiſs'd the dame:
Obſequious Hermes did the ſame.
Jove kiſs'd the farmer's wife, you ſay
He did—but in an honeſt way:
Oh! not with half that warmth and life,
With which he kiſs'd Amphitryon's wife.—
Well then, things handſomely were ſerved:
My miſtreſs for the ſtrangers carved,
How ſtrong the beer, how good the meat,
How loud they laugh'd, how much they eat,
In epic ſumptuous would appear;
Yet ſhall be paſſed in ſilence here:
For I ſhould grieve to have it ſaid,
That by a fine deſcription led,
I made my epiſode too long,
Or tired my friend, to grace my ſong.
The grace-cup ſerved the cloth away,
Jove thought it time to ſhew his play:
Landlord and landlady, he cry'd,
Folly and jeſting laid aſide,
That ye thus hoſpitably live,
And ſtrangers with good chear receive,
Is mighty grateful to your betters,
And makes e'en gods themſelves your debtors.
To give this Theſis plainer proof,
You have to-night beneath your roof
A pair of gods: (nay never wonder)
This youth can fly, and I can thunder.
I'm Jupiter, and he Mercurius,
My page, my ſon indeed, but ſpurious.

Form

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Form then three wiſhes, you and madam;
And ſure, as you already had 'em,
The things deſir'd in half an hour,
Shall all be here, and in your power.
Thank ye, great gods, the woman ſays:
Oh! may your altars ever blaze!
A ladle for our ſilver diſh
Is what I want, is what I wiſh.——
A ladle! cries the man, a ladle!
'Odzooks, Coriſca, you have pray'd ill;
What ſhould be great, you turn to farce;
I wiſh the ladle in your a——.
With equal grief and ſhame my Muſe
The ſequel of the tale purſues;
The ladle fell into the room,
And ſtuck in old Coriſca's bum.
Our couple weep two wiſhes paſt,
And kindly join to form the laſt;
To eaſe the woman's aukward pain,
And get the ladle out again.

MORAL.

THIS commoner has worth and parts,
Is prais'd for arms, or lov'd for arts:
His head achs for a coronet:
And who is bleſs'd that is not great?
Some ſenſe, and more eſtate, kind Heaven
To this well-lotted peer has given;

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What then? he muſt have rule and ſway:
And all is wrong, 'till he's in play.
The miſer muſt make up his plumb,
And dares not touch the hoarded ſum;
The ſickly dotard wants a wife,
To draw off his laſt dregs of life.
Againſt our peace we arm our will:
Amidſt our plenty, SOMETHING ſtill
For horſes, houſes, pictures, planting,
To thee, to me, to him is wanting.
That cruel SOMETHING unpoſſeſs'd
Corrodes and leavens all the reſt.
That ſomething, if we could obtain,
Would ſoon create a future pain:
And to the coffin, from the cradle,
'Tis all a Wiſh, and all a Ladle.

WRIT,

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WRITTTEN AT PARIS. MDCC.

IN THE BEGINNING OF

ROBE'S GEOGRAPHY.

OF all that William rules, or Robe
Deſcribes, great Rhea, of thy globe;
When or on poſt-horſe, or in chaiſe,
With much expence, and little eaſe,
My deſtin'd miles I ſhall have gone,
By Thames or Maeſe, by Po or Rhone,
And found no foot of earth my own;
Great Mother, let me once be able
To have a garden, houſe, and ſtable;
That I may read, and ride, and plant,
Superior to deſire, or want;
And as health fails, and years increaſe,
Sit down, and think, and die in peace.
Oblige thy favourite undertakers
To throw me in but twenty acres:
This number ſure they may allow:
For paſture ten, and ten for plow;
'Tis all that I would wiſh, or hope,
For me and John, and Nell, and Crop.

Then,

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Then, as thou wilt, diſpoſe the reſt
(And let not Fortune ſpoil the Jeſt)
To thoſe, who at the market-rate
Can barter honour for eſtate.

Now if thou grant'ſt me my requeſt,
To make thy votary truly bleſt,
Let curſt Revenge, and ſaucy pride
To ſome bleak rock far off be ty'd;
Nor e'er approach my rural ſeat,
To tempt me to be baſe and great.

And, Goddeſs, this kind office done,
Charge Venus to command her ſon,
(Where-ever elſe ſhe lets him rove)
To ſhun my houſe, my field, my grove:
Peace cannot dwell with hate or love.

Hear, gracious Rhea, what I ſay:
And thy petitioner ſhall pray.

WRIT

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WRITTEN IN THE BEGINNING OF MEZERAY'S HISTORY OF FRANCE.

I.

WHATE'ER thy countrymen have done
By law and wit, by ſword and gun,
In thee is faithfully recited:
And all the living world, that view
Thy work, give thee the praiſes due,
At once inſtructed and delighted.

II.

Yet for the fame of all theſe deeds,
What beggar in the Invalides,
With lameneſs broke, with blindneſs ſmitten,
Wiſh'd ever decently to die,
To have been either Mezeray,
Or any monarch he has written?

III. It

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III.

It's ſtrange, dear author, yet it true is,
That, down from Pharamond to Loüis,
All covet life, yet call it pain:
And feel the ill, yet ſhun the cure:
Can ſenſe this paradox endure?
Reſolve me, Cambray, or Fontaine.

IV.

The man in graver tragick known
(Though his beſt part long ſince was done)
Still on the ſtage deſires to tarry:
And he who play'd the Harlequin,
After the jeſt ſtill loads the ſcene
Unwilling to retire, though weary.

WRITTEN IN THE

NOUVEAUX INTERETS

DES

PRINCES DE L'EUROPE,

BLEST be the princes, who have fought
For pompous names, or wide dominion;
Since by their error we are taught,
That happineſs is but opinion.

ADRI-

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ADRIANI MORIENTIS AD ANIMAM SUAM.

ANIMULA, vagula, blandula,
Hoſpes, comeſque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula?
Nec, ut ſoles, dabis joca.

BY MONSIEUR FONTENELLE.

MA petite ame, ma mignonne,
Tu t'en vas donc, ma Fille, & dieu ſçache où tu vas
Tu pars ſeulette, nuë, & tremblotante, helas!
Que deviendra ton humeur folichonne?
Que deviendront tant de jolis ébats?

IMI-

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IMITATED.

POOR little, pretty, fluttering thing,
Muſt we no longer live together?
And doſt thou prune thy trembling wing;
To take thy flight thou know'ſt not whither?
Thy humorous vein, thy pleaſing folly
Lies all neglected, all forgot:
And penſive, wavering, melancholy,
Thou dread'ſt and hop'ſt thou know'ſt not what.

A PASSAGE IN THE MORIÆ ENCOMIUM OF ERASMUS IMITATED.

IN awful pomp, and melancholy ſtate,
See ſettled Reaſon on the judgment ſeat;
Around her croud Diſtruſt, and Doubt, and Fear,
And thoughtful Foreſight, and tormenting Care:
Far from the throne, the trembling Pleaſures ſtand,
Chain'd up, or exil'd by her ſtern command.

Wretched

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Wretched her ſubjects, gloomy ſits the queen;
'Till happy Chance reverts the cruel ſcene:
And apiſh Folly with her wild reſort
Of wit and jeſt diſturbs the ſolemn court.
See the fantaſtic minſtrelſy advance,
To breathe the ſong, and animate the dance.
Bleſt the uſurper! happy the ſurprize!
Her mimic poſtures catch our eager eyes:
Her jingling bells affect our captive ear:
And in the ſights we ſee, and ſounds we hear,
Againſt our judgment ſhe our ſenſe employs:
The laws of troubled Reaſon ſhe deſtroys:
And in her place rejoices to indite
Wild ſchemes of mirth, and plans of looſe delight.

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TO
DR. SHERLOCK,*
ON HIS
PRACTICAL DISCOURSE
CONCERNING DEATH.

FORGIVE the Muſe, who in unhallow'd ſtrains
The Saint one moment from his God detains:
For ſure, whate'er you do, where-e'er you are,
'Tis all but one good work, one conſtant prayer:
Forgive her; and intreat that God, to whom
Thy favour'd vows with kind acceptance come,
To raiſe her notes to that ſublime degree,
Which ſuits a ſong of piety and thee.

Wond'rous good man! whoſe labours may repel
The force of ſin, may ſtop the rage of hell:
Thou, like the Baptiſt, from thy God waſt ſent
The crying voice, to bid the world repent.

* Dr. William Sherlock, maſter of the Temple; father of Dr. Thomas Sherlock, late Biſhop of London.

The

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The Youth ſhall ſtudy, and no more engage
Their flattering wiſhes for uncertain age;
No more with fruitleſs care, and cheated ſtrife,
Chaſe fleeting Pleaſure through this maze of life:
Finding the wretched all they here can have,
But preſent food, and but a future grave:
Each, great as Philip's victor ſon, ſhall view
This abject world, and weeping, aſk a new.
Decrepid Age ſhall read thee, and confeſs,
Thy labours can aſſwage, where medicines ceaſe:
Shall bleſs thy words, their wounded ſoul's relief,
The drops that ſweeten their laſt dregs of life:
Shall look to Heaven, and laugh at all beneath:
Own riches gather'd, trouble; fame a breath;
And Life an ill, whoſe only cure is Death.

Thy even thoughts with ſo much plainneſs flow,
Their ſenſe untutor'd Infancy may know:
Yet to ſuch height is all that plainneſs wrought,
Wit may admire, and letter'd Pride be taught:
Eaſy in words, thy ſtyle in ſenſe ſublime,
On it's bleſt ſteps each age and ſex may riſe;
'Tis like the ladder in the Patriarch's dream,
It's foot on earth, it's height above the ſkies,
Diffus'd it's virtue, boundleſs is it's power:
'Tis publick health, and univerſal cure:
Of heavenly Manna, 'tis a ſecond feaſt;
A nation's food, and all to every taſte.

To it's laſt height mad Britain's guilt was reard,
And various death for various crimes ſhe fear'd.

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With your kind work her drooping hopes revive:
You bid her read, repent, adore, and live:
You wreſt the bolt from Heaven's avenging hand;
Stop ready death, and ſave a ſinking land.
O! ſave us ſtill: ſtill bleſs us with thy ſtay:
O! want thy Heaven, 'till we have learnt the way:
Refuſe to leave thy deſtin'd charge too ſoon:
And for the church's good, defer thy own.
O! live; and let thy works urge our belief
Live to explain thy doctrine by thy life;
'Till future Infancy, baptiz'd by thee,
Grow ripe in years, and old in piety;
'Till Chriſtians, yet unborn, be taught to die.
Then in full age, and hoary holineſs,
Retire, great teacher! to thy promis'd bliſs:
Untouch'd thy tomb, uninjur'd be thy duſt,
As thy own fame among the future juſt;
'Till in laſt ſounds the dreadful trumpet ſpeaks:
'Till Judgment calls; and quicken'd Nature wakes:
'Till through the utmoſt earth, and deepeſt ſea,
Our ſcatter'd Atoms find their deſtin'd way,
In haſte to cloath their kindred ſouls again,
Perfect our ſtate, and build immortal man:
Then fearleſs thou, who well ſuſtain'ſt the fight,
To paths of joy, or tracts of endleſs light,
Lead up all thoſe who heard thee, and believ'd:
'Midſt thy own flock, great ſhepherd, be receiv'd;
And glad all Heaven with millions thou haſt ſav'd.

CAR-

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CARMEN SECULARE,

FOR THE YEAR MDCC.

TO THE KING.

Aſpice, venturo lætentur ut omnia ſæc'lo!
O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ
Spiritus, & quantum ſat erit tua dicere facta!
Virg. Eclog. 4.

I.

THY elder look, great Janus, caſt
Into the long records of ages paſt:
Review the years in faireſt action dreſt
With noted white, ſuperior to the reſt;
Æras deriv'd, and chronicles begun,
From empires founded, and from battles won:
Show all the ſpoils by valiant kings atchiev'd;
And groaning nations by their arms reliev'd,
The wounds of patriots in their country's cauſe,
And happy power ſuſtain'd by wholeſome laws:
In comely rank call every merit forth:
Imprint on every act it's ſtandard worth;
The glorious parallels then downward bring
To modern wonders, and to Britain's king:

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With equal juſtice and hiſtoric care,
Their laws, their toils, their arms with his compare:
Confeſs the various attributes of fame
Collected and compleat in William's name:
To all the liſtening world relate,
(As thou doſt his ſtory read),
That nothing went before ſo great,
And nothing greater can ſucceed.

II.

Thy native Latium was thy darling care,
Prudent in peace, and terrible in war:
The boldeſt virtues that have govern'd earth
From Latium's fruitful womb derive their birth.
Then turn to her fair written page;
From dawning childhood to eſtabliſh'd age,
The glories of her empire trace:
Confront the heroes of thy Roman race:
And let the juſteſt palm the victor's temples grace.

III.

The ſon of Mars reduc'd the trembling ſwains,
And ſpread his empire o'er the diſtant plains:
But yet the Sabines violated charms
Obſcur'd the glory of his riſing arms.
Numa the rights of ſtrict religion knew;
On every altar laid the incenſe due;
Unſkill'd to dart the pointed ſpear,
Or lead the forward youth to noble war.
Stern Brutus was with too much horror good,
Holding his Faſces ſtained with filial blood.

Fabius

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Fabius was wiſe, but with exceſs of care
He ſav'd his country; but prolong'd the war.
While Decius, Paulus, Curius, greatly fought,
And by their ſtrict examples taught,
How wild deſires ſhould be controul'd,
And how much brighter virtue was, than gold:
They ſcarce their ſwelling thirſt of fame could hide;
And boaſted poverty with too much pride.
Exceſs in youth made Scipio leſs rever'd:
And Cato dying, ſeem to own, he fear'd.
Julius with honour tam'd Rome's foreign foes;
But patriots fell, e'er the dictator roſe.
And, while with clemency Auguſtus reign'd,
The monarch was ador'd; the city chain'd.

VI.

With juſteſt honour be their merits dreſt;
But be their failings too confeſt:
Their virtue like their Tyber's flood
Rolling, it's courſe deſign'd the country's good.
But oft the torrent's too impetuous ſpeed
From the low earth tore ſome polluting weed:
And with the blood of Jove there always ran,
Some viler part, ſome tincture of the man.

V.

Few virtues after theſe ſo far prevail,
But that their vices more than turn the ſcale:
Valour grown wild by pride, and power by rage,
Did the true charms of majeſty impair;
Rome by degrees advancing more in age,
Shew'd ſad remains of what had once been fair;

'Till

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'Till Heaven a better race of men ſupplies:
And glory ſhoots new beams from weſtern ſkies.

VI.

Turn then to Pharamond, and Charlemain,
And the long heroes of the Gallic ſtrain;
Experienced chiefs, for hardy proweſs known,
And bloody wreaths in venturous battles won.
From the firſt William, our great Norman king,
The bold Plantagenets, and Tudors bring;
Illuſtrious virtues, who by turns have roſe,
In foreign fields to check Britannia's foes:
With happy laws her empire to ſuſtain;
And with full power aſſert her ambient main.
But ſometimes too induſtrious to be great,
Nor patient to expect the turns of fate,
They open'd camps deform'd by civil fight,
And made proud conqueſt trample over right;
Diſparted Britain mourn'd their doubtful ſway,
And dreaded both when neither would obey.

VII.

From Didier and imperial Adolph trace,
The glorious offspring of the Naſſau race,
Devoted lives to public liberty;
The chief ſtill dying, or the country free.
Then ſee the kindred blood of Orange flow,
From warlike Cornet, through the loins of Beau;
Through Chalon next, and there with Naſſau join,
From Rhone's fair banks tranſplanted to the Rhine,
Bring next the royal liſt of Stuarts forth,
Undaunted minds that rul'd the rugged north;

'Till

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'Till Heaven's decrees by ripening times are ſhown;
'Till Scotland's kings aſcend the Engliſh throne;
And the fair rivals live for ever one.

VIII.

Janus, mighty deity,
Be kind: and, as thy ſearching eye
Does our modern ſtory trace
Finding ſome of Stuart's race
Unhappy, paſs their annals by:
No harſh reflection let remembrance raiſe:
Forbear to mention what thou canſt not praiſe:
But as thou dwell'ſt upon that heavenly * name,
To grief for ever ſacred, as to fame,
Oh! read it to thy ſelf; in ſilence weep;
And thy convulſive ſorrows inward keep;
Leſt Britain's grief ſhould waken at the ſound;
And blood guſh freſh from her eternal wound.

IX.

Whither would'ſt thou further look?
Read William's acts, and cloſe the ample book:
Peruſe the wonders of his dawning life:
How, like Alcides, he began;
With infant patience calm'd ſeditious ſtrife,
And quell'd the ſnakes which round his cradle ran.

X.

Deſcribe his youth, attentive to alarms,
By dangers form'd, and perfected in arms;

* Mary.

When conqu'ring, mild; when conquer'd, not diſgrac'd;
By wrongs not leſſen'd, nor by triumphs rais'd:
Superior to the blind events;
Of little human accidents;
And conſtant to his firſt decree,
To curb the proud, to ſet the injur'd free;
To bow the haughty neck, and raiſe the ſuppliant knee.

XI.

His opening years to riper manhood bring;
And ſee the hero perfect in the king:
Imperious arms by manly reaſon ſway'd,
And power ſupreme by free conſent obey'd;
With how much haſte his mercy meets his foes:
And how unbounded his forgiveneſs flows;
With what deſire he makes his ſubjects bleſs'd,
His favours granted ere his throne addreſs'd:
What trophies o'er our captiv'd hearts he rears,
By arts of peace more potent, than by wars:
How o'er himſelf, as o'er the world, he reigns,
His morals ſtrengthening, what his law ordains.

XII.

Through all his thread of life already ſpun,
Becoming grace and proper action run:
The piece by Virtue's equal hand is wrought,
Mixt with no crime, and ſhaded with no fault;
No footſteps of the victor's rage
Left in the camp where William did engage:

No

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No tincture of the monarch's pride
Upon the royal purple spy'd:
His fame, like gold, the more 'tis try'd,
The more shall it's intrinsick worth proclaim;
Shall pass the combat of the searching flame,
And triumph o'er the vanquish'd heat,
For ever coming out the same,
And losing not it's lustre nor it's weight.

XIII.

Janus, be to William just;
To faithful history his actions trust:
Command her, with peculiar care
To trace each toil, and comment every war:
His saving wonders bid her write
In characters distinctly bright;
That each revolving age may read
The Patriot's piety, the Hero's deed;
And still the fire inculcate to his son
Transmissive lessons of the king's renown;
That William's glory still may live;
When all that present art can give,
The pillar'd marble, and the tablet brass,
Mouldering, drop the victor's praise:
When the great monuments of his power
Shall now be visible no more:
When Sambre shall have chang'd her winding flood;
And children ask, where Namur stood.

XIV. Namur,

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XIV.

Namur, proud city, how her towers were arm'd!
How ſhe contemn'd the approaching foe:
'Till ſhe by William's trumpets was alarm'd,
And ſhook, and ſunk, and fell beneath his blow.
Jove and Pallas, mighty powers,
Guided the hero to the hoſtile towers.
Perſeus ſeem'd leſs ſwift in war,
When, wing'd with ſpeed, he flew through air.
Embattled nations ſtrive in vain
The hero's glory to reſtrain:
Streams arm'd with rocks, and mountains red with fire
In vain againſt his force conſpire.
Behold him from the dreadful height appear!
And lo! Britannia's lions waving there.

XV.

Europe freed, and France repell'd,
The hero from the height beheld:
He ſpake the word, that war and rage ſhould ceaſe:
He bid the Maeſe and Rhine in ſafety flow;
And dictated a laſting peace
To the rejoicing world below.
To reſcu'd ſtates, and vindicated crowns
His equal hand preſcrib'd their ancient bounds;
Ordain'd, whom every province ſhould obey;
How far each monarch ſhould extend his ſway:
Taught 'em how Clemency made power rever'd;
And that the prince belov'd was truly fear'd.

Firm

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Firm by his ſide unſpotted Honour ſtood,
Pleas'd to confeſs him not ſo great as good;
His head with brighter beams fair Virtue deck'd,
Than thoſe which all his numerous crowns reflect:
Eſtabliſh'd Freedom clap'd her joyful Wings;
Proclaim'd the firſt of men, and beſt of kings.

XVI.

Whither would the Muſe aſpire
With Pindar's rage, without his fire?
Pardon me, Janus, 'twas a fault,
Created by too great a thought:
Mindleſs of the god and day,
I from thy altars, Janus, ſtray,
From thee, and from my ſelf born far away.
The fiery Pegaſus diſdains
To mind the rider's voice, or hear the reins:
When glorious fields and opening camps he views;
He runs with an unbounded looſe:
Harldly the Muſe can ſit the headſtrong horſe;
Nor would ſhe, if ſhe could, check his impetuous force;
With the glad noiſe the cliffs and vallies ring;
While ſhe through earth and air purſues the king.

XVII.

She now beholds him on the Belgic ſhore;
Whilſt Britain's tears his ready help implore,
Diſſembling for her ſake his riſing cares,
And with wiſe ſilence pondering vengeful wars,
She through the raging ocean now
Views him advancing his auſpicious prow;

Com-

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Combating adverſe winds and winter ſeas,
Sighing the moments that defer our eaſe;
Daring to weild the ſcepter's dangerous weight,
And taking the command, to ſave the ſtate;
Though e'er the doubtful gift can be ſecur'd,
New wars muſt be ſuſtain'd, new wounds endur'd.

XVIII.

Through rough Ierne's camps, ſhe ſounds alarms,
And kingdoms yet to be redeem'd by arms;
In the dank marſhes finds her glorious theme;
And plunges after him through Boyne's fierce ſtream.
She bids the Nereids run with trembling haſte,
To tell old Ocean how the Hero paſt.
The God rebukes their fear, and owns the praiſe
Worthy that arm, whoſe empire he obeys.

XIX

Back to his Albion ſhe delights to bring
The humbleſt victor, and the kindeſt king.
Albion with open triumph would receive
H r hero, nor obtains his leave:
Firm he rejects the altars ſhe would raiſe;
And thanks the zeal, while he declines the praiſe.
Again ſhe follows him through Belgia's land,
And countries often ſav'd by William's hand;
Hears joyful nations bleſs thoſe happy toils,
Which free'd the people but return'd the ſpoils.
In various views ſhe tries her conſtant theme;
Finds him in councils, and in arms the ſame:
When certain to o'ercome, inclin'd to ſave,
Tardy to vengeance, and with mercy brave,

XX. Sudden

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XX.

Sudden another ſcene employs her ſight;
She ſets her Hero in another light:
Paints his great mind ſuperior to ſucceſs,
Declining conqueſt, to eſtabliſh peace;
She brings Aſtrea down to earth again,
And Quiet, brooding o'er his future reign.

XXI.

Then with unweary wing the Goddeſs ſoars;
Eaſt over Danube and Propontis' ſhores;
Where jarring empires ready to engage,
Retard their armies, and ſuſpend their rage;
'Till William's word, like that of Fate, declares,
If they ſhall ſtudy peace, or lengthen wars.
How ſacred his renown for equal laws,
To whom the world defers its common cauſe!
How fair his friendſhips, and his leagues how juſt,
Whom every nation courts, whom all religions truſt!

XXII.

From the Mæotis to the Northern ſea,
The goddeſs wings her deſperate way;
Sees the young Muſcovite *, the mighty head,
Whoſe ſovereign terror forty nations dread,
Inamour'd with a greater monarch's praiſe,
And paſſing half the earth to his embrace:
She in his rule beholds his Volga's force,
O'er precipices with impetuous ſway
Breaking, and as he rolls his rapid courſe,
Drowning, or bearing down, whatever meets his way.

* Peter the great.

But

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But her own king ſhe likens to his Thames,
With gentle courſe devolving fruitful ſtreams;
Serene yet ſtrong, majeſtick yet ſedate,
Swift without violence, without terror great.
Each ardent nymph the riſing current craves;
Each ſhepherd's prayer retards the parting waves:
The vales along the bank their ſweets diſcloſe:
Freſh flowers for ever riſe: and fruitful harveſt grows.

XXIII.

Yet whither would th' adventurous goddeſs go?
Sees ſhe not clouds, and earth, and main below?
Minds ſhe the dangers of the Lycian coaſt,
And fields, where mad Bellerophon was loſt?
Or is her towering flight reclaim'd,
By ſeas from Icarus's downfall nam'd?
Vain is the call, and uſeleſs the advice:
To wiſe perſuaſion deaf, and human cries,
Yet upwards ſhe inceſſant flies;
Reſolv'd to reach the high empyrean ſphere,
And tell great Jove, ſhe ſings his image here;
To aſk for William an olympic crown,
To Chromius' ſtrength, and Theron's ſpeed unknown:
'Till, loſt in trackleſs fields of ſhining day,
Unable to diſcern the way,
Which Naſſau's virtue only could explore,
Untouch'd, unknown, to any Muſe before;
She, from the noble precipices thrown,
Comes ruſhing with uncommon ruin down.
Glorious attempt! unhappy fate!
The ſong too daring, and the theme too great!

Yet

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Yet rather thus she wills to die,
Than in continu'd annals live, to sing
A second hero, or a vulgar king;
And with ignoble safety fly
In sight of earth, along a middle sky.

XXIV.

To Janus' Altars, and the numerous throng,
That round his mystic temple press,
For William's life, and Albion's peace,
Ambitious Muse reduce the roving song.
Janus, cast thy forward eye
Future, into great Rhea's pregnant womb;
Where young ideas brooding lie,
And tender images of things to come:
'Till by thy high commands releas'd,
'Till by thy hand in proper atoms dress'd,
In decent order they advance to light;
Yet then too swiftly fleet by human sight;
And meditate too soon their everlasting flight.

XXV.

Nor beaks of ships in naval triumph born,
Nor standards from the hostile ramparts torn,
Nor trophies brought from battles won,
Nor oaken wreath, nor mural crown
Can any future honours give,
To the victorious monarch's name:
The plenitude of William's fame
Can no accumulated stores receive.
Shut then, auspicious god, thy sacred gate,
And make us happy, as our king is great.

Be

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Be kind, and with a milder hand,
Closing the volume of the finish'd age,
(Though noble, 'twas an iron page)
A more delightful leaf expand,
Free from alarms, and fierce Bellona's rage:
Bid the great months begin their joyful round,
By Flora some, and some by Ceres crown'd;
Teach the glad hours to scatter as they fly,
Soft quiet, gentle love, and endless joy:
Lead forth the years for peace and plenty fam'd,
From Saturn's rule, and better metal nam'd.

XXVI.

Secure by William's care let Britain stand;
Nor dread the bold invader's hand:
From adverse shores in safety let her hear
Foreign calamity, and distant war;
Of which let her, great Heaven, no portion bear!
Betwixt the nations let her hold the scale,
And as she wills, let either part prevail:
Let her glad vallies smile with wavy corn:
Let fleecy flocks her rising hills adorn:
Around her coast let strong defence be spread:
Let fair abundance on her breast be shed:
And heavenly sweets bloom round the goddess' head.

XXVII.

Where the white towers and ancient roofs did stand.
Remains of * Wolsey's, or great Henry's hand,

To

* Whitehall, once belonging to the Archbishop of York. It was taken from Cardinal Wolsey by Henry the 8th, who

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To age now yielding, or devour'd by flame;
Let a young Phenix raiſe her towering head;
Her wings with lengthen'd honour let her ſpread;
And by her greatneſs ſhew her builder's fame:
Auguſt and open, as the hero's mind,
Be her capacious courts deſign'd:
Let every ſacred pillar bear
Trophies of arms, and monuments of war.
The king ſhall there in Parian marble breathe,
His ſhoulder bleeding freſh: and at his feet
Diſarm'd ſhall lie the threatening Death:
(For ſo was ſaving Jove's decree compleat.)
Behind, that angel ſhall be plac'd, whoſe ſhield
Sav'd Europe in the blow repell'd:
On the firm baſis, from his oozy bed;
Boyne ſhall raiſe his laurell'd head;
And his immortal ſtream be known,
Artfully waving through the wounded ſtone.

XXVIII.

And thou, imperial Windſor, ſtand enlarg'd,
With all the monarch's trophies charg'd:
Thou, the fair Heaven, that doſt the ſtars incloſe,
Which William's boſom wears, or hand beſtows
On the great champions who ſupport his throne,
And virtues neareſt to his own.

who made great improvements therein, and converted it into a royal palace. In 1698 the whole of it, except the Banqueting Houſe, was deſtroyed by fire, and hath not ſince been rebuilt.

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XXIX.

Round Ormond's knee, thou ty'ſt the myſtic ſtring,
That makes the knight companion to the king.
From glorious camps return'd, and foreign fields,
Bowing before thy ſainted warrior's ſhrine,
Faſt by his great forefather's coats, and ſhields
Blazon'd from Bohun's, or from Butler's line,
He hangs his arms; nor fears thoſe arms ſhould ſhine
With an unequal ray; or that his deed
With paler glory ſhould recede,
Eclips'd by theirs, or leſſen'd by the fame
Ev'n of his own maternal Naſſau's name.

XXX.

Thou ſmiling ſee'ſt great Dorſet's worth confeſt,
The ray diſtinguiſhing the patriot's breaſt:
Born to protect and love, to help and pleaſe;
Sovereign of wit, and ornament of peace,
O! long as breath informs this fleeting frame,
Ne'er let me paſs in ſilence Dorſet's name;
Ne'er ceaſe to mention the continu'd debt,
Which the great patron only would forget,
And duty, long as life, muſt ſtudy to acquit.

XXXI.

Renown'd in thy records ſhall Ca'ndiſh ſtand,
Aſſerting legal power, and juſt command:
To the great houſe thy favour ſhall be ſhown,
The father's ſtar tranſmiſſive to the ſon.
From thee the Talbot's and the Seymour's race
Inform'd, their ſire's immortal ſteps ſhall trace:
Happy, may their ſons receive
The bright reward, which thou alone can'ſt give.

XXXII. And

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XXXII.

And if a God these lucky numbers guide;
If sure Apollo o'er the verse preside;
Jersey, beloved by all (for all must feel
The influence of a form and mind,
Where comely grace and constant virtue dwell,
Like mingl'd streams, more forcible when join'd)
Jersey shall at thy altars stand;
Shall there receive the azure band,
That fairest mark of favour and of fame,
Familiar to the Villiers' name.

XXXIII.

Science to raise, and knowledge to enlarge,
Be our great master's future charge;
To write his own memoirs, and leave his heirs
High schemes of government, and plans of wars;
By fair rewards our noble youth to raise
To emulous merit, and to thirst of praise;
To lead them out from ease ere opening dawn,
Through the thick forest and the distant lawn,
Where the fleet stag employs the ardent care,
And chases give them images of war.
To teach them vigilance by false alarms;
Inure them in feign'd camps to real arms;
Practise them now to curb the turning steed,
Mocking the foe; now to his rapid speed
To give the reign, and in the full career,
To draw the certain sword, or send the pointed spear.

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XXXIV.

Let him unite his ſubjects hearts,
Planting ſocieties for peaceful arts;
Some that in nature ſhall true knowledge found;
And by experiment make precept ſound;
Some that to morals ſhall recall the age,
And purge from vicious droſs the ſinking ſtage;
Some that with care true eloquence ſhall teach,
And to juſt idioms fix our doubtful ſpeech:
That from our writers diſtant realms may know,
The thanks we to our monarch owe;
And ſchools profeſs our tongue through every land,
That has invok'd his aid, or bleſt his hand.

XXXV.

Let his high power the drooping Muſes rear,
The Muſes only can reward his care:
'Tis they that give the great Atrides ſpoils;
'Tis they that ſtill renew Ulyſſes' toils:
To them by ſmiling Jove 'twas given, to ſave
Diſtinguiſh'd patriots from the common grave;
To them, great William's glory to recall,
When ſtatues moulder, and when arches fall.
Nor let the Muſes, with ungrateful pride,
The ſources of their treaſure hide:
The Heroe's virtue does the ſtring inſpire,
When with big joy they ſtrike the living lyre:
On William's fame their fate depends:
With him the ſong begins: with him it ends.

From

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From this bright effluence of his deed
They borrow that reflected light,
With which the laſting lamp they feed,
Whoſe beams diſpel the damps of envious night.

XXXVI.

Through various climes, and to each diſtant pole
In happy tides let active commerce roll:
Let Britain's ſhips export an annual fleece,
Richer than Argos brought to ancient Greece:
Returning loaden with the ſhining ſtores,
Which lie profuſe on either India's ſhores.
As our high veſſels paſs their watery way,
Let all the naval world due homage pay;
With haſty reverence their top-honours lower,
Confeſſing the aſſerted power,
To whom by fate 'twas given, with happy ſway
To calm the earth, and vindicate the ſea.

XXXVII.

Our prayers are heard, our maſters' fleets ſhall go
As far as winds can bear, or waters flow,
New lands to make, new Indies to explore,
In words unknown to plant Britannia's power;
Nations yet wild by precept to reclaim,
And teach them arms, and arts, in William's name.

XXXVIII.

With humble joy, and with reſpectful fear
The liſtening people ſhall his ſtory hear,
The wounds he bore, the dangers he ſuſtain'd,
How far he conquer'd, and how well he reign'd;

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Shall own his mercy equal to his fame,
And form their children's accents to his name,
Enquiring how, and when from Heaven he came.
Their regal tyrants ſhall with bluſhes hide
Their little luſts of arbitrary pride,
Nor bear to ſee their vaſſals ty'd:
When William's virtues raiſe their opening thought,
His forty years for public freedom fought,
Europe by his hand ſuſtain'd,
His conqueſt by his piety reſtrain'd,
And o'er himſelf the laſt great triumph gain'd.

XXXIX.

No longer ſhall their wretched zeal adore
Ideas of deſtructive power,
Spirits that hurt, and godheads that devour:
New incenſe they ſhall bring, new altars raiſe,
And fill their temples with a ſtranger's praiſe;
When the great father's character they find
Viſibly ſtampt upon the heroe's mind;
And own a preſent Deity confeſt,
In valour that preſerv'd, and power that bleſt.

XL.

Through the large convex of the azure ſky
(For thither nature caſts our common eye)
Fierce meteors ſhoot their arbitrary light:
And comets march with lawleſs horror bright:
Theſe hear no rule, no righteous order own;
Their influence dreaded as their ways unknown:
Through threaten'd lands they wild deſtruction throw,
'Till ardent prayer averts the publick woe:

But

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But the bright orb that blesses all above,
The sacred fire, the real son of Jove,
Rules not his actions by capricious will;
Nor by unguvern'd power declines to ill:
Fix'd by just laws he goes for ever right:
Man knows his course, and thence adores his light.

XLI.

O Janus! would intreated Fate conspire
To grant what Britain's wishes could require;
Above, that sun should cease his way to go,
Ere William cease to rule, and bless below:
But a relentless destiny
Urges all that e'er was born:
Snatch'd from her arms, Britannia once must mourn
The demi-god: the earthly half must die.
Yet if our incense can your wrath remove;
If human prayers avail on minds above;
Exert, great God, thy interest in the sky;
Gain each kind Power, each guardian Deity;
That conquer'd by the public vow,
They bear the dismal mischief far away:
O! long as utmost nature may allow,
Let them retard the threaten'd day!
Still be our master's life thy happy care:
Still let his blessings with his years increase;
To his laborious youth consum'd in war,
Add lasting age, adorn'd and crown'd with peace:
Let twisted olive bind those laurels fast,
Whose verdure must for ever last!

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XLII.

Long let this growing æra bleſs his ſway:
And let our ſons his preſent rule obey:
On his ſure virtue long let earth rely:
And late let the imperial eagle fly,
To bear the hero through his father's ſky,
To Leda's twins, or he whoſe glorious ſpeed,
On foot prevail'd, or he who tam'd the ſteed;
To Hercules, at length abſolv'd by Fate
From earthly toil, and above envy great;
To Virgil's theme, bright Cytherea's ſon,
Sire of the Latian, and the Britiſh throne:
To all the radiant names above,
Rever'd by men, and dear to Jove.
Late, Janus, let the Naſſau-ſtar
New-born, in riſing majeſty appear,
To triumph over vanquiſh'd night,
And guide the proſperous mariner
With everlaſting beams of friendly light.

CAR-

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CARMEN SECULARE,

LATINE REDDITUM

PER THO. DIBBEN,

E TRIN. COLL. CANT.

——Ego dis amicum,
Seculo feſtas referente luces,
Reddidi Carmen —— HOR.

JANE Bifrons, priſcos à tergo reſpice lapſi
Annales ævi, feliceſque ordine longo
Evolvas faſtos, quos cætera tempora ſupra
Conſpicuos albo, ſec'lis monumenta futuris
Urbes fundatæ, & parti poſuêre triumphi.
Aggredere inſignes ſpoliis, lauroque decoros
Enumerare duces, quos nobilis ira gementem
Impulit ulciſci populum; qui ſacra cruore
Jura patrum ſanxêre ſuo; ſceptriſve potiti
Miſerunt lætum placidis ſub legibus orbem.
Agmine perpetuo ſeries ornata laborum
Procedat; ſuus omnis honos, ſua debita quemque
Laus inſcripta notet: tum noſtra ad tempora caſus
Inſignes ducas, famamque & fata parentum
Mirac'lis oppone novis, regique Britanno.

Dumque

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Dumque fide, curaque pari per ſingula curris;
Dum varios recolis populos, varioſque labores;
Et ſtudia, & leges, pugnataque prœlia ſeris
Temporibus mandas; tute ipſe fatebere, Jane,
Omnium in Auriaco cumulari nomine famam:
Et dices orbi attonito; nil fœcula tale
Prima tulêre hominum, nil majus poſtera reddent.
Vertice ſublimi ſurgat, tua maxima cura,
Bello et pace potens Latium: fortiſſima corda,
Egregios rerum dominos dabat Itala tellus,
Felix prole virûm; fœcundam hanc aſpice gentem,
Romanoſque tuos; huc vertere, & altiùs omnem
Naſcentis primâ repetens ab origine regni
Expedias famam; pulchro in certamine pubem
Oppone Auſoniam; & cedat ſua palma merenti.
Si potuit ferro Latii turbare colonos,
Palantes Mavorte ſatus, ſi ruſtica latè
Regna domare armis; raptæ ſine more Sabinæ
Surgenti famæ, cœptiſque ingentibus obſtant.
Sacra deûm, ſanctaſque aras, & templa tueri
Cura Numam ſubiit: ſed frigida dextera bello,
Non haſtam torquere ſciens, enſemque rotare
Fulmineum, juvenumque manus armare frementûm.
Conſiliis, ergo, Fabii romana vigebant
Arma: at res omnes gelidè tardéque miniſtrans,
Dilator nimiùm ſapiens ingrata trahebat
Bella. Quid immani patrem pietate cruentum
Ultorem Brutum referam, forteſque ſub armis
Æmilium, Decium, Curium? Tot magna animorum

Nos

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Nos exempla monent, quâ poſſit lege libido
Frænari, & quantum cedat virtutibus aurum:
Hos quoque ſed nimiùm gaudens popularibus auris,
Hos rapit ambitio, tumidoque ſuperbia faſtu
Oſtentans humileſque caſas, parvoſque penates.
Sit quanquam illuſtris, primos inglorius annos
Scipiades egit: nec mens invicta Catonis,
Semper erat, tunc faſſa metum, vel viſa fateri,
Cùm ceſſit fato, & lucem indignata refugit.
Julius externos fruſtra domat, omnia Romæ
Subjiciens, Romamque ſibi; ſurgitque triumphans
Afflictos cives ſuper, oppreſſumque ſenatum.
Imperium lene Auguſtus, patriamque ſubactam
Mollia vinc'la pati juſſit: ſed vincula paſſa eſt,
Purpureum cultu inſolito venerata tyrannum.
Fas veterum laudes juſtis celebrare triumphis:
Fas etiam errores, atque omnia ferre ſub auras.
Stare loco impatiens magnâ ſeſe impete verſat
Vivida vis animi, patrii ceu Tybridis unda,
Cui nunc lene fluens rigat agros dulcis aquæ fons;
Vortice nunc rapido volvit ſe turbidus amnis;
Et limo caſtas obſceno polluit undas:
Diis quanquam geniti, atque invicti viribus eſſent,
Mortalem infecto faſſi ſunt ſanguine matrem.
Decolor ex illo vitiis dominantibus Ætas
Degenerare auſa eſt: rumpit vinc'la omnia miles
Acer, acerba fremens; majeſtatemque verendam
Effrænis violat rabies: jam ſegnior annis
Deficit illa olim rerum pulcherrima Roma;

Heu!

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Heu! vix agnoſces veteris veſtigia formæ:
Donec gens divûm, nati venientibus annis,
Heroüm novus ordo datur, nova lumina ſurgunt;
Heſperioque dies melior procedit Olympo.
Aſpice ut inſignis ſpoliis Pharamondus opimis
Ingreditur, Magnuſque aquilis qui lilia junxit
Carolus; inde alii, quos Gallica terra triumphis
Dives alit, genus acre virûm, ſpectataque bello
Pectora. Sed major nunc rerum apparet imago:
Sanguineæ en! lauri, victriciaque arma Wilhelmi
Normanni: viden' externis quanta intonet oris
Teudorum manus armipotens, & nomina magna,
Plantagenum metuenda domus? quid plurima virtus
Amborum potuit, te, victrix Anglia, teſtor,
Quam labor heroüm imperio maria omnia circum
Aſſeruit, fundanſque armis & legibus ornans:
Felix, ſi nunquam regnandi dira cupido
Cognatas acies paribus concurrere telis
Egiſſet, patriæque in viſcera vertere vires:
Illa afflicta ſedet, variis incerta triumphis,
Cui det colla Jugo, quem ſit paſſura tyrannum.
Quo Deſiderî ſoboles, quò Cæſar Adolphus,
Naſſoviique alii rapiunt, celíberrima proles?
Omnes illuſtres, omnes in utrumque parati,
Aut patriam tutari, aut certæ occumbere morti.
Hos juxta Auriacus pleno fluit agmine ſanguis,
Immortale genus: primùſque en! Martius auctor
Corniger: inde heros qui Bello à corpore nomen
Obtinuit; noſco crines, frontemque venuſtum

Fran-

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Francigenæ juvenis; domus hinc Chalonia mixta eſt
Naſſoviis; ſedes que novas, Rhenumque bicornem
Inde petit, linquens Rhodanum, ripamque ſonantem.
Jamque Stuartiadum ſeries longiſſima regum
Emicat. Illa diu magnâ ditione tenebat
Effrænem populum, et duris regna horrida glebis:
Donec fata Deûm, & luſtris labentibus ætas
Scotorum mallibus tranſcribi ſceptra jubebant
Anglica; feceruntque omnes uno ore Britannos.
Atque hîc, magne deus, cùm res ſcrutabere noſtras,
Sis bonus O! paſsímque oculos per cuncta ferenti
Si quid fortè tibi occurat de gente Stuartûm
Infelix; (utcunque ferent ea fata minores)
Pro patriâ, obteſtor, pro majeſtate Britanni
Imperii, nihil ingratum, nihil acre dolores
Obductos vulgare finas: preme, Jane, tenebris,
Quæ laudare nequis; teque ad meliora reſerves.
Utque erit ad * Nomen ventum, quod flebile ſemper,
Semper honoratum (ſic, Dii, voluiſtis) habemus;
Supprime ſingultus, ſubmiſſâ & voce dolores
Hos compeſce, tuo ne docta Britannia luctu
Ire iterùm in lachrymas, iterùm gemebunda querelam
Integret infandam; ſtilletque cruore recenti
Æternùm crudele patens ſub pectore vulnus.
Quò jam raptus abis? Naſſovi, Jane, labores
Aggredere O! magnos, atque amplum claude volumen.

* Mariæ.

En!

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En! infans victor, nutu dum temperat iras
Turbati populi; jacet en Tirynthius alter;
Ardenteſque hoſtes, & ſibila colla tumentes
Sternit; & in cunis infans ſe vindicat heros.
En! quantis tollit ſe rebus firmior ætas?
Quales primitiæ Juvenis, bellique ferocis
Dura rudimenta, & primis nova gloria in armis?
Sublimis Marte adverſo, Mitiſque ſecundo,
Eventus omnes, & ineluctabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus: non mens elata triumphis,
Non depreſſa malis; ſed in omnia pectus honeſtum
Fertur idem, fatis contraria fata rependens.
Dum curas hominum, dum ſpes contemnit inanes,
Fortunæque vices cæcas; quocunque cadat res,
Hoc animo fixum ſedet, æternùmque ſedebit,
"Parcere ſubjectis, & debellare ſuperbos."
En! totum heroem, maturum, et ſceptra tenentem
Contemplare virum: en! ut juſtâ fulminet irâ
Terrarum egregius vindex; placiduſque volentes
Per populos det jura; infeſto & leniat hoſti
Pectora flexanimus victor; mitiſque jacentûm
Dat vitam lachrymis! quo pectora fida ſuorum
Amplecti ſtudio properat? quàm totus in illis?
Quàm curas pater indulgens deſcendit in omnes?
Nec regem pudet officio certare priorem.
Hâc arte, O bellis ingens, ingentior almâ
Morum temperie, devincis corda benignis
Aſſueta imperiis; longos hâc arte triumphos,

Maxime

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Maxime victor, agis, cùm teque, animosque tuorum,
Pacatumque regas æquis virtutibus orbem.
Per varias vitæque vices, operumque colores
Idem cautus honos, metuens et gratia culpæ,
Puraque simplicitas totâ descripta tabellâ
Effulget; constansque sibi servatur ad imum.
Victoris castra ingrederis? certamina nulla
Cum victis, belli nullâ horrida signa cruenti
Apparent infixa agris: non militis ardor
Turbavit pectus; nec purpura picta superbos
Induxit regum fastus: sed fama periclo
Explorata (velut fulvum fornacibus aurum)
Emicat innocuo: frustra Vulcania pestis,
Circùm immanè fremit: contemptorique minatur
Flamma suo: cæco contrà dominata furori
Ardens spectatur virtus, ponduſque nitoremque
Illæsum servans; & amico vivit in igne.
Unum, Jane, oro (quando nos nostraque morti
Debemur) magni saltem mirac'la Wilhelmi
Exuperare, virûmque sinas volitare per ora;
Ut nati natorum, & qui nascentur ab illis,
Virtutem ex illo moniti, pulchrumque laborem
Cognoscant, & sancta procul vestigia adorent.
Exoriare aliquis, regis qui gesta Britanni,
Fataque fortunasque docens, moresque manusque
(Argumentum ingens!) vivis committere chartis
Ausis, et serum producere nomen in ævum;
Cùm statuæ, multo cùm victum tempore marmor,
Æraque labentur; cùm bello sævior omni

Invi-

Invidiosa dies famæ monumenta Britannæ
Delebit; tardis cùm Sabis flexibus ibit
Per terras mutata novas; ferique nepotes
Quærent, quâ stabant immania saxa Namurcæ.
En! urbem, dicent, quæ quondam condidit astris
Ambitiosa caput; toties quæ pertulit omnem
Irrisi nubem belli: sed non ita sensit
Armatos Britonas; non irrita tela Wilhelmi
Experta est; vastis dum victor turribus instans,
Cum populo, & signis victricibus, & magnis Diis,
Fundamenta quatit: mortaliaque agmina frusta
Contra Nassovium atque Jovem, contráque Minervam
Tela tenent: medio discrimine cædis & ignis,
Ceu Perseus per aperta volans, arduus arces,
Oppositas scandit; frustráque objecta retardant
Flumina, flammarumque globi, scopulique minaces.
En! tandem summis insultans arcibus heros,
Atque Angli juxtà, fulgentia signa, leones.
Et jam finis erat: cùm victor vertice ab alto
Despexit Gallum attonitum, & tum libera vinc'lo
Littoraque, & latos populos; pacemque silenti
Indulsit felicem orbi: longè audiit æther,
Et terræ, & fluvii; jamque ibat mollior undis
Mosa; feruſque suas Rhenus compescuit iras.
Continuò leges æternoque fœdera certis
Imposuit manus æqua locis; quam singula metam,
Et quem quæque ferat dominum, quem quæque recusset

Gens,

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Gens, ſemel edixit; mirantemque admonet orbem,
Quantus amor populi, quanta & reverentia mitem
Proſequitur regem: comes indiviſus amico,
Adſtat Honos lateri: ſupra caput explicat alas
Libertas firmata novas; pulchræque ſorores,
Et Virtus & Fama, pari diſcrimine certant,
Utrum ornare magis regemne, virumne deceret.
Quid loquor? aut ubi ſum? quis me per opaca viarum
Ire furor ſuadet? quos Muſa aſſurget in auſus?
Dum vatis furias Thebani concipit (ignes
O ſi conciperet ſimiles!) te, Jane, relinquit,
Teque, araſque tuas, ut cœlum & ſydera tentet;
Demens! quæ nimbos & non imitabile fulmen
Pindaricum ſimulare auſa eſt. Da, Jane, furenti,
Da veniam Muſæ, ſua quam rapit ampla volantem
Materia; & tollit volvens ſub naribus ignem
Pegaſus ardua in aſtra; neque fudit anhelus habenas.
Cùm latos campos, immenſumque aſpicit æquor,
Expatiatur equus; vix hæret Muſa frementi;
Nec ſcit, quà ſit iter; nec ſi ſciat, imperet illi.
Saxa per, & ſcopulos, & depreſſas convalles
Inſequitur regem; telluſque ſub ungue tonanti
Icta gemit; reboant ſylvæque, & magnus olympus.
Nunc caſus muſa antiquos, annoſque reducit
Præteritos, patriiſque virum meditatur in arvis.
Hîc Britonum motus curâ, lachrymiſque ſuorum,
Conſilium vultu tegit; & ſecum ante peractum
Belli & regnorum volvit ſub pectore fatum:

Et mox armatas hyberno sydere classes
Molitur; contràque iras cœlique, marisque
Impavidus grande urget iter: tum sanguine multo
Tutandas Anglorum arces, oblataque regna
Occupat; amisso fluitantem errare magistro
Sensit; et ipse ratem turbatis rexit in undis.
Jamque alias hinc in Lachrymas, alia horrida bella,
Per desolatæ regna infelicia Iernes
Diva virum sequitur; fluctusque irrumpit in altos
Bovindæ bello undantis; tum Naïdas ad se
Impatiens trepidas vocat; hortaturque sorores
Maturare fugam, quantusque emersérat heros,
Oceano narrare patri: vanum ille timorem
Ridet; eamque Manum victis agnoscit in undis,
Imperio dignam pelagi, sævoque tridente.

Hinc pleno Britonum victor subit ostia velo
Stans celsâ in puppi: pueri, innuptæque puellæ,
Effusique patres resonantia littora circum
Sacra canunt reduci: sed reppulit ille molestum
Officium; poscitque animos, laudesque recusat.
Mox charos iterùm Belgas, sedesque suorum,
Et patriam, & totiès raptos ex hoste penates
Hospes adit: varii populi, diversaque signa,
Externique duces omnes socia arma ferentes
Communem celebrare ducem; quàm tardus ad iram,
Quam placidus victor, fortunatusque laborum
Securus palmæ, dum prædam rejicit heros!

Nunc versæ scenæ discedunt: altera rerum
Nunc surgit facies: aliâ sub luce videri

Heros

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Heros grandis amat; ſucceſſuque altior ipſo
Innumeris belli ſpoliis, partiſque trophæis
Pacem lætus emit: jam Virgo reddita terras
Pacatas vifit; jamque aurea tempora circum
Felices ſecura quatit Concordia pennas.
Mox ad Danubium, raucæque Propontidis undam,
Eöaſque plagas alis audacibus ardens
Muſa volat; lethi quà jam diſcrimine parvo
Stant acies, utrinque necem lugubrè minantes:
Hi motus animorum, iræ, infandique paratus,
Compreſſâ belli rabie, ſuſpenſa tenentur;
Donec conſilia ingentis ſpectata Wilhelmi
Oſtendant, pacemne colant, an in arma ferantur.
Quæ regio in terris, ubi regis fœdera ſancta,
Aut leges placidæ ignotæ? qua regna per orbem
(Qualemcunq; fidem, dominum quemcunq; fatentur)
Communem Auriaco dubitent ſubmittere cauſam?
Hinc ad Hyperboream glaciem, monteſque nivales
Urget diva viam; quà Moſcoviticus altum
Fulminat ad Tanaïm Cæſar; nutuque tremendo
Jura quaterdenis juvenis dat gentibus unus:
Hic tamen, hic Cæſar perculſus nomine regis
Majoris, non legatis, neque dulce miniſtris
Officium impatiens ceſſit; ſe, ſe ipſe, ſuumque
Objecit caput, infidi maris omnia vincens
Tædia, dimidiumque orbis poſt terga relinquens,
Tangeret ut ſanctam, per quam ſtetit Anglia, dextram.
Hujus in imperio tumidum, magnúmque fluentem
Cernere erat Volgam; multâ cui ſpumeus undâ,

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Saxoſúmque ſonans, obſtantia pondera torrens
Aut ſecum rapit, aut immiti gurgite mergit.
Sed noſtrum, ſed Muſa ſuum tibi, Tame, tuiſque
Rivis aſſimulat regem: non amnis abundans,
Sed plenus per opima virûm fortem abſque furore
Fundit aquam, tardoque procul languore ſerenam:
Quoſcunque O! Britonum lambis pulcherrimus agros.
Omnia ibi ridere facis: tibi candida Naïs
Purpureas inter violas, & ſuavè rubentes
Vota facit reſoluta roſas: te lentus in umbrâ
Labentem expectat paſtor: te mollia prata,
Te ſitiunt croceis halantes floribus horti.
Quò feror? unde abii? Tuque, audaciſſima Muſa,
Quò peritura ruis? ſi formidabile littus,
Si Lycios temnas ſaltus, fataliaque arva,
Bellerophontæi quæ ſignavêre furores:
I, ſequere infidos ventos, nova nomina lapſu
Subjectis poſitura undis: ea ſurda monenti
Ardet in aſtra magìs; perque inconceſſa diei
Luxurians ſpatia æterni, petit intima dîvum
Sacra, Jovem, ſimilemque Jovis dictura Wilhelmum:
Indefeſſa illi maturos poſcit honores:
Illi ut Olympiacæ referantur præmia palmæ,
Quam velox Theron, quam vaſtis viribus ingens
Sperabat nunquam Chromius: Muſam illius ergo
Per nitidos orbes lucis, campoſque patentes,
Dulcis raptat amor: juvat explorare priorum
Curæ iter ignotum: ſed inextricabilis error,
Et cæcæ ambages, quas una reſolvere virtus

Naſ-

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Naſſovii novit, ſecuram, & vana tumentem
Exuperant longè divam; jamque æthere toto
Præcipitata agitur; jam torti fulminis inſtar
Fertur; & horrificis tonat exanimata ruinis.
O cœptum ſublime! infelix exitus auſi
Nobilis! O Muſa, & vires pro nomine tanto
Exiguæ! ſed ſic potîûs cecidiſſe juvabit
Audentem, quàm venâ humili inferiora ſecutam
Radere iter medium, tutaſque extendere pennas.
Nunc ad te, & tua ſacra, pater, turbamque ſonantem
(Matres atque viros) quæ circum plurima clauſas
Fuſa fores, pacem Britonum, vitamque Wilhelmi
Ardens implorat, nunc ambitioſa vagantes
Muſa modos revocet: tuque O! qua ſæcula fronte
Jane vides ventura, Rheæ genetricis in alvum
Deſcendas, partûs ubi ſemina prima futuri,
Et teneræ ſpecies, ſimulachraque carcere clauſo
Mixta jacent; donec magnum per inane coacta
Mox durare jubes, & rerum ſumere formas.
Tum tua vox, divine autor, tua cæca relaxat
Spiramenta manus; juſtis emiſſa figuris
Dum veſtit junctura decens & amabilis ordo.
Sed nimiùm brevis hora fugam meditata perennem
Tranfit; & æternam repetunt naſcentia noctem.
Non de navali ſurgentes ære triumphi,
Captivi currus, ereptaque ab hoſte trophæa:
Non civilis honos quercûs, non umbra coronæ
Muralis, laurique novum decus addere regi
Angliaco poſſunt; ſatis illum conſcia virtus,

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Geſtaque ſublimem tollunt: ad ſydera raptim
Vi propriâ nituntur, opiſque haud indiga noſtræ,
Nunc ergò, ut populus felix cum rege potenti
Fortunis paribus ſurgat; compagibus arctis
Claudantur belli portæ: & jam, myſtice cuſtos,
Mitior O! jam, dive, precor, melioribus orbis
Auſpiciis, alioſque Dies, aliumque tenorem
Tandem habeat, jubeas: hic ferrea deſinat Ætas
(Magna, eſto, ſed ferrea erat) faſſuſque metallum
Pulchrius, annorum ſe gratior explicet ordo.
Haud iterùm pavidos bellum turbabit agreſtes;
At ſecura quies, at mollis ſomnus, amores
Jucundi, ſuaveſque joci cum dulcibus horis
Perpetuum ducant orbem; hoc à cardine rerum
Paulatim incipiant magni procedere menſes:
Atque his flava Ceres, his formoſiſſima Flora
Aſpiret; ſurgataque novo gens aurea ſec'lo.
Immunis belli, dextræque innixa Wilhelmi
Terra Britanna ſui ſedeat: ſpectetque ruinas,
Et cladem, & Lachrymas, quarum pars nulla futura eſt,
Externas; iræque hominum miſeretur inanis.
Illa inter motas fatum immutabile gentes
Diſpenſet; vincantque illæ quas vincere mavult.
Sic noto celſos tuti ſub matribus agni
Balatu implebunt colles: ſic vallibus imis,
Irriguos amnes inter, ſeges aurea in altum
Surget; & ipſe ſuas mirabitur Anglia meſſes:
Delicias diva æternas dum pectore pleno
Fundet; & ambroſios ſpirabit vertice odores.

Aulæi

Aulæi antiquæ cæcis exorta ruinis
(Quà *Turres Albas*, veterum penetralia regum
Wolsei fabricata manu, Henricique labores,
Cernere erat) juvenile caput phœnicis ad instar
Regia sublimis tollat, melioribus, oro,
Auspiciis; & quæ fuerit minùs obvia flammis.
Alta, augusta, ingens, dominoque simillima magno,
Pandat se veneranda domus: captiva columnæ
Arma ferant sacræ, belli monumenta cruenti,
Spiculaque clypeosque atque horrida sanguine signa:
Stabunt & parii lapides, mediusque Wilhelmus
En spirans: humerusque recens à vulnere vivis
Rorabit guttis: metuens pro vindice mundi
A tergo apparet Genius, capitique minacem
Avertit mortem: jacet illa innoxias, inermis
(Nam sic consuluit Jovis indulgentia terris)
Intrepidi ante pedis heroïs. Tu quoque magnam
Partem opere in tanto, viridi Bovinda reclinans
Lecto, habeas, imo senior de gurgite visus
Lauriferum quassare caput: saxum evomit undas;
Æternique cadunt cæso de marmore rivi.

Tuque O! qua famæ servas monumenta Britannæ,
Regis opus, regumque decus, cape dona tuorum,
Inclyta Winsoriæ turris. Tu, Stellifer æther,
Signa geris, quibus ipse suum & delecta suorum
Pectora distinguit, divisque accedere jussit
Nassovius, proprioque pater decoravit honore.

Tu circum Ormondi robustum mystica nectens
Vinc'la genu, potuisti equitem socium addere regi:

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Redditus his victor terris, ſpoliiſque potitus,
Suppliciter venerans divi ſub Militis aram
Vota facit: veterum juxta decora alta parentum,
Botleros inter, victriciaqua arma Bohuni
Ipſe ſuum clypeum, ſuaque æmula ſigna ſuperbis
Poſtibus aptavit, tanti non immemor hæres
Nominis aut proavûm dubitans extendere famam;
Utcunque illa novi ſecum grave pondus honoris
Attulit Oſſoridæ mater Naſſovia genti.
Sacvilli tu, diva, latus, tu lumine pectus
Sanctum ornas, ubi dulcis honos, ubi mille placendi
Conjurant artes; labor unus & una voluptas,
Tollere depreſſos, & ſuſtentare jacentes.
Hos brevis informet fragilis dum ſpiritus artus,
Indictus nunquam noſtris Sacvillus abibit
Carminibus; nunquam labetur pectore chari
Officium capitis: munus quia maximus ille
Confert; collatique olim meminiſſe recuſat.
Jura fidemque patrum, libertatemque Cavendos
Aſſerere audentes, tuus amplo veſtit honore
Diva, favor: ſtabit longum fortuna per ævum
Alta domus; patrioque nitebunt ſydere nati,
Per te Sanctmauri, per te Talbotia proles,
Felices ambo, veſtigia magna parentum
Ambo luſtrantes, ſaxum hoc immobile dum tu
Serves, nomine erunt. Tuque, O pars maxima muſæ,
O decus, O noſtrum, cui pulchro in corpore virtus
Emicat, & ſincera fides, & gratia morum,
Has Jerſæe, (preces valeant ſi vatis amici,

Si

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Si deus hoc carmen, deus hoc inſpiret Apollo)
Has tanges aras: hinc cingula ſacra decoro
Aptabis lateri, veteriſque inſignia famæ
Villeriis ſueta, & tibi non indebita ſumes.
Artibus intentum melior tum cura vocabit
Heroa Angliacum, mirantem annalibus orbem
Exornare ſuis, ſeroſque docere nepotes
Imperii arcana, & magna exemplaria belli.
Hinc, ut virtutem doceles, verumque laborem
Cognoſcant, laudiſque animi accendantur amore;
Regis ad exemplum portis ſe prima juventus
Effundens, dum mane novum, dum gramina canent;
Per ſaltus gelidumque nemus, præruptaque ſaxa,
Nunc cervos turbabit agens; nunc ardua in armis,
Et vigil ad vocem, quä fictûm buccina ſignum
Bellica dat, grave martis opus, ſub imagine lusûs.
Paulatim ex tanto aſſueſcat tolerare magiſtro:
Et nunc altus eques ſpatiis magna atria circum
Curvatis fertur; luctantia nunc premit ora
Bellatoris equi; nunc torto verbere pronus
Dat lora, & medio fervens in pulvere, ſtrictum
Aut enſem quatit, aut certam jacit impiger haſtam.
Pacis amans, ſtudiiſque favens, ſocia agmina jungant
Sancta corona ſenum, exemplis monitura minores,
Qui virtutis honos, & quid ſapientia poſſit.
Hos rerum juvet obſcuros penetrare receſſus,
Et varias cauſas, naturæ arcana modeſtæ,
Indiciis aperire novis clariſque repertis.
Illos degeneri audentes ſuccurrere ſeclo,

Cura-

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Cura gravis maneat morum, & labor Hercule dignus,
Exonerare repletum immundâ ſorde Theatrum.
Sermones alii patrios, incertaque verba
Ad leges fixas revocent, venereſque decoras;
Ut latè Angliacis inſtructa annalibus orbis
Gaudeat, ad noſtram reſonet gens ſingula linguam,
Vindicis ante pedes quæcunque effuſa Britanni,
Miſerat aut oppreſſa preces, aut libera grates.

Neglectum in primis carmen, Muſamque jacentem
Tollat amica manus: nam reſpondere labori
Muſa pio novit, regiſque rependere amores.
Illa patrum cineres ſanctos, venerandaque buſta
Vulgari ſecernit humo, famamque ſilenti
Vindicat à tumulo: per Muſam notus Ulyſſes
Spirat adhuc; coramque virum jam cernere fas eſt:
Muſæ Agamemnonias palmas, ſemperque recentes
Conſervare datur lauros: eadem illa Wilhelmi
(Cùm ſtatuæ, ſolidoque arcus de marmore ficti
Deficient) longo nomen ſacrum aſſeret ævo.
Haud verò par officium, parteſque premamus
Ingrati alternas; cùm nîl ſine Cæſare pulchrum,
Nil altum Muſæ labor inchoat: altera junctam
Alterius ſic poſcit opem, & conjurat amicè.
Igneus hinc numeris vigor, & cœleſtis origo;
Hinc effulgentes æternâ luce Camænæ.
Informi cedente ſitu, tenebriſque fugatis,
Invida ſquallentis vincent oblivia noctis.

Securos Britonum commercia libera portus
Omni ex parte petent; totum demiſſa per orbem
Pulchrior

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Pulchrior hinc Argo, meliori & vellere dives
Annua dona feret; ſpoliiſque redibit onuſta,
Indiam in Europam portans, gazamque nitentem,
Quæ diffuſa jacet, quà ſol utrumque recurrens
Aſpicit oceanum. Quaſcunque Britannica pinus
Ingreditur ſublimis aquas, ſubmittat honores
Navita quiſque ſuos: puppeſque inſigne ſuperbum
Inclinent, faſſæ, quem Tethys omnibus undis
Elegit, dominum; quem vaſto immobile fatum
Deſtinat imperio, terrâque marique potentem.
Audivêre preces divi: jamque Anglica claſſis,
Quà dabit aura viam, tutum per aperta profundi
Curret iter, nova regna petens, nova littora viſens,
Ignotumque ſuis mittens ſub legibus orbem.
Alter tum Ganges, atque altera quæ feret aurum
India Naſſovio cedet: populique feroces
Arma, artes, moreſque ſcient, nomenque Wilhelmi.
Suppliciter venerans, demiſſo lumine ſtabit
Agmen agreſte virûm; miramque loquentis ab ore
Hiſtoriam eripiens, nunc famam & fata Wilhelmi,
Vulnera, ſudorem, palmaſque, periclaque diſcet,
Quæ quibus anteferat dubitans; nunc quantus in armis,
Qualis in hoſte fuit, quos bello & pace triumphos
Erexit: matres, ut cœlo decidit heros,
Tum natis referent: & vox, quam proferet infans
Prima Wilhelmus erit; tenebris inhoneſta tyranni
Indecores capita abſcondent, tum dira ſuorum
Supplicia, indignos genitus, juſtaſque querelas
Ferre indignantes; cùm conſcia fama, pudorque

Provocat

Provocat ad meliora animos; cùm bella Wilhelmi,
Bella quaterdenos læsis pro gentibus annos
Confecta audierint, tandemque silentibus armis,
(Majus opus) partos felici pace triumphos.
Non dehinc hos miseros mysteria dira docebit
Barbara religio: nulla horrida numina finget
Vanâ superstitio, divûmque immania monstra;
Nassovii virtus cùm se mirantibus offert,
Præsentem confessa deum; cùm signa decoris
Divini, æternæque patent vestigia mentis
Heröis descripta animis, & vindice dextrâ.
Scilicet horrendi justâ sine lege cometæ
Incertam lucem quatiunt, & crine minaces
Sanguineo lugubrè rubent, tristesque trementi
Indicunt iras orbi; nisi publica vota
Avertant lævum miseris mortalibus omen.
At verò justis mundum qui temperat horis,
Vera Jovis proles, cœlo purissimus ignis,
Non errore vago, cæcaque libidine fertur;
Certus iter fixum peragit: cursusque diurnos
Observant homines, & sanctum sydus adorant.
O Jane, O! divûm si flectere fata liceret;
Si parcæ Anglorum precibus mitescere scirent;
Sol iste ante suum cessaret currere cœlum,
Quàm Rex Nassovius terræ se subtrahet orbæ
Addendus superis: sed inexorabile numen
Omne premit mortale: aderit, volventibus annis,
Dira futura dies, & ineluctabile tempus,
Cùm pars semidei mœsto materna sepulchro
Condetur;

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Condetur; dominuſque ſuis plorabitur abſens.
At vos, O divi, ſi quid pia vota valebunt,
Vos precor, æterni, quorum hæc ſub numine tellus,
Tuque, O ſancte, tuis, Bifrons, cœleſtia firma
Pectora conſiliis; ſociique per æthera divi.
Dic, in amicitiam coeant, tecumque Britannam
Conjurent ſervare domum: communibus omnium
Orati precibus, magno procul omine triſtem,
Dii, removete diem; multoſque benigniùs annos
Accumulate ſacro capiti: da, Jane, ſenectam
Immunem curis, placidâque quiete potitam:
Sat bello Europæque datum eſt: ſatìs arma juventus
Senſit: & ingentes teſtatur terra triumphos.
Canitiem novus ornet honos; dum tempora circum
Victrices inter lauros aſſurgat Oliva.
En! hujus, Jane, auſpiciis naſcentia longum
Sec'la habeant omen pacis; lætique nepotes
Seros jucundis agitent ſub legibus annos;
Anta ferat quàm cœlo animam Jovis armiger alto,
Nobile onus, patrioque heros poſcatur olympo;
Ambo ubi Ledæi, ceu qui pedes ibat in hoſtem,
Ceu luctantis equi ſpumantia qui regit ora;
Magnus ubi Alcides fato, & Junonis iniquæ
Sævis ereptus juſſis; ubi grande Maronis
Argumentum, auctor Latii, regnique Britanni,
Otia agunt; ubi tot radiantia nomina toto
Æthere nota ſatis, quos omnes æquus amavit
Jupiter, & meritis homines donavimus aris:
Serò, Jane pater, cœlo decus adde patenti
Naſſovium ſydus, quod amicâ luce coruſcum
Fulgeat, & dubiis oſtendat littora nautis.

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AN

ODE.

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF THE

HONORABLE COLONEL GEORGE VILLIERS,*

DROWNED IN THE RIVER PIAVA, IN THE COUNTRY OF FRIULI, MDCCIII.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, ODE 28. LIB. I.

Te maris & terræ numeroque carentis arenæ
Menſorem cohibent, archyta, &c.

SAY, deareſt Villiers, poor departed friend,
(Since fleeting life thus ſuddenly muſt end)
Say, what did all thy buſy hopes avail,
That anxious thou from pole to pole didſt ſail;

* Colonel George Villiers was in the marine ſervice. When this accident happened to him he was accompanied by William Courtenay, Eſq; ſon of Sir William Courtenay, a captain in his regiment, and both ſhared the ſame fate. They had been out on an excurſion to ſee the country.

Ere

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Ere on thy chin the ſpringing beard began
To ſpread a doubtful down, and promiſe man?
What profited thy thoughts, and toils, and cares,
In vigour more confirm'd, and riper years?
To wake ere morning dawn to loud alarms,
And march 'till cloſe of night in heavy arms;
To ſcorn the ſummer's ſuns and winter's ſnows,
And ſearch through every clime thy country's foes!
That thou might'ſt Fortune to thy ſide engage;
That gentle Peace might quell Bellona's rage;
And Anna's bounty crown her ſoldier's hoary age?

In vain we think that free-will'd man has power
To haſten or protract th' appointed hour.
Our term of life depends not on our deed:
Before our birth our funeral was decreed.
Nor aw'd by foreſight, nor miſled by chance,
Imperious Death directs his ebon lance;
Peoples great Henry's tombs, and leads up Holben's dance.

Alike muſt every ſtate, and every age
Suſtain the univerſal tyrant's rage:
For neither William's power, nor Mary's charms,
Could or repel, or pacify his arms:
Young Churchill * fell, as life began to bloom:
And Bradford's † trembling age expects the tomb.

* John Churchill, Marquis of Blandford, only ſon of John Duke of Marlborough by Sarah his dutcheſs. He died 10 March 1702, aged 16, and was buried at King's College chapel, Cambridge.

† Francis Newport Earl of Bradford. He died 19 September 1708.

Wiſdom

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Wiſdom and eloquence in vain would plead
One moment's reſpite for the learned head:
Judges of writings and of men have dy'd;
Mecænas, Sackville, Socrates, and Hyde:
And in their various turns their ſons muſt tread
Thoſe gloomy journeys, which their ſires have led.
The ancient ſage, who did ſo long maintain,
That bodies die, but ſouls return again,
With all the births and deaths he had in ſtore,
Went out Pythagoras, and came no more.
And modern Aſgyll *, whoſe capricious thought
Is yet with ſtores of wilder notions fraught,

* John Aſgyll, Eſq; a lawyer of ſome eminence, but more remarkable for the very extraordinary publication here alluded to. He was a member of the Engliſh parliament for Bramber in Suſſex. In the year 1700 he publiſhed a treatiſe, entitled, "An argument proving that according to the covenant of eternal life revealed in the ſcriptures, man may be tranſlated hence into that eternal life without paſſing through death, although the human nature of Chriſt himſelf could not be thus tranſlated till he had paſſed through death." Being involved in many perplexing law ſuits, and much reduced in his circumſtances, the Houſe of Commons made this pamphlet a pretence for expelling him in September 1707. His affairs afterwards continued to grow worſe, and he paſſed the remainder of his life in the rules of the King's Bench or Fleet. He died within the former on the 10th of November 1738, when he was conſiderably above fourſcore years of age.

Too

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Too ſoon convinc'd, ſhall yield that fleeting breath,
Which play'd ſo idly with the darts of death.
Some from the ſtranded veſſel force their way;
Fearful of Fate, they meet it in the ſea:
Some who eſcape the fury of the wave,
Sicken on earth, and ſink into a grave:
In journies or at home, in war or peace,
By hardſhips many, many fall by eaſe.
Each changing ſeaſon does its poiſon bring,
Rheums chill the winter, agues blaſt the ſpring:
Wet, dry, cold, hot, at the appointed hour,
All act ſubſervient to the tyrant's power:
And when obedient nature knows his will,
A fly, a grapeſtone, or a hair can kill.
For reſtleſs Proſerpine for ever treads
In paths unſeen, o'er our devoted heads;
And on the ſpacious land, and liquid main
Spreads ſlow diſeaſe, or darts afflictive pain:
Variety of deaths confirm her endleſs reign.
On curſt Piava's banks the goddeſs ſtood,
Shew'd her dire warrant to the riſing flood;
When what I long muſt love, and long muſt mourn,
With fatal ſpeed was urging his return;
In his dear country to diſperſe his care,
And arm himſelf by reſt for future war;
To chide his anxious friends officious fears,
And promiſe to their joys his elder years.
Oh! deſtin'd head; and Oh! ſevere decree;
Nor native country thou, nor friend ſhalt ſee:

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Nor war haſt thou to wage, nor year to come:
Impending death is thine, and inſtant doom.
Hark! the imperious goddeſs is obey'd:
Winds murmur; ſnows deſcend; and waters ſpread:
Oh! kinſman, friend—Oh! vain are all the cries
Of human voice; ſtrong deſtiny replies:
Weep you on earth: for he ſhall ſleep below:
Thence none return; and thither all muſt go.
Whoe'er thou art, whom choice or buſineſs leads
To this ſad river, or the neighbouring meads;
If thou may'ſt happen on the dreary ſhores
To find the object which this verſe deplores;
Cleanſe the pale corps with a religious hand
From the polluting weed and common ſand;
Lay the dead hero graceful in a grave;
(The only honour he can now receive)
And fragrant mould upon his body throw:
And plant the warrior laurel o'er his brow:
Light lie the earth; and flouriſh green the bough.
So may juſt Heaven ſecure thy future life
From foreign dangers, and domeſtick ſtrife!
And when th' infernal judge's diſmal power
From the dark urn ſhall throw thy deſtin'd hour;
When yielding to the ſentence, breathleſs thou
And pale ſhalt lie, as what thou burieſt now;
May ſome kind friend the piteous object ſee,
And equal rites perform, to that which once was thee.

PRO-

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PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN AT COURT BEFORE THE QUEEN, ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, MDCCIV.

SHINE forth, ye planets, with diſtinguiſh'd light,
As when ye hallow'd firſt this happy night:
Again tranſmit your friendly beams to earth:
As when Britannia joy'd for Anna's birth:
And thou, propitious ſtar, whoſe ſacred power
Preſided o'er the monarch's natal hour,
Thy radiant voyages for ever run,
Yielding to none but Cynthia, and the Sun:
With thy fair aſpect ſtill illuſtrate Heaven:
Kindly preſerve what thou haſt greatly given:
Thy influence for thy Anna we implore:
Prolong one life; and Britain aſks no more:
For Virtue can no ampler power expreſs,
Than to be great in war, and good in peace:
For thought no higher wiſh of bliſs can frame,
Than to enjoy that virtue STILL THE SAME.
Entire and ſure the monarch's rule muſt prove,
Who founds her greatneſs on her ſubjects love;
Who does our homage for our good require;
And orders that which we ſhould firſt deſire:

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Our vanquiſh'd wills that pleaſing force obey,
Her goodneſs takes our liberty away,
And haughty Britain yields to arbitrary ſway.

Let the young Auſtrian then her terrors bear,
Great as he is, her delegate in war:
Let him in thunder ſpeak to both his Spains,
That in theſe dreadful iſles a woman reigns.
While the bright queen does on her ſubjects ſhower
The gentle bleſſings of her ſofter power;
Gives ſacred morals to a vicious age,
To temples zeal, and manners to the ſtage;
Bids the chaſte Muſe without a bluſh appear;
And Wit be that which Heaven and ſhe may hear.

Minerva thus to Perſeus lent her ſhield;
Secure of conqueſt, ſent him to the field:
The Hero acted what the Queen ordain'd:
So was his fame compleat, and Andromede unchain'd.

Mean time amidſt her native temples ſate
The goddeſs, ſtudious of her Grecian's fate,
Taught them in laws and letters to excel,
In acting juſtly, and in writing well.
Thus whilſt ſhe did her various power diſpoſe;
The world was free from tyrants, wars, and woes:
Virtue was taught in verſe, and Athens' glory roſe.

A LET-

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A

LETTER

TO

MONSIEUR BOILEAU DESPREAUX;

OCCASIONED BY

THE VICTORY AT BLENHEIM,

MDCCIV.

—— Cupidum, pater optime, vires
Deficiunt: neque enim quivis horrentia pilis
Agmina, nec fractâ pereuntes cuspide gallos——
Hor. Sat. 1, L. 2.

SINCE hir'd for life, thy servile Muse must sing
Successive conquests, and a glorious king;
Must of a man immortal vainly boast,
And bring him lawrels, whatsoe'er they cost:
What turn wilt thou employ, what colours lay
On the event of that superior day,
In which one English subject's prosperous hand
(So Jove did will; so Anna did command)
Broke the proud column of thy master's praise,
Which sixty winters had conspir'd to raise?

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From the loſt field a hundred ſtandards brought
Muſt be the work of Chance, and Fortune's fault:
Bavaria's ſtars muſt be accus'd, which ſhone,
That fatal day the mighty work was done,
With rays oblique upon the Gallic ſun.
Some Dæmon envying France miſled the fight:
And Mars miſtook, tho' Louis order'd right.

When thy * young muſe invok'd the tuneful Nine,
To ſay how Louis did not paſs the Rhine,
What work had we with Wageninghen, Arnheim,
Places that could not be reduc'd to rhime!
And though the poet made his laſt efforts,
Wurts—who could mention in heroic—Wurts?
But, tell me haſt thou reaſon to complain
Of the rough triumphs of the laſt campaign;
The Danube reſcu'd, and the empire ſav'd,
Say, is the majeſty of verſe retriev'd?
And would it prejudice thy ſofter vein,
To ſing the princes, Louis and Eugene?
Is it too hard in happy verſe to place
The Vans and Vanders of the Rhine and Maes?
Her warriors Anna ſends from Tweed and Thames,
That France may fall by more harmonious names.
Canſt thou not Hamilton or Lumley bear?
Would Ingoldſby or Palmes offend thy ear?
And is there not a ſound in Marlborough's name,
Which thou, and all thy brethren ought to claim,
Sacred to verſe, and ſure of endleſs fame?

* Epiſtre 4. du Sr. Boileau Deſpreaux au Roy.
En vain, pour te Loüer, &c.

Cutts

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Cutts is in metre ſomething harſh to read:
Place me the valiant Gouram in his ſtead:
Let the intention make the number good:
Let generous Sylvius ſpeak for honeſt Wood.
And though rough Churchill ſcarce in verſe will ſtand,
So as to have one rhime at his command:
With eaſe the bard reciting Blenheim's plain,
May cloſe the verſe, remembring but the Dane.
I grant, old friend, old foe, (for ſuch we are
Alternate as the chance of peace and war)
That we poetic folks, who muſt reſtrain
Our meaſur'd ſayings in an equal chain,
Have troubles utterly unknown to thoſe,
Who let their fancy looſe in rambling proſe.
For inſtance now, how hard is it for me
To make my matter and my verſe agree!
"In one great day on Hochſtet's fatal plain
"French and Bavarians twenty thouſand ſlain;
"Puſh'd through the Danube to the ſhores of Styx
"Squadrons eighteen, battalions twenty-ſix:
"Officers captive made and private men,
"Of theſe twelve hundred, of thoſe thouſands ten.
"Tents, ammunition, colours, carriages,
"Cannon, and kettle-drums!"—ſweet numbers theſe.
But is it thus you Engliſh bards compoſe?
With Runic lays thus tag inſipid proſe?
And when you ſhould your heroes deeds rehearſe,
Give us a commiſſary's liſt in verſe?
Why faith, Deſpreaux, there's ſenſe in what you ſay:
I told you where my difficulty lay:

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So vaſt, ſo numerous were great Blenheim's ſpoils,
They ſcorn the bounds of verſe, and mock the
Muſe's toils.
To make the rough recital aptly chime,
Or bring the ſum of Gallia's loſs to rhime,
'Tis mighty hard: what poet would eſſay
To count the ſtreamers of my Lord Mayor's-day?
To number all the ſeveral diſhes dreſt
By honeſt Lamb, laſt coronation feaſt?
Or make arithmetic and epic meet,
And Newton's thoughts in Dryden's ſtile repeat?
O Poet, had it been Apollo's will,
That I had ſhar'd a portion of thy ſkill:
Had this poor breaſt receiv'd the heavenly beam;
Or could I hope my verſe might reach my theme;
Yet, Boileau, yet the labouring muſe ſhould ſtrive,
Beneath the ſhades of Marlborough's wreaths to live;
Should call aſpiring Gods to bleſs her choice;
And to their favourite ſtrains exalt her voice,
Arms and a Queen to ſing; who, great and good,
From peaceful Thames to Danube's wondering flood.
Sent forth the terror of her high commands,
To ſave the nations from invading hands,
To prop fair Liberty's declining cauſe,
And fix the jarring world with equal laws.
The queen ſhould ſit in Windſor's ſacred grove,
Attended by the Gods of War and Love:
Both ſhould with equal zeal her ſmiles implore,
To fix her joys, or to extend her power.

Sudden,

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Sudden, the Nymphs and Tritons ſhould appear;
And as great Anna's ſmiles diſpel their fear,
With active dance ſhould her obſervance claim;
With vocal ſhell ſhould ſound her happy name.
Their maſter Thames ſhould leave the neighb'ring ſhore,
By his ſtrong anchor known, and ſilver oar;
Should lay his enſigns at his ſovereign's feet,
And audience mild with humble grace intreat.
To her, his dear defence, he ſhould complain,
That whilſt he bleſſes her indulgent reign;
Whilſt furtheſt ſeas are by his fleets ſurvey'd,
And on his happy banks each India laid;
His brethren Maes, and Waal, and Rhine, and Saar
Feel the hard burthen of oppreſſive war:
That Danube ſcarce retains his rightful courſe
Againſt two rebel armies neighbouring force:
And all muſt weep ſad captives to the Seine,
Unleſs unchain'd and freed by Britain's queen.
The valiant ſovereign calls her general forth;
Neither recites her bounty, nor his worth:
She tells him, he muſt Europe's fate redeem,
And by that labour merit her eſteem:
She bids him wait her to the ſacred hall;
Shews him prince Edward, and the conquer'd Gaul;
Fixing the bloody croſs upon his breaſt,
Says, he muſt die, or ſuccour the diſtreſs'd:
Placing the Saint an emblem by his ſide,
She tells him Virtue arm'd muſt conquer lawleſs Pride.

The

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The hero bows obedient, and retires:
The Queen's commands exalt the warrior's fires.
His ſteps are to the ſilent woods inclin'd,
The great deſign revolving in his mind:
When to his ſight a heavenly form appears:
Her hand a palm, her head a lawrel wears.
Me, ſhe begins, the faireſt child of Jove,
Below for ever ſought, and bleſs'd above;
Me, the bright ſource of wealth, and power and fame;
(Nor need I ſay, Victoria is my name)
Me the great father down to thee has ſent:
He bids me wait at thy diſtinguiſh'd tent,
To execute what Anna's wiſh would have:
Her ſubject thou, I only am her ſlave.
Dare then, thou much belov'd by ſmiling fate,
For Anna's ſake, and in her name, be great:
Go forth, and be to diſtant nations known,
My future favourite, and my darling ſon.
At Schellenbergh I'll manifeſt ſuſtain
Thy glorious cauſe; and ſpread my wings again,
Conſpicuous o'er thy helm, in Blenheim's plain.
The Goddeſs ſaid, nor would admit reply;
But cut the liquid air, and gain'd the ſky.
His high commiſſion is through Britain known:
And thronging armies to his ſtandard run,
He marches thoughtful, and he ſpeedy ſails:
(Bleſs him, ye ſeas! and proſper him ye gales!)
Belgia receives him welcome to her ſhores,
And William's death with leſſen'd grief deplores:

His

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His preſence only muſt retrieve that loſs:
Marlborough to her muſt be what William was.
So when great Atlas, from theſe low abodes
Recall'd, was gather'd to his kindred-gods;
Alcides reſpited by prudent fate,
Suſtain'd the ball, nor droop'd beneath the weight.
Secret and ſwift behold the chief advance;
Sees half the empire join'd, and friend to France:
The Britiſh general dooms the fight; his ſword
Dreadful he draws: the captains wait the word.
Anne and St. George the charging hero cries:
Shrill echo from the neighbouring wood replies
Anne and St. George—At that auſpicious ſign
The ſtandards move; the adverſe armies join,
Of eight great hours, Time meaſures out the ſands;
And Europe's fate in doubtful balance ſtands;
The ninth, Victoria comes:—o'er Marlborough's head
Confeſs'd ſhe ſits; the hoſtile troops recede:
Triumphs the Goddeſs, from her promiſe freed.
The eagle, by the Britiſh lion's might
Unchain'd and free, directs her upward flight:
Nor did ſhe e'er with ſtronger pinions ſoar
From Tyber's banks, than now from Danube's ſhore.
Fir'd with the thoughts which theſe ideas raiſe,
And great ambition of my country's praiſe;
The Engliſh Muſe ſhould like the Mantuan riſe,
Scornful of earth and clouds, ſhould reach the ſkies
With wonder (though with envy ſtill) purſued by human eyes.

But

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But we muſt change the ſtyle—juſt now I ſaid,
I ne'er was maſter of the tuneful trade;
Or the ſmall genius which my youth could boaſt,
In proſe and buſineſs lies extinct and loſt.
Bleſs'd, if I may ſome younger muſe excite,
Point out the game, and animate the flight;
That from Marſeilles to Calais, France may know,
As we have conquerors, we have poets too;
And either lawrel does in Britain grow;
That, though amongſt ourſelves, with too much heat,
We ſometimes wrangle, when we ſhould debate;
(A conſequential ill which freedom draws;
A bad effect, but from a noble cauſe;)
We can with univerſal zeal advance,
To curb the faithleſs arrogance of France;
Nor ever ſhall Britannia's ſons refuſe
To anſwer to thy Maſter or thy Muſe;
Nor want juſt ſubject for victorious ſtrains;
While Marlborough's arm eternal lawrels gains;
And where old Spencer ſung, a new Eliza reigns.

FOR

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FOR THE

PLAN OF A FOUNTAIN,

ON WHICH ARE THE

EFFIGIES OF THE QUEEN

ON A TRIUMPHAL ARCH, THE

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

BENEATH, AND THE

CHIEF RIVERS OF THE WORLD ROUND

THE WHOLE WORK.

YE active ſtreams, where-e'er your waters flow,
Let diſtant climes and furtheſt nations know,
What ye from Thames and Danube have been taught,
How Anne commanded, and how Marlborough fought.

Quacunque æterno properatis, flumina, lapſu,
Diviſis latè terris, populiſque remotis
Dicite, nam vobis Tamiſis narravit & Iſter,
Anna quid imperiis potuit, quid Marlburus armis.

THE

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THE CHAMELEON.

AS the Chameleon, who is known
To have no colours of his own;
But borrows from his neighbours hue
His white or black, his green or blue;
And ſtruts as much in ready light,
Which credit gives him upon ſight:
As if the rain-bow were in tail
Settl'd on him, and his heirs male;
So the young 'ſquire, when firſt he comes
From country ſchool to Will's or Tom's *:
And equally, in truth is fit
To be a ſtateſman or a wit;
Without one notion of his own,
He ſanters wildly up and down;
'Till ſome acquaintance, good or bad,
Takes notice of a ſtaring lad;
Admits him in among the gang:
They jeſt, reply, diſpute, harangue:

* Two celebrated coffee-houſes.

He

He acts and talks, as they befriend him,
Smear'd with the colours, which they lend him.
Thus merely, as his fortune chances,
His merit or his vice advances,
If haply he the ſect purſues,
That read and comment upon news;
He takes up their myſterious face:
He drinks his coffee without lace.
This week his mimic-tongue runs o'er
What they have ſaid the week before,
His wiſdom ſets all Europe right;
And teaches Marlborough when to fight.
Or if it be his fate to meet
With folks who have more wealth than wit;
He loves cheap Port, and double Bub;
And ſettles in the HUM-DRUM club:
He learns how ſtocks will fall or riſe;
Holds poverty the greateſt vice;
Thinks wit the bane of converſation;
And ſays that learning ſpoils a nation.
But if, at firſt, he minds his hits,
And drinks Champaigne among the wits;
Five deep he toaſts the towering laſſes;
Repeats you verſes wrote on glaſſes;
Is in the chair; preſcribes the law;
And lyes with thoſe he never ſaw.

MERRY

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MERRY ANDREW.

SLY Merry Andrew, the laſt Southwark fair
(At Barthol'mew he did not much appear:
So peeviſh was the edict of the Mayor)
At Southwark therefore as his tricks he ſhow'd,
To pleaſe our maſters, and his friends the croud;
A huge neats tongue he in his right hand held:
His left was with a good black-pudding fill'd.
With a grave look, in this odd equipage,
The clowniſh mimic traverſes the ſtage:
Why how now, Andrew! cries his brother droll,
To-day's conceit, methinks, is ſomething dull:
Come on, Sir, to our worthy friends explain,
What does your emblematick worſhip mean?
Quoth Andrew; honeſt Engliſh let us ſpeak:
Your emble——(what d'ye call't) is heathen Greek.
To tongue or pudding thou haſt no pretence:
Learning thy talent is, but mine is ſenſe.
That buſy fool I was, which thou art now;
Deſirous to correct, not knowing how;
With very good deſign, but little wit,
Blaming or praiſing things, as I thought fit.

I for

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I for this conduct had what I deſerv'd;
And dealing honeſtly, was almoſt ſtarv'd.
But, thanks to my indulgent ſtars, I eat;
Since I found the ſecret to be great.
O, deareſt Andrew, ſays the humble droll,
Henceforth may I obey, and thou controll;
Provided thou impart thy uſeful ſkill.—
Bow then, ſays Andrew; and, for once, I will.—
Be of your patron's mind, whate'er he ſays;
Sleep very much; think little; and talk leſs:
Mind neither good nor bad, nor right nor wrong,
But eat your pudding, ſlave; and hold your tongue.
A reverend prelate ſtopt his coach and ſix,
To laugh a little at our Andrew's tricks.
But when he heard him give this golden rule,
Drive on (he cry'd); this fellow is no fool.

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A

SIMILE.

DEAR Thomas, did'ſt thou never pop
Thy head into a tin-man's ſhop?
There, Thomas, didſt thou never ſee
('Tis but by way of Simile)
A ſquirrel ſpend his little rage,
In jumping round a rowling cage?
The cage, as either ſide turn'd up,
Striking a ring of bells a-top?——
Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes,
The fooliſh creature thinks he climbs:
But here or there, turn wood or wire,
He never gets two inches higher.
So fares it with thoſe merry blades,
That friſk it under Pindus' ſhades.
In noble ſongs, and lofty odes,
They tread on ſtars, and talk with Gods;
Still dancing in an airy round,
Still pleas'd with her own verſes' ſound;
Brought back, how faſt ſoe'er they go,
Always aſpiring, always low.

THE

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THE

FLIES.

SAY, Sire of inſects, mighty Sol,
(A Fly upon the chariot pole
Cries out) what Blue-bottle alive
Did ever with ſuch fury drive?
Tell Belzebub, great father, tell,
(Says t'other, perch'd upon the wheel)
Did ever any mortal Fly
Raiſe ſuch a cloud of duſt, as I?
My judgement turn'd the whole debate:
My valour ſav'd the ſinking ſtate.
So talk two idle buzzing things;
Toſs up their heads, and ſtretch their wings.
But let the truth to light be brought:
This neither ſpoke, nor t'other fought:
No merit in their own behaviour:
Both rais'd, but by their party's favour.

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FROM THE GREEK.

GREAT Bacchus, born in thunder and in fire,
By native heat aſſerts his dreadful fire.
Nouriſh'd near ſhady rills and cooling ſtreams,
He to the nymphs avows his amorous flames.
To all the brethren at the Bell and Vine,
The moral ſays; mix water with your wine.

EPIGRAM.

FRANK carves very ill, yet will palm all the meats:
He eats more than ſix; and drinks more than he eats.
Four pipes after dinner he conſtantly ſmokes;
And ſeaſons his whifs with impertinent jokes.
Yet ſighing, he ſays, we muſt certainly break;
And my cruel unkindneſs compels him to ſpeak;
For of late I invite him---but four times a week.

AN O-

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ANOTHER.

TO John I ow'd great obligation;
But John, unhappily thought fit,
To publiſh it to all the nation:
Sure John and I are more than quit.

ANOTHER.

YES, every poet is a fool:
By demonſtration Ned can ſhow it:
Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
Prove every fool to be a poet.

ANOTHER.

THY nags, (the leaneſt things alive)
So very hard thou lov'ſt to drive;
I heard thy anxious coachman ſay,
It coſt thee more in whips than hay.

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TO
A PERSON WHO WROTE ILL,
AND
SPOKE WORSE AGAINST ME.

LYE, Philo, untouch'd on my peaceable ſhelf;
Nor take it amiſs, that ſo little I heed thee:
I've no envy to thee, and ſome love to my ſelf:
Then why ſhould I anſwer; ſince firſt I muſt read thee?

Drunk with Helicon's waters and double brew'd bub,
Be a linguiſt, a poet, a critic, a wag;
To the ſolid delight of thy well-judging club,
To the damage alone of thy bookſeller Brag.

Purſue me with ſatyr: what harm is there in't?
But from all VIVA VOCE reflection forbear:
There can be no danger from what thou ſhalt print:
There may be a little from what thou may'ſt ſwear.

ON

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ON THE SAME PERSON.

WHILE, faſter than his coſtive brain indites,
Philo's quick hand in flowing letters writes;
His caſe appears to me like honeſt Teague's,
When he was run away with, by his legs.
Phœbus, give Philo o'er himſelf command;
Quicken his ſenſes, or reſtrain his hand;
Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink:
So may he ceaſe to write, and learn to think.

"QUID SIT FUTURUM CRAS FUGE QUÆRERE."

FOR what to-morrow ſhall diſcloſe,
May ſpoil what you to-night propoſe:
England may change; or Cloe ſtray:
Love and life are for to-day.

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A BALLAD OF THE NOTBROWNE MAYDE. *

A.

BE it ryght, or wrong, theſe men among on women do complayne;
Affyrmynge this—how that it is a labour ſpent in vayne,
To love them wele; for never a dele thy love a man agayne:
For late a man do what he can, theyr favour to attayne,
Yet,

* This ancient poem was originally printed in an old black letter book, intitled, THE CUSTOMES OF LONDON OR ARNOLDE'S CHRONICLE, which Mr. Capell ſuppoſes appeared about the year 1521. According to that gentleman's opinion—"It was certainly written in the beginning "of the ſixteenth century, and not ſooner: the curious in "theſe matters, who ſhall conceive a doubt of what is here "aſſerted thro' remembrance of what he has ſeen advanced by "a poet

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Yet, yf a newe do them purſue, theyr fyrſt true lover than
Laboureth for nought; for from her thought he is a banyſhed man.

B.

I ſay, nat, nay, but that all day it is bothe writ and ſayd,
That womens fayth is, as who ſayth, all utterly decayed:
But, nevertheleſſe, ryght good wytnèſſe in this caſe might be layed,
That they love true, and continùe; recorde the notbrowne mayde;

" a poet of late days, is deſired to look into the works of the " great SIR THOMAS MORE, and particularly into a poem " that ſtands at the head of them, and from thence receive " conviction; if ſameneſs of rhymes, ſameneſs of orthogra- " phy, and a very near affinity of words and phraſes be ca- " pable of giving it." THE POET OF LATE DAYS mentioned above, is certainly Mr. Prior, who in the edition of his poems publiſhed in 1718, had aſſerted it to have been written THREE HUNDRED YEARS SINCE. What led him to that miſtaken notion, was probably a writer in THE MUSES MERCURY for June 1707, who conjectures that it was written about the year 1472. The ſame writer ſays, and the Ballad ſeems to confirm it, that the perſons repreſented are a young Lord, the Earl of Weſtmoreland's ſon, and a lady of equal quality. The copy from which this poem hath hitherto been printed being very inaccurate, it is here given according to that publiſhed by Mr. Capell.

Which,

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Which, when her love came, her to prove, to her to make his mone,
Wolde nat depart; for in her hart ſhe loved but hym alone.

A.

Than betwayne us late us dyſcus what was all the manère
Betwayne them two: we wyll alſo tell all the payne, and fere,
That ſhe was in: nowe I begyn, ſo that ye me anſwère;——
Wherefore, all ye, that preſent be, I pray you give an ere:——
I am the knyght; I come by nyght, as ſecret as I can;
Sayinge, Alas, thus ſtandeth the caſe, I am a banyſhed man.

B.

And I your wyll for to fulfyll in this wyll nat refuſe;
Truſtynge to ſhewe in wordes fewe, that men have na yll uſe]
(To theyr own ſhame) women to blame, and cauſeleſſe them accuſe:
Therfore to you I anſwere nowe, all women to excuſe,——
Myne owne hart dere, with you what chere? I pray you, tell anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A. It

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A.

It ſtandeth ſo; a dede is do, whereof grete harme
ſhall growe:
My deſtiny is for to dy a ſhamefull deth, I trowe;
Or elles to fle: the one muſt be; none other way I
knowe,
But to withdrawe as an outlawe, and take me to my
bowe.
Wherefore, adue, my owne hart true! none other
rede I can;
For I muſt to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed
man.

B.

O Lorde, what is this worldys blyſſe, that chaungeth
as the mone!
The ſomers day in luſty May is derked before the
none.——
I here you ſay, farewell; nay, nay, we départ nat
ſo ſone:
Why ſay ye ſo? wheder wyll ye go? alas, what have
ye done?
All my welfâre to ſorrowe and care ſholde chaunge,
yf ye were gone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
alone.

A.

I can beleve, it ſhall you greve, and ſomwhat you
dyſtrayne:
But, aftyrwarde, your paynes harde within a day or
twayne

Shall

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Shall ſone aſlake; and ye ſhall take comfort to you agayne.
Why ſholde ye ought? for, to make thought, your labour were in vayne.
And thus I do; and pray you to, as hartely as I can;
For I muſt to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

Now, ſyth that ye have ſhewed to me the ſecret of your mynde,
I ſhall be playne to you agayne, lyke as ye ſhall me fynde:
Syth it is ſo that ye wyll go, I wolle not leve behynde;
Shall it never be ſayd, the Notbrowne mayd was to her love unkynde:
Make you redy; for ſo am I, although it were anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

Yet I you rede to take good hede what men wyll thynke and ſay:
Of younge and olde it ſhall be tolde, that ye be gone away;
Your wanton wyll for to fulfill, in grene wode you to play;
And that ye myght from your delyght no lenger make delay;

Rather

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Rather than ye ſholde thus for me be called an yll
womàn,
Yet wolde I to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed
man.

B.

Though it be ſonge of olde and yonge, that I ſholde
be to blame,
Theyrs be the charge that ſpeke ſo large in hurtynge
of my name:
For I wyll prove, that faythful love it is devoyd of
ſhame;
In your dyſtreſſe, and hevyneſſe, to part wyth you,
the ſame;
To ſhewe all tho that do nat ſo, true lovers are they
none:
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
alone.

A.

I counceyle you, remember howe it is no maydens
lawe,
Nothynge to dout, but to renne out to wode with
an outlàwe:
For ye muſt there in your hand bere a bowe, redy to
drawe;
And, as a thefe, thus muſt you lyve, ever in drede
and awe;
Whereby to you grete harme myght growe: yet had
I lever than,
That I had to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed
man.

B. I ſay

B.

I ſay nat, nay, but as ye ſay, it is no maydens lore:
But love may make me, for your ſake, as I have ſayd before,
To come on fote, to hunt, and ſhote, to get us mete in ſtore;
For ſo that I your company may have, I aſke no more:
From which to part, it maketh my hart as colde as ony ſtone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

For an outlawe, this is the lawe,——that men hym take and bynde;
Without pytè, hanged to be, and waver with the wynde.
Yf I had nede, (as God forbede!) what ſocours coude ye fynde?
Forſoth I trowe, ye and your bowe for fere wolde drawe behynde:
And no mervayle; for lytell avayle were in your counceyle than:
Wherfore wyll to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

Ryght wele know ye, that women be but feble for to fyght;
No womanhede it is, indede, to be bolde as a knyght:
Yet,

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Yet, in ſuch fere yf that ye were with enemyes day and nyght,
I wolde withſtande, with bowe in hande, to helpe you with my myght,
And you to ſave; as women have from deth many a one;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

Yet take good hede; for ever I drede that ye coude nat ſuſtayne
The thornie wayes, the depe valèies, the ſnowe, the froſt, the rayne,
The colde, the hete: for, drye, or wete, ye muſt lodge on the playne;
And, us above, none other rofe but a brake, buſh, or twayne:
Which ſone ſholde greve you, I beleve; and ye wolde gladly than
That I had to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

Syth I have here been partynère with you of joy and blyſſe,
I muſt alſo parte of your wo endure, as reſon is:
Yet am I ſure of one plesùre; and ſhortely, it is this,——
That, where ye be, me ſemeth, pardè, I coude not fare amyſſe.

Without

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Without more ſpeche, I you beſeche that we were
ſhortely gone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
alone.

A.

Yf ye go thyder, ye muſt conſider,---whan ye have
luſt to dyne,
There ſhall no mete, be for to gete, neyther bere,
ale, ne wyne;
Ne ſhetes clene to lye betwene, maden of threde
and twyne;
None other houſe, but leves and bowes, to cover your
hed and myne:
O myne hart ſwete, this evyll dyète ſholde make you
pale and wan;
Wherefore I wyll to the grene wode go, alone, a
banyſhed man.

B.

Amonge the wylde dere, ſuch an archère as men ſay
that ye be,
May ye nat fayle of good vitayle, where is ſo grete
plentè:
And water clere of the ryvère ſhall be full ſwete to
me;
With which in hele I ſhall ryght wele endure, as ye
ſhall ſee:
And, or we go, a bedde or two I can provyde anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
alone.

A. Lo

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A.

Lo yet, before, ye muſt do more, yf ye wyll go with me:
As cut your here above your ere, your kyrtel above the kne;
With bowe in hande, for to withſtande your enemyes, yf nede be:
And, the ſame nyght, before day-lyght, to wode-warde wyll I fle.
Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill, do it ſhortely as ye can;
Els wyll I to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

I ſhall as nowe do more for you than longeth to womanhede;
To ſhorte my here, a bow to bere, to ſhote in tyme of nede:——
O my ſwete mother, before all other for you I have moſt drede:
But nowe, adue! I muſt enſue where fortune doth me lede.——
All this make ye: nowe let us fle; the day cometh faſt upon;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone,

A.

Nay, nay, nat ſo; ye ſhal nat go, and I ſhall tell you why,——
Your appetyght is to be lyght of love, I wele eſpy:

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For, lyke as ye have ſayed to me, in lyke wyſe hardely
Ye wolde anſwère, whoſoever it were, in way of company.
It is ſayd of olde,—ſome hote, ſome colde; and ſo is a woman:
For I muſt to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

Yf ye take hede, it is no nede ſuch wordes to ſay by me;
For oft ye prayed, and long aſſayed, or I you loved, pardè:
And though that I of auncèſtry a barons daughter be,
Yet have you proved howe I you loved, a ſquyer of lowe degre;
And ever ſhall, whatſo befall; to dye therefore anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

A barons chylde to be begylde! it were a curſed dede:
To be felàwe with an outlàwe! Almighty God forbede!
Yea, beter were, the pore ſquyère alone to foreſt yede,
Than ye ſholde ſay another day, that by my curſed dede

Ye

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Ye were betrayed: wherefore, good mayd, the beſt rede that I can,
Is, that I to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

Whatever befall, I never ſhall of this thyng you outbrayd:
But yf ye go, and leve me ſo, than have ye me betrayed.
Remember you wele howe that ye dele; for, yf ye be as ye ſayd,
Ye were unkynde, to lene behynde, your love, the notbrowne mayd.
Truſt me truly, that I ſhall dy ſone after ye be gone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

Yf that ye went, ye ſholde repent; for in the foreſt nowe
I have purvayed me of a mayd, whom I love more than you;
Another fayrere than ever ye were, I dare it wele avowe;
And of you bothe eche ſholde be wrothe with other, as I trowe:
It were myne eſe, to lyve in peſe; ſo wyll I, yf I can;
Wherfore I to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed man.

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B.

Though in the wode I undyrſtode ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remove my thought, but that I will be your:
And ſhe ſhall fynde me ſoft, and kynde, and courteys every hour;
Glad to fulfyll all that ſhe wyll commaunde me, to my power:
For had ye, lo, an hundred mo, yet wolde I be that one;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

Myne own dere love, I ſe the prove that ye be kynde, and true;
Of mayde, and wyfe, in all my lyfe, the beſt that ever I knewe,
Be mery and glad, be no more ſad, the caſe is chaunged newe;
For it were ruthe, that, for your truthe, ye ſholde have cauſe to rewe:
Be nat diſmayed; whatſoever I ſayed to you, whan I began,
I will nat to the grene wode go, I am no banyſhed man.

B. Theſe

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B.

Theſe tydings be more gladder to me than to be made a quene,
Yf I were ſure they ſholde endure: but it is often ſene,
Whan men wyll breke promyſe, they ſpeke the wordes on the ſplene:
Ye ſhape ſome wyle, me to begyle, and ſtele from me, I wene:
Than were the caſe worſe than it was, and I more wobegone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

Ye ſhall nat nede further to drede; I will not dyſparage
You (God defende!) ſyth you deſcend of ſo grete lynage.
Nowe underſtande,——to Weſtmarlande, which is myne herytage,
I wyll you bringe; and with a rynge, by way of maryage
I wyll you take, and lady make, as ſhortely as I can:
Thus have ye won an erlys ſon, and no banyſhed man.

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B.

Here may ye ſe, that women be, in love, meke, kynde, and ſtable:
Late never man reprove them than, ... ,
But, rather, pray God, that we may to them be comfortable,
Which ſometyme proved ſuch as he loved, yf they be charytable.
Forſoth, men wolde that women ſholde be meke to them eche one;
Moche more ought they to God obey, and ſerve but hym alone.

HENRY

HENRY AND EMMA.

A

POEM,

UPON THE MODEL OF THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

TO CLOE.

THOU, to whoſe eyes I bend, at whoſe command
(Though low my voice, though artleſs be my hand)
I take the ſprightly reed, and ſing, and play;
Careleſs of what the cenſuring world may ſay;
Bright Cloe, object of my conſtant vow,
Wilt thou a while unbend thy ſerious brow;
Wilt thou with pleaſure hear thy lover's ſtrains,
And with one heavenly ſmile o'erpay his pains?
No longer ſhall the Nut-brown Maid be old;
Though ſince her youth three hundred years have roll'd:
At thy deſire ſhe ſhall again be rais'd;
And her reviving charms in laſting verſe be prais'd.
No longer man of woman ſhall complain,
That he may love, and not be lov'd again:
That we in vain the fickle ſex purſue,
Who change the conſtant lover for the new.

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Whatever has been writ, whatever ſaid,
Of female paſſion feign'd, or faith decay'd:
Henceforth ſhall in my verſe refuted ſtand,
Be ſaid to winds, or writ upon the ſand.
And, while my notes to future times proclaim
Unconquer'd love, and ever-during flame;
O faireſt of the ſex be thou my Muſe:
Deign on thy work thy influence to diffuſe.
Let me partake the bleſſings I rehearſe,
And grant me, Love, the juſt reward of verſe!

As beauty's potent queen, with every grace
That once was Emma's, has adorn'd thy face;
And as her ſon has to my boſom dealt
That conſtant flame, which faithful Henry felt;
O let the ſtory with thy life agree:
Let men once more the bright example ſee;
What Emma was to him, be thou to me.
Nor ſend me by thy frown from her I love,
Diſtant and ſad, a baniſh'd man to rove.
But oh! with pity long-intreated crown
My pains and hopes; and when thou ſay'ſt that one
Of all mankind thou lov'ſt, oh! think on me alone.

Where beauteous Iſis and her huſband Tame
With mingled waves for ever flow the ſame,
In times of yore an antient baron liv'd;
Great gifts beſtow'd, and great reſpect receiv'd.

When dreadful Edward with ſucceſsful care
Led his free Britons to the Gallic war:

This

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This lord had headed his appointed bands,
In firm allegiance to his king's commands;
And (all due honours faithfully diſcharg'd)
Had brought back his paternal coat enlarg'd
With a new mark, the witneſs of his toil,
And no inglorious part of foreign ſpoil.

From the loud camp retir'd and noiſy court,
In honourable eaſe and rural ſport,
The remnant of his days he ſafely paſt;
Nor found they lagg'd too ſlow, nor flew too faſt.
He made his wiſh with his eſtate comply,
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

One child he had, a daughter chaſte and fair,
His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir.
They called her Emma; for the beauteous dame,
Who gave the Virgin birth, had borne the name;
The name th' indulgent father doubly lov'd;
For in the child the mother's charms improv'd.
Yet as, when little round his knees ſhe play'd,
He call'd her oft' in ſport his Nut-brown Maid,
The friends and tenants took the fondling word
(As ſtill they pleaſe, who imitate their lord);
Uſage confirm'd what Fancy had begun;
The mutual terms around the lands were known;
And Emma and the Nut-brown Maid were one.

As with her ſtature, ſtill her charms increas'd;
Through all the iſle her beauty was confeſs'd.
Oh! what perfection muſt that Virgin ſhare,
Who faireſt is eſteem'd, where all are fair!

From

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From distant shires repair the noble youth,
And find report for once had lessen'd truth.
By wonder first, and then by passion mov'd,
They came; they saw; they marvel'd; and they lov'd.
By public praises, and by secret sighs,
Each own'd the general power of Emma's eyes.
In tilts and tournaments the valiant strove,
By glorious deeds to purchase Emma's love.
In gentle verse the witty told their flame,
And grac'd their choicest songs with Emma's name.
In vain they combated, in vain they writ:
Useless their strength, and impotent their wit.
Great Venus only must direct the dart,
Which else will never reach the fair-one's heart,
Spight of th' attempts of force, and soft effects of art.
Great Venus must prefer the happy one:
In Henry's cause her favour must be shown:
And Emma, of mankind, must love but him alone.
While these in public to the castle came,
And by their grandeur justified their flame;
More secret ways the careful Henry takes;
His squires, his arms, and equipage forsakes:
In borrow'd name and false attire array'd,
Oft he finds means to see the beauteous maid.
When Emma hunts, in huntsman's habit dress't,
Henry on foot pursues the bounding beast.

In

In his right hand his beechen pole he bears;
And graceful at his ſide his horn he wears.
Still to the glade, where ſhe has bent her way,
With knowing ſkill he drives the future prey;
Bids her decline the hill, and ſhun the brake;
And ſhews the path her ſteed may ſafeſt take;
Directs her ſpear to fix the glorious wound;
Pleas'd in his toils to have her triumph crown'd;
And blows her praiſes in no common ſound.

A falconer Henry is, when Emma hawks:
With her of tarſels and of lures he talks.
Upon his wriſt the towering merlin ſtands,
Practis'd to riſe, and ſtoop at her commands.
And when ſuperior now the bird has flown,
And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down;
With humble reverence he accoſts the fair,
And with the honour'd feather decks her hair.
Yet ſtill, as from the ſportive field ſhe goes,
His down-caſt eye reveals his inward woes;
And by his look and ſorrow is expreſt,
A nobler game purſued than bird or beaſt.

A ſhepherd now along the plain he roves;
And, with his jolly pipe, delights the groves.
The neighbouring ſwains around the ſtranger throng,
Or to admire, or emulate his ſong:
While with ſoft ſorrow he renews his lays,
Nor heedful of their envy, nor their praiſe.
But, ſoon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,
His notes he raiſes to a nobler ſtrain,

With

With dutiful reſpect, and ſtudious fear;
Leſt any careleſs ſound offend her ear.
A frantic Gipſey now, the houſe he haunts,
And in wild phraſes ſpeaks diſſembled wants.
With the fond maids in palmiſtry he deals:
They tell the ſecret firſt, which he reveals;
Says who ſhall wed, and who ſhall be beguil'd;
What groom ſhall get, and 'ſquire maintain the child.
But, when bright Emma would her fortune know,
A ſofter look unbends his opening brow;
With trembling awe he gazes on her eye,
And in ſoft accents forms the kind reply;
That ſhe ſhall prove as fortunate as fair;
And Hymen's choiceſt gifts are all reſerv'd for her.
Now oft' had Henry chang'd his ſly diſguiſe,
Unmark'd by all but beauteous Emma's eyes;
Oft' had found means alone to ſee the dame,
And at her feet to breathe his amorous flame;
And oft' the pangs of abſence to remove
By letters, ſoft interpreters of love:
Till Time and Induſtry (the mighty two
That bring our wiſhes nearer to our view)
Made him perceive, that the inclining fair
Receiv'd his vows with no reluctant ear;
That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign,
And dealt to Emma's heart a ſhare of Henry's pain.
While Cupid ſmil'd, by kind occaſion bleſs'd,
And, with the ſecret kept, the love increas'd;
The amorous youth frequents the ſilent groves;
And much he meditates, for much he loves.

He

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He loves: 'tis true; and is beloved again:
Great are his joys: but will they long remain?
Emma with ſmiles receives his preſent flame;
But, ſmiling, will ſhe ever be the ſame?
Beautiful looks are rul'd by fickle minds;
And ſummer ſeas are turn'd by ſudden winds.
Another Love may gain her eaſy youth:
Time changes thought; and flattery conquers truth.
O impotent eſtate of human life!
Where Hope and Fear maintain eternal ſtrife!
Where fleeting joy does laſting doubt inſpire;
And moſt we queſtion, what we moſt deſire!
Amongſt thy various gifts, great Heaven, beſtow
Our cup of Love unmix'd; forbear to throw
Bitter ingredients in; nor pall the draught
With nauſeous grief: for our ill-judging thought
Hardly enjoys the pleaſurable taſte;
Or deems it not ſincere; or fears it cannot laſt.
With wiſhes rais'd, with jealouſies oppreſt,
(Alternate tyrants of the human breaſt)
By one great trial he reſolves to prove
The faith of woman, and the force of love.
If ſcanning Emma's virtues he may find
That beauteous frame incloſe a ſteady mind,
He 'll fix his hope, of future joy ſecure;
And live a ſlave to Hymen's happy power.
But if the fair-one, as he fears, is frail;
If, pois'd aright in reaſon's equal ſcale,
Light fly her merit, and her faults prevail;

His

His mind he vows to free from amorous care,
The latent miſchief from his heart to tear,
Reſume his azure arms, and ſhine again in war.
South of the caſtle in a verdant glade
A ſpreading beech extends her friendly ſhade:
Here oft the nymph his breathing vows had heard;
Here oft' her ſilence had her heart declar'd.
As active ſpring awak'd her infant buds,
And genial life inform'd the verdant woods;
Henry, in knots involving Emma's name,
Had half expreſs'd and half conceal'd his flame
Upon this tree: and, as the tender mark
Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark,
Venus had heard the virgin's ſoft addreſs,
That, as the wound, the paſſion might increaſe.
As potent Nature ſhed her kindly ſhowers,
And deck'd the various mead with opening flowers;
Upon this tree the Nymph's obliging care
Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair;
Which as with gay delight the lover found,
Pleas'd with his conqueſt, with her preſent crown'd,
Glorious through all the plains he oft had gone,
And to each ſwain the myſtic honour ſhown;
The gift ſtill prais'd, the giver ſtill unknown.
His ſecret note the troubled Henry writes;
To the known tree the lovely maid invites:
Imperfect words and dubious terms expreſs,
That unforeſeen miſchance diſturb'd his peace;

That

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That he muſt ſomething to her ear commend,
On which her conduct and his life depend.
Soon as the fair-one had the note receiv'd,
The remnant of the day alone ſhe griev'd:
For different this from every former note,
Which Venus dictated, and Henry wrote;
Which told her all his future hopes were laid
On the dear boſom of his Nut-brown maid;
Which always bleſs'd her eyes, and own'd her power;
And bid her oft adieu, yet added more.
Now night advanced. The houſe in ſleep were laid.
The nurſe experienc'd, and the prying maid;
At laſt that ſprite, which does inceſſant haunt
The lover's ſteps, the ancient Maiden-aunt.
To her dear Henry Emma wings her way,
With quicken'd pace repairing forc'd delay;
For Love, fantaſtic power, that is afraid
To ſtir abroad till watchfulneſs be laid,
Undaunted then o'er cliffs and vallies ſtrays,
And leads his votaries ſafe through pathleſs ways.
Not Argus with his hundred eyes ſhall find
Where Cupid goes: though he, poor guide! is blind.
The Maiden firſt arriving, ſent her eye
To aſk, if yet its chief delight were nigh:
With fear and with deſire, with joy and pain,
She ſees, and runs to meet him on the plain.
But oh! his ſteps proclaim no lover's haſte:
On the low ground his fix'd regards are caſt;
His artful boſom heaves diſſembled ſighs;
And tears ſubborn'd fall copious from his eyes.

With

With eaſe, alas! we credit what we love:
His painted grief does real ſorrow move
In the afflicted fair; adown her cheek
Trickling the genuine tears their current break;
Attentive ſtood the mournful Nymph: the man
Broke ſilence firſt: the tale alternate ran.

HENRY.

Sincere, O tell me, haſt thou felt a pain,
Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign?
Has thy uncertain boſom ever ſtrove
With the firſt tumult of a real love?
Haſt thou now dreaded, and now bleſt his ſway,
By turns averſe, and joyful to obey?
Thy virgin ſoftneſs haſt thou e'er bewail'd;
As Reaſon yielded, and as Love prevail'd?
And wept the potent God's reſiſtleſs dart,
His killing pleaſure, his ecſtatic ſmart,
And heavenly poiſon thrilling through thy heart?
If ſo, with pity view my wretched ſtate;
At leaſt deplore, and then forget my fate:
To ſome more happy Knight reſerve thy charms;
By Fortune favour'd, and ſucceſsful arms:
And only, as the ſun's revolving ray
Brings back each year this melancholy day,
Permit one ſigh, and ſet apart one tear,
To an abandon'd exile's endleſs care.
For me, alas! out-caſt of human race,
Love's anger only waits, and dire diſgrace;

For

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For lo! theſe hands in murther are imbrued;
Theſe trembling feet by Juſtice are purſued:
Fate calls aloud, and haſtens me away;
A ſhameful death attends my longer ſtay;
And I this night muſt fly from thee and love.
Condemn'd in lonely woods, a baniſh'd man, to rove.

EMMA.

What is our bliſs, that changeth with the moon;
And day of life, that darkens ere 'tis noon?
What is true paſſion, if unbleſt it dies?
And where is Emma's joy, if Henry flies?
If love, alas! be pain; the pain I bear
No thought can figure, and no tongue declare.
Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor falſe one feign'd,
The flames which long have in my boſom reign'd:
The God of Love himſelf inhabits there,
With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and care,
His complement of ſtores, and total war.
O! ceaſe then coldly to ſuſpect my love;
And let my deed at leaſt my faith approve.
Alas! no youth ſhall my endearments ſhare;
Nor day nor night ſhall interrupt my care;
No future ſtory ſhall with truth upbraid
The cold indifference of the Nut-brown Maid:
Nor to hard baniſhment ſhall Henry run;
While careleſs Emma ſleeps on beds of down.
View me reſolv'd, where-e'er thou leadſt, to go,
Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe;

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For I attest fair Venus and her son,
That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

HENRY.

Let Prudence yet obstruct thy venturous way;
And take good heed, what men will think and say:
That beauteous Emma vagrant courses took;
Her father's house and civil life forsook;
That, full of youthful blood, and fond of man,
She to the wood-land with an exile ran.
Reflect, that lessen'd fame is ne'er regain'd;
And virgin honour, once, is always stain'd:
Timely advis'd, the coming evil shun:
Better not do the deed, than weep it done.
No penance can absolve our guilty fame;
Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out shame.
Then fly the sad effects of desperate love;
And leave a banish'd man through lonely woods to rove.

EMMA.

Let Emma's hapless case be falsely told
By the rash young, or the ill-natur'd old:
Let every tongue its various censures chuse;
Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse:
Fair truth at last her radiant beams will raise;
And Malice vanquish'd heightens Virtue's praise.
Let then thy favour but indulge my flight;
O! let my presence make thy travels light;

And

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And potent Venus ſhall exalt my name,
Above the rumours of cenſorious Fame;
Nor from that buſy Demon's reſtleſs power
Will ever Emma other grace implore,
Than that this truth ſhould to the world be known,
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canſt thou wield the ſword, and bend the bow?
With active force repel the ſturdy foe?
When the loud tumult ſpeaks the battle nigh,
And winged deaths in whiſtling arrows fly;
Wilt thou, though wounded, yet undaunted ſtay,
Perform thy part, and ſhare the dangerous day?
Then, as thy ſtrength decays, thy heart will fail,
Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale;
With fruitleſs ſorrow, thou, inglorious maid,
Wilt weep thy ſafety by thy love betray'd:
Then to thy friend, by foes o'ercharg'd, deny
Thy little uſeleſs aid, and coward fly:
Then wilt thou curſe the chance that made thee love
A baniſh'd man, condemn'd in lonely woods to rove.

EMMA.

With fatal certainty Thaleſtris knew
To ſend the arrow from the twanging yew;
And, great in arms, and foremoſt in the war,
Bonduca brandiſh'd high the Britiſh ſpear.

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Could thirſt of vengeance and deſire of fame
Excite the female breaſt with martial flame?
And ſhall not Love's diviner power inſpire
More hardy virtue, and more generous fire?
Near thee, miſtruſt not, conſtant I 'll abide,
And fall, or vanquiſh, fighting by thy ſide.
Though my inferior ſtrength may not allow,
That I ſhould bear or draw the warrior bow;
With ready hand, I will the ſhaft ſupply,
And joy to ſee thy victor arrows fly.
Touch'd in the battle by the hoſtile reed,
Should'ſt thou (but Heaven avert it!) ſhould'ſt thou bleed;
To ſtop the wounds, my fineſt lawn I 'd tear,
Waſh them with tears, and wipe them with my hair;
Bleſt, when my dangers and my toils have ſhown.
That I, of all mankind, could love but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canſt thou, tender maid, canſt thou ſuſtain
Afflictive want, or hunger's preſſing pain?
Thoſe limbs, in lawn and ſofteſt ſilk array'd,
From ſun-beams guarded, and of winds afraid;
Can they bear angry Jove? can they reſiſt
The parching dog-ſtar, and the bleak north-eaſt?
When, chill'd by adverſe ſnows and beating rain,
We tread with weary ſteps the longſome plain;

When

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When with hard toil we ſeek our evening food,
Berries and acorns from the neighbouring wood;
And find among the cliffs no other houſe,
But the thin covert of ſome gather'd boughs;
Wilt thou not then reluctant ſend thine eye
Around the dreary waſte; and weeping try
(Though then, alas! that trial be too late)
To find thy father's hoſpitable gate,
And ſeats, where eaſe and plenty brooding ſate?
Thoſe ſeats, whence long excluded thou muſt mourn;
That gate, for ever barr'd to thy return:
Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,
And hate a baniſh'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove?

EMMA.

Thy riſe of fortune did I only wed,
From it's decline determin'd to recede;
Did I put purpoſe to embark with thee
On the ſmooth ſurface of a ſummer's ſea;
While gentle Zephyrs play in proſperous gales,
And Fortune's favour fills the ſwelling ſails;
But would forſake the ſhip, and make the ſhore,
When the winds whiſtle, and the tempeſts roar?
No, Henry, no: one ſacred oath has tied
Our loves; one deſtiny our life ſhall guide;
Nor wild nor deep our common way divide.
When from the cave thou riſeſt with the day,
To beat the woods, and rouſe the bounding prey;

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The cave with moſs and branches I 'll adorn,
And cheerful ſit, to wait my lord's return:
And, when thou frequent bring'ſt the ſmitten deer
(For ſeldom, archers ſay, thy arrows err),
I 'll fetch quick fuel from the neighbouring wood,
And ſtrike the ſparkling flint, and dreſs the food;
With humble duty and officious haſte,
I 'll cull the furtheſt mead for thy repaſt;
The choiceſt herbs I to thy board will bring,
And draw thy water from the freſheſt ſpring:
And, when at night with weary toil oppreſt,
Soft ſlumbers thou enjoy'ſt, and wholeſome reſt;
Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight prayer
Weary the Gods to keep thee in their care;
And joyous aſk, at morn's returning ray,
If thou haſt health, and I may bleſs the day.
My thoughts ſhall fix, my lateſt wiſh depend,
On thee, guide, guardian, kinſman, father, friend:
By all theſe ſacred names be Henry known
To Emma's heart; and grateful let him own,
That ſhe, of all mankind, could love but him alone!

HENRY.

Vainly thou tell'ſt me, what the woman's care
Shall in the wildneſs of the wood prepare:
Thou, ere thou goeſt, unhappieſt of thy kind,
Muſt leave the habit and the ſex behind.

No

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No longer ſhall thy comely treſſes break
In flowing ringlets on thy ſnowy neck;
Or ſit behind thy head, an ample round,
In graceful braids with various ribbon bound:
No longer ſhall the boddice aptly lac'd,
From thy full boſom to thy ſlender waiſt,
That air and harmony of ſhape expreſs,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully leſs:
Nor ſhall thy lower garments artful plait,
From thy fair ſide dependent to thy feet,
Arm their chaſte beauties with a modeſt pride,
And double every charm they ſeek to hide.
Th' ambroſial plenty of thy ſhining hair,
Cropt off and loſt, ſcarce lower than thy ear
Shall ſtand uncouth: a horſeman's coat ſhall hide
Thy taper ſhape, and comelineſs of ſide:
The ſhort trunk-hoſe ſhall ſhew thy foot and knee
Licentious, and to common eye-ſight free:
And, with a bolder ſtride and looſer air,
Mingled with men, a man thou muſt appear.
Nor ſolitude, nor gentle peace of mind,
Miſtaken maid, ſhalt thou in foreſts find:
'Tis long ſince Cynthia and her train were there:
Or guardian Gods made innocence their care.
Vagrants and out-laws ſhall offend thy view:
For ſuch muſt be my friends, a hideous crew.
By adverſe Fortune mix'd in ſocial ill,
Train'd to aſſault, and diſciplin'd to kill:

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Their common loves, a lewd abandon'd pack,
The beadle's laſh ſtill flagrant on their back:
By ſloth corrupted, by diſorder fed,
Made bold by want, and proſtitute for bread:
With ſuch muſt Emma hunt the tedious day,
Aſſiſt their violence, and divide their prey:
With ſuch ſhe muſt return at ſetting light,
Though not partaker, witneſs of their night.
Thy ear, inur'd to charitable ſounds
And pitying love, muſt feel the hateful wounds
Of jeſt obſcene and vulgar ribaldry,
The ill-bred queſtion, and the lewd reply;
Brought by long habitude from bad to worſe,
Muſt hear the frequent oath, the direful curſe,
That lateſt weapon of the wretches' war,
And blaſphemy, ſad comrade of deſpair.
Now, Emma, now the laſt reflection make,
What thou would'ſt follow, what thou muſt forſake:
By our ill-omen'd ſtars, and adverſe Heaven,
No middle object to thy choice is given,
Or yield thy virtue to attain thy love;
Or leave a baniſh'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove.

EMMA.

O grief of heart! that our unhappy fates
Force thee to ſuffer what thy honour hates:
Mix thee amongſt the bad; or make thee run
Too near the paths which Virtue bids thee ſhun.
Yet

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Yet with Henry ſtill let Emma go;
With him abhor the vice, but ſhare the woe:
And ſure my little heart can never err
Amidſt the worſt; if Henry ſtill be there.
Our outward act is prompted from within;
And from the ſinner's mind proceeds the ſin:
By her own choice free virtue is approv'd;
Nor by the force of outward objects mov'd.
Who has aſſay'd no danger, gains no praiſe.
In a ſmall iſle, amidſt the wideſt ſeas,
Triumphant conſtancy has fix'd her ſeat,
In vain the Syrens ſing, the tempeſts beat:
Their flattery ſhe rejects, nor fears their threat.
For thee alone theſe little charms I dreſt:
Condemn'd them, or abſolv'd them by thy teſt.
In comely figure rang'd my jewels ſhone;
Or negligently plac'd for thee alone:
For thee again they ſhall be laid aſide;
The woman, Henry, ſhall put off her pride
For thee: my cloaths, my ſex, exchang'd for thee,
Ill mingle with the people's wretched lee;
O line extreme of human infamy!
Wanting the ſciſſars, with theſe hands I'll tear
(If that obſtructs my flight) this load of hair.
Black ſoot, or yellow walnut, ſhall diſgrace
This little red and white of Emma's face.
Theſe nails with ſcratches ſhall deform my breaſt,
Leſt by my look or colour be expreſs'd
The mark of aught high-born, or ever better dreſs'd.

Yet

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Yet in this commerce, under this diſguiſe,
Let me be grateful ſtill to Henry's eyes;
Loſt to the world, let me to him be known:
My fate I can abſolve, if he ſhall own,
That, leaving all mankind, I love but him alone.

HENRY.

O wildeſt thought of an abandon'd mind!
Name, habit, parents, woman, left behind,
Ev'n honour dubious, thou preferr'ſt to go
Wild to the woods with me: ſaid Emma ſo?
Or did I dream what Emma never ſaid?
O guilty error! and O wretched maid!
Whoſe roving fancy would reſolve the ſame
With him, who next ſhould tempt her eaſy fame;
And blow with empty words the ſuſceptible flame.
Now why ſhould doubtful terms thy mind perplex?
Confeſs thy frailty, and avow the ſex:
No longer looſe deſire for conſtant love
Miſtake; but ſay, 'tis man with whom thou long'ſt to rove.

EMMA.

Are there not poiſons, racks, and flames, and ſwords;
That Emma thus muſt die by Henry's words?
Yet what could ſwords or poiſon, racks or flame,
But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame!
More fatal Henry's words; they murder Emma's fame.

And

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And fall theſe ſayings from that gentle tongue,
Where civil ſpeech and ſoft perſuaſion hung;
Whoſe artful ſweetneſs and harmonious ſtrain,
Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain,
Call'd ſighs, and tears, and wiſhes, to its aid;
And, whilſt it Henry's glowing flame convey'd,
Still blam'd the coldneſs of the Nut-brown maid?
Let envious jealouſy and canker'd ſpite
Produce my actions to ſevereſt light,
And tax my open day, or ſecret night.
Did e'er my tongue ſpeak my unguarded heart
The leaſt inclin'd to play the wanton's part?
Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal,
Which angels might not hear, and virgins tell?
And haſt thou, Henry, in my conduct known
One fault, but that which I muſt never own,
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone?

HENRY.

Vainly thou talk'ſt of loving me alone:
Each man is man; and all our ſex is one.
Falſe are our words, and fickle is our mind:
Nor in love's ritual can we ever find
Vows made to laſt, or promiſes to bind.
By nature prompted, and for empire made,
Alike by ſtrength or cunning we invade:
When arm'd with rage we march againſt the foe,
We lift the battle-ax, and draw the bow:
When, fir'd with paſſion, we attack the fair,
Deluſive ſighs and brittle vows we bear;

Our

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Our falſhood and our arms have equal uſe;
As they our conqueſt or delight produce.
The fooliſh heart thou gav'ſt, again receive,
The only boon departing love can give.
To be leſs wretch'd, be no longer true;
What ſtrives to fly thee, why ſhould'ſt thou purſue?
Forget the preſent flame, indulge a new;
Single the loveliеſt of the amorous youth;
Aſk for his vow; but hope not for his truth.
The next man (and the next thou ſhalt believe)
Will pawn his gods, intending to deceive;
Will kneel, implore, perſiſt, o'ercome, and leave.
Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrows right;
Be wiſe and falſe, ſhun trouble, ſeek delight;
Change thou the firſt, nor wait thy lover's flight.
Why ſhould'ſt thou weep? let nature judge our caſe;
I ſaw thee young and fair; purſued the chaſe
Of youth and beauty: I another ſaw
Fairer and younger: yielding to the law
Of our all-ruling mother, I purſued
More youth, more beauty: bleſt viciſſitude!
My active heart ſtill keeps its priſtine flame;
The object alter'd, the deſire the ſame.
This younger fairer pleads her rightful charms;
With preſent power compels me to her arms.
And much I fear, from my ſubjected mind
(If beauty's force to conſtant love can bind),
That years may roll, ere in her turn the maid
Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd;

And

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And weeping follow me, as thou doſt now,
With idle clamours of a broken vow.
Nor can the wildneſs of thy wiſhes err
So wide, to hope that thou may'ſt live with her.
Love, well thou know'ſt, no partnerſhip allows:
Cupid averſe rejects divided vows:
Then from thy fooliſh heart, vain maid, remove
An uſeleſs ſorrow, and an ill-ſtarr'd love;
And leave me, with the fair, at large in woods to rove.

EMMA.

Are we in life through one great error led?
Is each man perjur'd, and each nymph betray'd?
Of the ſuperior ſex art thou the worſt?
Am I of mine the moſt compleatly curſt?
Yet let me go with thee; and going prove,
From what I will endure, how much I love.
This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
This happy object of our different care,
Her let me follow; her let me attend
A ſervant (ſhe may ſcorn the name of friend).
What ſhe demands, inceſſant I'll prepare:
I'll weave her garlands; and I'll plait her hair:
My buſy diligence ſhall deck her board
(For there at leaſt I may approach my lord);
And, when her Henry's ſofter hours adviſe
His ſervant's abſence, with dejected eyes
Far I'll recede, and ſighs forbid to riſe.

Yet,

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Yet, when increaſing grief brings ſlow diſeaſe;
And ebbing life, on terms ſevere as theſe,
Will have its little lamp no longer fed;
When Henry's miſtreſs ſhews him Emma dead;
Reſcue my poor remains from vile neglect:
With virgin honours let my hearſe be deckt,
And decent emblem; and at leaſt perſuade
This happy nymph, that Emma may be laid
Where thou, dear author of my death, where ſhe,
With frequent eye my ſepulchre may ſee.
The nymph amidſt her joys may haply breathe
One pious ſigh, reflecting on my death,
And the ſad fate which ſhe may one day prove,
Who hopes from Henry's vows eternal love.
And thou forſworn, thou cruel, as thou art,
If Emma's image ever touch'd thy heart;
Thou ſure muſt give one thought, and drop one tear
To her, whom love abandon'd to deſpair;
To her, who, dying, on the wounded ſtone
Bid it in laſting characters be known,
That, of mankind, ſhe lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

Hear, ſolemn Jove; and conſcious Venus, hear;
And thou, bright maid, believe me whilſt I ſwear;
No time, no change, no future flame, ſhall move
The well-plac'd baſis of my laſting love.
O powerful virtue! O victorious fair!
At leaſt excuſe a trial too ſevere:
Receive the triumph, and forget the war.

No

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No baniſh'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove,
Intreats thy pardon, and implores thy love:
No perjur'd knight deſires to quit thy arms,
Faireſt collection of thy ſex's charms,
Crown of my love, and honour of my youth!
Henry, thy Henry, with eternal truth,
As thou may'ſt wiſh, ſhall all his life employ,
And found his glory in his Emma's joy.

In me behold the potent Edgar's heir,
Illuſtrious earl: him terrible in war
Let Loyre confeſs, for ſhe has felt his ſword,
And trembling fled before the Britiſh lord.
Him great in peace and wealth fair Deva knows;
For ſhe amidſt his ſpacious meadows flows;
Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands;
And ſees his numerous herd imprint her ſands.

And thou, my fair, my dove, ſhalt raiſe thy thought
To greatneſs next to empire; ſhall be brought
With ſolemn pomp to my paternal ſeat;
Where peace and plenty on thy word ſhall wait.
Muſic and ſong ſhall wake the marriage-day:
And, whilſt the prieſts accuſe the bride's delay,
Myrtles and roſes ſhall obſtruct her way.

Friendſhip ſhall ſtill thy evening feaſts adorn;
And blooming peace ſhall ever bleſs thy morn.
Succeeding years their happy race ſhall run,
And age unheeded by delight come on;
While yet ſuperior love ſhall mock his power:
And when old Time ſhall turn the fated hour,

Which

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Which only can our well-tied knot unfold;
What reſts of both, one ſepulchre ſhall hold.
Hence then for ever from my Emma's breaſt
(That heaven of ſoftneſs, and that ſeat of reſt)
Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move
Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love,
Scatter'd by winds recede, and wild in foreſts rove.

EMMA.

O day the faireſt ſure that ever roſe!
Period and end of anxious Emma's woes!
Sire of her joy, and ſource of her delight;
O! wing'd with pleaſure take thy happy flight,
And give each future morn a tincture of thy white.
Yet tell thy votary, potent Queen of love,
Henry, my Henry, will he never rove?
Will he be ever kind, and juſt, and good?
And is there yet no miſtreſs in the wood?
None, none there is; the thought was raſh and vain;
A falſe idea, and a fancy'd pain.
Doubt ſhall for ever quit my ſtrengthen'd heart,
And anxious jealouſy's corroding ſmart;
Nor other inmate ſhall inhabit there,
But ſoft Belief, young Joy, and pleaſing Care:
Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow,
And fortune's various gale unheeded blow.
If at my feet the ſuppliant goddeſs ſtands,
And ſheds her treaſure with unweary'd hands;
Her preſent favour cautious I'll embrace,
And not unthankful uſe the proffer'd grace:

If

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If ſhe reclaims the temporary boon,
And tries her pinions, fluttering to be gone;
Secure of mind, I'll obviate her intent,
And unconcern'd return the goods ſhe lent.
Nor happineſs can I, nor miſery feel,
From any turn of her fantaſtic wheel:
Friendſhip's great laws, and love's ſuperior powers,
Muſt mark the colour of my future hours.
From the events which thy commands create
I muſt my bleſſings or my ſorrows date;
And Henry's will muſt dictate Emma's fate.

Yet while with cloſe delight and inward pride
(Which from the world my careful ſoul ſhall hide)
I ſee thee, lord and end of my deſire,
Exalted high as virtue can require;
With power inveſted, and with pleaſure chear'd;
Sought by the good, by the oppreſſor fear'd;
Loaded and bleſt with all the affluent ſtore,
Which human vows at ſmoaking ſhrines implore;
Grateful and humble grant me to employ
My life ſubſervient only to thy joy;
And at my death to bleſs thy kindneſs ſhown
To her, who of mankind could love but thee alone.

While thus the conſtant pair alternate ſaid,
Joyful above them and around them play'd
Angels and ſportive loves, a numerous crowd;
Smiling they clapt their wings, and low they bow'd:
They tumbled all their little quivers o'er,
To chuſe propitious ſhafts, a precious ſtore;

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That, when their God ſhould take his future darts,
To ſtrike (however rarely) conſtant hearts,
His happy ſkill might proper arms employ,
All tipt with pleaſure, and all wing'd with joy:
And thoſe, they vow'd, whoſe lives ſhould imitate
Theſe lovers' conſtancy, ſhould ſhare their fate.

The Queen of Beauty ſtopt her bridled doves;
Approv'd the little labour of the Loves;
Was proud and pleas'd the mutual vow to hear;
And to the triumph call'd the God of war:
Soon as ſhe calls, the God is always near.

Now, Mars, ſhe ſaid, let Fame exalt her voice:
Nor let thy conqueſts only be her choice:
But, when ſhe ſings great Edward from the field
Return'd, the hoſtile ſpear and captive ſhield
In Concord's temple hung, and Gallia taught to yield:
And when, as prudent Saturn ſhall compleat
The years deſign'd to perfect Britain's ſtate,
The ſwift-wing'd power ſhall take her trump again,
To ſing her favourite Anna's wondrous reign;
To recollect unweary'd Marlborough's toils,
Old Rufus' hall unequal to his ſpoils;
The Britiſh ſoldier from his high command
Glorious, and Gaul thrice vanquiſh'd by his hand:
Let her at leaſt perform what I deſire;
With ſecond breath the vocal braſs inſpire;
And tell the nations, in no vulgar ſtrain,
What wars I manage, and what wreaths I gain.

And,

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And, when thy tumults and thy fights are paſt;
And when thy laurels at my feet are caſt;
Faithful may'ſt thou, like Britiſh Henry, prove:
And, Emma-like, let me return thy love.
Renown'd for truth, let all thy ſons appear;
And conſtant Beauty ſhall reward their care.
Mars ſmil'd, and bow'd: the Cyprian deity
Turn'd to the glorious ruler of the ſky;
And thou, ſhe ſmiling ſaid, great God of days
And verſe, behold my deed, and ſing my praiſe,
As on the Britiſh earth, my favourite iſle,
Thy gentle rays and kindeſt influence ſmile,
Through all her laughing fields and verdant groves,
Proclaim with joy theſe memorable loves.
From every annual courſe let one great day
To celebrated ſports and floral play
Be ſet aſide; and, in the ſofteſt lays
Of thy poetic ſons, be ſolemn praiſe
And everlaſting marks of honour paid,
To the true Lover, and the Nut-brown maid

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A N

O D E

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO

THE QUEEN,

ON THE

GLORIOUS SUCCESS

OF

HER MAJESTY'S ARMS. MDCCVI.

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF SPENSER'S STYLE.

" Te non paventis funera Galliæ,
" Duræque tellus audit Iberiæ :
" Te cæde gaudentes Sicambri
" Compositis venerantur armis." Hor.

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PREFACE.

WHEN I firſt thought of writing upon this occaſion, I found the ideas ſo great and numerous, that I judged them more proper for the warmth of an Ode, than for any other ſort of poetry: I therefore ſet Horace before me for a pattern, and particularly his famous ode, the fourth of the fourth book,

"Qualem miniſtrum fulminis alitem, &c."

which he wrote in praiſe of Druſus after his expedition into Germany, and of Auguſtus upon his happy choice of that general. And in the following poem, though I have endeavoured to imitate all the great ſtrokes of that ode, I have taken the liberty to go off from it, and to add variouſly, as the ſubject and my own imagination carried me. As to the ſtyle, the choice I made of following the ode in Latin determined me in Engliſh to the ſtanza; and herein it was impoſſible not to have a mind to follow our great countryman Spenſer; which I have done (as well at leaſt as I could) in

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the manner of my expreſſion, and the turn of my number: having only added one verſe to his ſtanza, which I thought made the number more harmonious; and avoided ſuch of his words as I found too obſolete. I have, however, retained ſome few of them, to make the colouring look more like Spenſer's. *Lehcſt*, command; *band*, army; *prowes*, ſtrength; I *weet*, I know; I *ween*, I think; *whilom*, heretofore; and two or three more of that kind, which I hope the ladies will pardon me, and not judge my Muſe leſs handſome, though for once ſhe appears in a farthingale. I have alſo, in Spenſer's manner, uſed *Cæſar* for the emperor, *Boya* for Bavaria, *Bavar* for that prince, *Iſter* for Danube, *Iberia* for Spain, &c.

That noble part of the Ode which I juſt now mentioned,

" Gens, quæ cremato fortis ab Ilio
" Jacta Tuſcis æquoribus, &c."

where Horace praiſes the Romans as being deſcended from Æneas, I have turned to the honour of the Britiſh nation, deſcended from Brute, likewiſe a Trojan. That this Brute, fourth or fifth from Æneas, ſettled in England, and built London, which is called Troja Nova, or Troynovante, is a ſtory which (I think) owes its original, if not to Geoffry of Monmouth, at leaſt to the Monkiſh writers;

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writers; yet it is not rejected by our great Camden; and is told by Milton, as if (at leaſt) he was pleaſed with it, though poſſibly he does not believe it: however it carries a poetical authority, which is ſufficient for our purpoſe. It is as certain that Brute came into England, as that Æneas went into Italy; and upon the ſuppoſition of theſe facts, Virgil wrote the beſt poem that the world ever read, and Spenſer paid queen Elizabeth the greateſt compliment.

I need not obviate one piece of criticiſm, that I bring my hero

"From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood:"

whereas he was not born, when that city was deſtroyed. Virgil, in the caſe of his own Æneas relating to Dido, will ſtand as a ſufficient proof, that a man in his poetical capacity is not accountable for a little fault in chronology.

My two great examples, Horace and Spenſer, in many things reſemble each other: both have a height of imagination, and a majeſty of expreſſion in deſcribing the ſublime; and both know to temper thoſe talents, and ſweeten the deſcription, ſo as to make it lovely as well as pompous: both have equally that agreeable manner of mixing morality with their ſtory, and that Curioſa Felicitas in the choice of their diction, which every writer aims at, and ſo very few have reached: both are particularly

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particularly fine in their images, and knowing in their numbers. Leaving therefore our two maſters to the conſideration and ſtudy of thoſe who deſign to excel in poetry, I only beg leave to add, that it is long ſince I have (or at leaſt ought to have) quitted Parnaſſus, and all the flowery roads on that ſide the country; though I thought myſelf indiſpenſably obliged, upon the preſent occaſion, to take a little journey in thoſe parts.

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AN

ODE.

I.

WHEN great Auguſtus govern'd ancient Rome,
And ſent his conquering bands to foreign wars;
Abroad when dreaded, and belov'd at home,
He ſaw his fame increaſing with his years;
Horace, great bard! (ſo Fate ordain'd) aroſe,
And, bold as were his countrymen in fight,
Snatch'd their fair actions from degrading proſe,
And ſet their battles in eternal light:
High as their trumpets tune his lyre he ſtrung,
And with his prince's arms he moraliz'd his ſong.

II.

When bright Eliza rul'd Britannia's ſtate,
Widely diſtributing her high commands,
And boldly wiſe, and fortunately great,
Freed the glad nations from tyrannic bands;

An

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An equal genius was in Spenſer found;
To the high theme he match'd his noble lays:
He travell'd England o'er on fairy ground,
In myſtic notes to ſing his monarch's praiſe:
Reciting wondrous truths in pleaſing dreams,
He deck'd Eliza's head with Gloriana's beams.

III.

But, greateſt Anna! while thy arms purſue
Paths of renown, and climb aſcents of fame,
Which nor Auguſtus, nor Eliza knew;
What poet ſhall be found to ſing thy name?
What numbers ſhall record, what tongue ſhall ſay,
Thy wars on land, thy triumphs on the main?
O faireſt model of imperial ſway!
What equal pen ſhall write thy wondrous reign?
Who ſhall attempts and feats of arms rehearſe,
Not yet by ſtory told, nor parallel'd by verſe?

IV.

Me all too mean for ſuch a taſk I weet:
Yet, if the Sovereign Lady deigns to ſmile,
I'll follow Horace with impetuous heat,
And cloath the verſe in Spenſer's native ſtyle.
By theſe examples rightly taught to ſing,
And ſmit with pleaſure of my country's praiſe,
Stretching the plumes of an uncommon wing,
High as Olympus I my flight will raiſe;

And

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And lateſt times ſhall in my numbers read
Anna's immortal fame, and Marlborough's hardy deed.

V.

As the ſtrong eagle in the ſilent wood,
Mindleſs of warlike rage and hoſtile care,
Plays round the rocky cliff or cryſtal flood,
Till by Jove's high beheſts call'd out to war,
And charg'd with thunder of his angry king,
His boſom with the vengeful meſſage glows;
Upward the noble bird directs his wing,
And, towering round his maſter's earth-born foes,
Swift he collects his fatal ſtock of ire,
Lifts his fierce talon high, and darts the forked fire:

VI.

Sedate and calm thus victor Marlborough ſate,
Shaded with laurels, in his native land,
Till Anna calls him from his ſoft retreat,
And gives her ſecond thunder to his hand.
Then, leaving ſweet repoſe and gentle eaſe,
With ardent ſpeed he ſeeks the diſtant foe;
Marching o'er hills and vales, o'er rocks and ſeas,
He meditates, and ſtrikes the wondrous blow.
Our thought flies ſlower than our General's fame:
Graſps he the bolt? we aſk—when he has hurl'd the flame.

VII. When

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VII.

When fierce Bavar on Judoign's ſpacious plain
Did from afar the Britiſh chief behold,
Betwixt deſpair, and rage, and hope, and pain,
Something within his warring boſom roll'd:
He views that favourite of indulgent fame,
Whom whilom he had met on Iſter's ſhore;
Too well, alas! the man he knows the ſame,
Whoſe proweſs there repell'd the Boyan power,
And ſent them trembling through the frighted lands,
Swift as the whirlwind drives Arabia's ſcatter'd ſands.

VIII.

His former loſſes he forgets to grieve;
Abſolves his fate, if with a kinder ray
It now would ſhine, and only give him leave
To balance the account of Blenheim's day.
So the fell lion in the lonely glade,
His ſide ſtill ſmarting with the hunter's ſpear,
Though deeply wounded, no-way yet diſmay'd,
Roars terrible, and meditates new war;
In ſullen fury traverſes the plain,
To find the venturous foe, and battle him again.

IX.

Miſguided prince, no longer urge thy fate,
Nor tempt the hero to unequal war;
Fam'd in misfortune, and in ruin great,
Confeſs the force of Marlborough's ſtronger ſtar.

Thoſe

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Thoſe laurel groves (the merits of thy youth),
Which thou from * Mahomet didſt greatly gain,
While, bold aſſertor of reſiſtleſs truth,
Thy ſword did godlike liberty maintain,
Muſt from thy brow their falling honours ſhed,
And their tranſplanted wreaths muſt deck a worthier head.

X.

Yet ceaſe the ways of Providence to blame,
And human faults with human grief confeſs,
'Tis thou art chang'd, while Heaven is ſtill the ſame;
From thy ill councils date thy ill ſucceſs.
Impartial Juſtice holds her equal ſcales,
Till ſtronger Virtue does the weight incline:
If over thee thy glorious foe prevails,
He now defends the cauſe that once was thine.
Righteous the war, the champion ſhall ſubdue;
For Jove's great handmaid Power muſt Jove's decrees purſue.

* The Elector of Bavaria had formerly acquired great reputation by the ſucceſs of his arms againſt the Turks, particularly in obliging them to raiſe the ſiege of Vienna, after it had continued 59 days, in September 1683, with the loſs of ſeventy-five thouſand men and their baggage.

XI. Hark!

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XI.

Hark! the dire trumpets ſound their ſhrill alarms!
Auverquerque, † branch'd from the renown'd Naſſaus,
Hoary in war, and bent beneath his arms,
His glorious ſword with dauntleſs courage draws.
When anxious Britain mourn'd her parting lord,
And all of William that was mortal died;
The faithful hero had receiv'd his ſword
From his expiring maſter's much-lov'd ſide.
Oft' from its fatal ire has Louis flown,
Where'er great William led, or Maeſe and Sambre run.

XII.

But brandiſh'd high, in an ill-omen'd hour
To thee, proud Gaul, behold thy juſteſt fear,
The maſter ſword, diſpoſer of thy power:
'Tis that which Cæſar gave the Britiſh peer.
He took the gift: nor ever will I ſheathe
This ſteel (ſo Anna's high beheſts ordain),
The General ſaid, unleſs by glorious death
Abſolv'd, till conqueſt has confirm'd your reign.
Returns like theſe our miſtreſs bids us make,
When from a foreign prince a gift her Britons take.

† Monſieur Auverquerque who, in the year 1704, and the ſucceeding campaigns, was appointed to the command of the Dutch forces. He was in great favour with King William, and preſent at his death.

XIII. An

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XIII.

And now fierce Gallia ruſhes on her foes,
Her force augmented by the Boyan bands;
So Volga's ſtream, increas'd by mountain ſnows,
Rolls with new fury down through Ruſſia's lands.
Like two great rocks againſt the raging tide
(If Virtue's force with Nature's we compare),
Unmov'd the two united chiefs abide,
Suſtain the impulſe, and receive the war.
Round their firm ſides in vain the tempeſt beats;
And ſtill the foaming wave with leſſen'd power retreats.

XIV.

The rage diſpers'd, the glorious pair advance,
With mingled anger and collected might,
To turn the war, and tell aggreſſing France,
How Britain's ſons and Britain's friends can fight.
On conqueſt fix'd, and covetous of fame,
Behold them ruſhing through the Gallic hoſt:
Through ſtanding corn ſo runs the ſudden flame,
Or eaſtern winds along Sicilia's coaſt.
They deal their terrors to the adverſe nation:
Pale death attends their arms, and ghaſtly deſolation.

XV.

But whilſt with fierceſt ire Bellona glows;
And Europe rather hopes than fears her fate;
While Britain preſſes her afflicted foes;
What horror damps the ſtrong, and quells the great!

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Whence look the ſoldier's cheeks diſmay'd and pale?
Erſt ever dreadful, know they now to dread?
The hoſtile troops, I ween, almoſt prevail;
And the purſuers only not recede.
Alas! their leſſen'd rage proclaims their grief!
For, anxious, lo! they croud around their falling chief.

XVI.

I thank thee, Fate, exclaims the fierce Bavar;
Let Boya's trumpet grateful Iö's ſound:
I ſaw him fall, their thunderbolt of war:—
Ever to vengeance ſacred be the ground.—
Vain wiſh! ſhort joy! the hero mounts again
In greater glory, and with fuller light:
The evening-ſtar ſo falls into the main,
To riſe at morn more prevalently bright.
He riſes ſafe, * but near, too near his ſide,
A good man's grievous loſs, a faithful ſervant died.

XVII.

Propitious Mars! the battle is regain'd:
The foe with leſſen'd wrath diſputes the field:
The Briton fights, by favouring gods ſuſtain'd:
Freedom muſt live; and lawleſs power muſt yield.

* At the battle of Ramillies the Duke of Marlborough was twice in the moſt imminent danger; once by a fall from his horſe, and a ſecond time by a cannon ſhot that took off the head of Colonel Bringfield as he was holding the ſtirrup for his Grace to remount.

Vain

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Vain now the tales which fabling poets tell,
That wavering Conqueſt ſtill deſires to rove!
In Marlborough's camp the goddeſs knows to dwell:
Long as the hero's life remains her love.
Again France flies, again the duke purſues,
And on Ramilia's plains he Blenheim's fame renews.

XVIII.

Great thanks, O captain great in arms! receive
From thy triumphant country's public voice;
Thy country greater thanks can only give
To Anne, to her who made thoſe arms her choice.
Recording Schellenberg's * and Blenheim's toils,
We dreaded leſt thou ſhould'ſt thoſe toils repeat:
We view'd the palace charg'd with Gallic ſpoils,
And in thoſe ſpoils we thought thy praiſe compleat.
For never Greek we deem'd, nor Roman knight,
In characters like theſe did e'er his acts indite.

XIX.

Yet, mindleſs ſtill of eaſe, thy virtue flies
A pitch to old and modern times unknown:
Thoſe goodly deeds which we ſo highly prize
Imperfect ſeem, great chief, to thee alone.
Thoſe heights, where William's virtue might have ſtaid,
And on the ſubject world look'd ſafely down,
By Marlborough paſs'd, the props and ſteps were made,
Sublimer yet to raiſe his queen's renown:

* Where the Duke of Marlborough gained a complete victory over 16000 Bavarians in July 1704.

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Still gaining more, ſtill ſlighting what he gain'd,
Nought done the hero deem'd, while aught undone
remain'd.

XX.

When ſwift-wing'd rumour told the mighty Gaul,
How leſſen'd from the field Bavar was fled;
He wept the ſwiftneſs of the champion's fall;
And thus the royal treaty-breaker ſaid:
And lives he yet, the great, the loſt Bavar,
Ruin to Gallia in the name of friend?
Tell me, how far has fortune been ſevere?
Has the foe's glory, or our grief, an end?
Remains there of the fifty thouſand loſt,
To ſave our threaten'd realm, or guard our ſhatter'd
coaſt.

XXI.

To the cloſe rock the frighten'd raven flies,
Soon as the riſing eagle cuts the air:
The ſhaggy wolf unſeen and trembling lies,
When the hoarſe roar proclaims the lion near.
Ill-ſtarr'd did we our forts and lines forſake,
To dare our Britiſh foes to open fight:
Our conqueſt we by ſtratagem ſhould make:
Our triumph had been founded in our flight.
'Tis ours, by craft and by ſurprize to gain:
'Tis theirs, to meet in arms, and battle in the plain.

XXII.

The ancient father of this hoſtile brood,
Their boaſted Brute, undaunted ſnatch'd his gods
From

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From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood,
And fix'd on ſilver Thames his dire abodes:
And this be Troynovante, he ſaid, the ſeat
By Heaven ordain'd, my ſons, your laſting place:
Superior here to all the bolts of fate
Live, mindful of the author of your race,
Whom neither Greece, nor war, nor want, nor flame,
Nor great Peleides' arm, nor Juno's rage could tame.

XXIII.

Their Tudor's hence, and Stuart's offspring flow:
Hence Edward, dreadful with his ſable ſhield,
Talbot to Gallia's power eternal foe,
And Seymour, fam'd in council or in field:
Hence Nevil, great to ſettle or dethrone,
And Drake and Ca'ndiſh, terrors of the ſea:
Hence Butler's ſons, o'er land and ocean known,
Herbert's and Churchill's warring progeny:
Hence the long roll which Gallia ſhould conceal:
For, oh! who vanquiſh'd, loves the victor's fame to tell?

XXV.

Envy'd Britannia, ſturdy as the oak,
Which on her mountain-top ſhe proudly bears,
Eludes the ax, and ſprouts againſt the ſtroke;
Strong from her wounds, and greater by her wars.
And as thoſe teeth, which Cadmus ſow'd in earth,
Produc'd new youth, and furniſh'd freſh ſupplies:
So with young vigour, and ſucceeding birth,
Her loſſes more than recompens'd ariſe;

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And every age ſhe with a race is crown'd,
For letters more polite, in battles more renown'd.

XXV.

Obſtinate power, whom nothing can repel;
Not the fierce Saxon, nor the cruel Dane,
Nor deep impreſſion of the Norman ſteel,
Nor Europe's force amaſs'd by envious Spain.
Nor France on univerſal ſway intent,
Oft' breaking leagues, and oft renewing wars;
Nor (frequent bane of weaken'd government)
Their own inteſtine feuds and mutual jars:
Thoſe feuds and jars, in which I truſted more,
Than in my troops, and fleets, and all the Gallic power.

XXVI.

To fruitful Rheims, or fair Lutetia's gate,
What tidings ſhall the meſſenger convey?
Shall the loud herald our ſucceſs relate,
Or mitred prieſt appoint the ſolemn day?
Alas! my praiſes they no more muſt ſing;
They to my ſtatue now muſt bow no more:
Broken, repuls'd is their immortal king:
Fallen, fallen for ever, is the Gallic power.---
The woman chief is maſter of the war:
Earth, ſhe has freed by arms, and vanquiſh'd Heaven by prayer.

XXVII.

While thus the ruin'd foe's deſpair commends
Thy council and thy deed victorious queen,

What

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What ſhall thy ſubjects ſay, and what thy friends?
How ſhall thy triumphs in our joy be ſeen?
Oh! deign to let the eldeſt of the nine
Recite Britannia great, and Gallia free:
Oh! with her ſiſter ſculpture let her join
To raiſe great Anne, the monument to thee;
To thee, of all our good the ſacred ſpring;
To thee, our deareſt dread; to thee, our ſofter king.

XXVIII.

Let Europe ſav'd the column high erect,
Than Trajan's higher, or than Antonine's;
Where ſembling art may carve the fair effect
And full atchievment of thy great deſigns.
In a calm Heaven, and a ſerener air,
Sublime the queen ſhall on the ſummit ſtand,
From danger far, as far remov'd from fear,
And pointing down to earth her dread command.
All winds, all ſtorms, that threaten human woe,
Shall ſink beneath her feet, and ſpread their rage below.

XXIX.

Their fleets ſhall ſtrive, by winds and waters toſt,
Till the young Auſtrian on Iberia's ſtrand,
Great as Æneas on the Latian coaſt,
Shall fix his foot: and this, be this the land,
Great Jove, where I forever will remain,
(The empire's other hope ſhall ſay) and here
Vanquiſh'd, intomb'd I'll lie; or, crown'd, I'll reign---
O virtue to thy Britiſh mother dear!

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Like the fam'd Trojan ſuffer and abide;
For Anne is thine, I ween, as Venus was his guide.

XXX.

There, in eternal characters engrav'd,
Vigo,* and Gibraltar, and Barcelone.
Their force deſtroy'd, their privileges ſav'd,
Shall Anna's terrors and her mercies own:
Spain, from th' uſurper Bourbon's arms retriev'd,
Shall with new life and grateful joy appear,
Numbering the wonders which that youth atchiev'd,
Whom Anna clad in arms and ſent to war;
Whom Anna ſent to claim Iberia's throne;
And made him more than king, in calling him her ſon.

XXXI.

There Iſther, pleas'd by Blenheim's glorious field,
Rolling ſhall bid his eaſtern waves declare
Germania ſav'd by Britain's ample ſhield,
And bleeding Gaul afflicted by her ſpear;
Shall bid them mention Marlborough on that ſhore,
Leading his iſlanders, renown'd in arms,
Through climes, where never Britiſh chief before
Or pitch'd his camp, or ſounded his alarms;

* Vigo was ſurprized by the Duke of Ormond and Sir George Rooke, and the galleons taken and deſtroyed in the year 1702; Gibraltar by Sir George Rooke in 1704; and Barcelona by the Prince of Heſſe and the Earl of Peterborough in 1705.

Shall

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Shall bid them bleſs the queen, who made his ſtreams,
Glorious as thoſe of Boyne, and ſafe as thoſe of Thames.

XXXII.

Brabantia, clad with fields, and crown'd with towers,
With decent joy ſhall her deliverer meet;
Shall own thy arms, great queen, and bleſs thy powers,
Laying the keys beneath thy ſubject's feet.
Flandria, by plenty made the home of war,
Shall weep her crime, and bow to Charles reſtor'd;
With double vows ſhall bleſs thy happy care,
In having drawn, and having ſheath'd the ſword;
From theſe their ſiſter provinces ſhall know,
How Anne ſupports a friend, and how forgives a foe.

XXXIII.

Bright ſwords, and creſted helms, and pointed ſpears,
In artful piles around the work ſhall lie;
And ſhields indented deep in ancient wars,
Blazon'd with ſigns of Gallic heraldry;
And ſtandards with diſtinguiſh'd honours bright,
Marks of high power and national command,
Which Valois' ſons, and Bourbon's bore in fight,
Or gave to Foix' or Montmorancy's hand:
Great ſpoils, which Gallia muſt to Britain yield,
From Creſſy's battle ſav'd, to grace Ramilia's field.

XXXIV.

And, as fine art the ſpaces may diſpoſe,
The knowing thought and curious eye ſhall ſee
Thy emblem, gracious queen, the Britiſh roſe,
Type of ſweet rule and gentle majeſty:

The

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The northern thiſtle, whom no hoſtile hand
Unhurt too rudely may provoke, I ween;
Hibernia's harp, device of her command,
And parent of her mirth, ſhall there be ſeen:
Thy vanquiſh'd lillies, France, decay'd and torn,
Shall with diſorder'd pomp the laſting work adorn.

XXXV.

Beneath, great Queen, oh! very far beneath,
Near to the ground, and on the humble baſe,
To ſave herſelf from darkneſs and from death,
That Muſe deſires the laſt, the loweſt place;
Who, though unmeet, yet touch'd the trembling ſtring,
For the fair fame of Anne and Albion's land,
Who durſt of war and martial fury ſing;
And when thy will, and when thy ſubject's hand,
Had quell'd thoſe wars, and bid that fury ceaſe;
Hangs up her grateful harp to conqueſt, and to peace.

HER RIGHT NAME.

AS Nancy at her toilet ſat,
Admiring this, and blaming that;
Tell me, ſhe ſaid; but tell me true;
The nymph who could your heart ſubdue,
What ſort of charms does ſhe poſſeſs?
Abſolve me, fair one: I'll confeſs;

With

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With pleaſure I reply'd. Her hair,
In ringlets rather dark than fair,
Does down her ivory boſom roll,
And, hiding half, adorns the whole.
In her high forehead's fair half round
Love ſits in open triumph crown'd:
He in the dimple of her chin,
In private ſtate by friends is ſeen.
Her eyes are neither black nor grey;
Nor fierce nor feeble is their ray;
Their dubious luſtre ſeems to ſhow
Something that ſpeaks nor Yes, nor No.
Her lips no living bard I weet.
May ſay, how red, how round, how ſweet;
Old Homer only could indite,
Their vagrant grace and ſoft delight:
They ſtand recorded in his book,
When Helen ſmil'd, and Hebe ſpoke---
The gypſy, turning to her glaſs,
Too plainly ſhew'd ſhe knew the face;
And which am I moſt like, ſhe ſaid,
Your Cloe, or your Nut-brown Maid?

CANTATA.

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CANTATA.

Set by Monſieur GALLIARD.

RECIT.

BENEATH a verdant laurel's ample ſhade,
His lyre to mournful numbers ſtrung,
Horace, immortal bard, ſupinely laid,
To Venus thus addreſs'd the ſong:
Ten thouſand little loves around,
Liſtening, dwelt on every ſound.

ARIET.

Potent Venus, bid thy ſon
Sound no more his dire alarms,
Youth on ſilent wings is flown:
Graver years come rolling on,
Spare my age, unfit for arms:
Safe and humble let me reſt,
From all amorous care releas'd.
Potent Venus, bid thy ſon
Sound no more his dire alarms.

RECIT.

Yet Venus, why do I each morn prepare
The fragrant wreath for Cloe's hair?
Why do I all day lament and ſigh,
Unleſs the beauteous maid be nigh?
And why all night purſue her in my dreams,
Through flowry meads and cryſtal ſtreams?

RECIT.

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RECIT.

Thus ſung the Bard; and thus the Goddeſs ſpoke:
Submiſſive bow to Love's imperious yoke:
Every ſtate, and every age,
Shall own my rule, and fear my rage:
Compell'd by me, thy Muſe ſhall prove,
That all the world was born to love.

ARIET

Bid thy deſtin'd lyre diſcover
Soft deſire and gentle pain:
Often praiſe, and always love her:
Through her ear, her heart obtain.
Verſe ſhall pleaſe, and ſighs ſhall move her;
Cupid does with Phœbus reign.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN OVID:*

OVID is the ſureſt guide,
You can name, to ſhew the way
To any woman, maid or bride,
Who reſolves to go aſtray.

A TRUE

* Tranſlated from the following Madrigal of Gilbert, ſur l'Art d'Aimer de Ovide.

A PHILIS.

Cette lecture eſt ſans egale,
Ce livre eſt un petet dedale,

Ou

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A TRUE MAID.

NO, no; for my virginity,
When I loſe that, ſays Roſe, I 'll die:
Behind the elms, laſt night, cry'd Dick,
Roſe, were you not extremely ſick?

ANOTHER.

TEN months after Florimel happen'd to wed,
And was brought in a laudable manner to bed:
She warbled her groans with ſo charming a voice,
That one half of the pariſh was ſtun'd with the noiſe;
But when Florimel deign'd to lie privately in,
Ten months before ſhe and her ſpouſe were a-kin,
She choſe with ſuch prudence her pangs to conceal,
That her nurſe, nay her midwife, ſcarce heard her once ſqueal.

Ou l'eſprit prend plaiſir d'errer,
Philis, ſuivez les pas d'Ovide,
C'eſt le plus agreable guide,
Qu'on peut choiſir pour s'egarer.

Learn,

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Learn, huſbands, from hence, for the peace of your lives,
That maids make not half ſuch a tumult, as wives.

A

REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

ON his death-bed poor Lubin lies;
His ſpouſe is in deſpair:
With frequent ſobs, and mutual cries,
They both expreſs their care.

A different cauſe, ſays parſon Sly,
The ſame effect may give:
Poor Lubin fears, that he ſhall die;
His wife, that he may live.

ANOTHER.

FROM her own native France as old Aliſon paſt,
She reproach'd Engliſh Nell with neglect or with malice,
That the ſlattern had left in the hurry and haſte,
Her lady's complection, and eye-brows at Calais.

ANO-

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ANOTHER.

HER eye-brow-box one morning loſt,
(The beſt of folks are oftenest croſt)
Sad Helen thus to Jenny ſaid,
Her careleſs but afflicted maid;
Put me to bed then, wretched Jane;
Alas! when ſhall I riſe again?
I can behold no mortal now:
For what's an eye without a brow.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

IN a dark corner of the houſe
Poor Helen ſits, and ſobs and cries;
She will not ſee her loving ſpouſe,
Nor her more dear PICQUET-allies:
Unleſs ſhe find her eye-brows,
She'll e'en weep out her eyes.

ON

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ON

THE SAME SUBJECT.

HELEN was juſt ſlipt into bed:
Her eye-brows on the toilet lay:
Away the Kitten with them fled,
As fees belonging to her prey.

For this misfortune careleſs Jane,
Aſſure yourſelf was loudly rated:
And madam getting up again,
With her own hand the mouſe-trap baited.

On little things, as ſages write,
Depends our human joy, or ſorrow:
If we don't catch a mouſe to-night,
Alas! no eye-brows for to-morrow.

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PHILLIS'S AGE.

HOW old may Phillis be, you aſk,
Whoſe beauty thus all hearts engages?
To anſwer is no eaſy taſk:
For ſhe has really two ages.

Stiff in brocard, and pinch'd in ſtays,
Her patches, paint, and jewels on;
All day let Envy view her face;
And Phillis is but twenty-one.

Paint, patches, jewels laid aſide,
At night aſtronomers agree,
The evening has the day bely'd;
And Phillis is ſome forty-three.

FOR-

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FORMA BONUM FRAGILE.

WHAT a frail thing is beauty, ſays baron Le Cras,
Perceiving his miſtreſs had one eye of glaſs:
And ſcarcely had he ſpoke it;
When ſhe more confus'd as more angry ſhe grew,
By a negligent rage prov'd the maxim toó true:
She dropt the eye, and broke it.

A

CRITICAL MOMENT.

HOW capricious were Nature and Art to poor Nell?
She was painting her cheeks at the time her noſe fell.

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AN EPIGRAM.

WRITTEN TO THE DUKE DE NOALLES.

VAIN the concern which you expreſs,
That uncall'd Alard will poſſeſs
Your houſe and coach, both day and night,
And that Macbeth was haunted leſs
By Banquo's reſtleſs ſpright.

With fifteen thouſand pound a year.
Do you complain, you cannot bear
An ill, you may ſoon retrieve?
Good Alard, faith, is modeſter
By much, than you believe.

Lend him but fifty LOUIS' D'OR;
And you ſhall never ſee him more:
Take the advice; PROBATUM EST.
Why do the gods indulge our ſtore,
But to ſecure our reſt?

EPI-

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EPILOGUE

TO

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.*

BY

MR. EDMUND SMITH.

SPOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD, WHO ACTED ISMENA.

LADIES, to-night your pity I implore
For one, who never troubled you before;
An Oxford man, extremely read in Greek,
Who from Euripides makes Phædra ſpeak;

* This excellent tragedy, although performed by Betterton, Booth, Mrs. Barry, and Mrs. Oldfield, met with but a very cold reception from the publick on its firſt appearance. In the Spectator, No. 18, Mr. Addiſon ſays—"would one "think it was poſſible (at a time when an author lived "that was able to write the Phædra and Hippolitus) for a "people to be ſo ſtupidly fond of the Italian opera, as "ſcarce to give a third day's hearing to that admirable "tragedy." The prologue to it was written by Mr. Addiſon.

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And comes to town to let us moderns know,
How women lov'd two thouſand years ago.
If that be all, ſaid I, even burn your play:
I'gad! we know all that, as well as they:
Show us the youthful, handſome charioteer.
Firm in his ſeat, and running his career;
Our ſouls would kindle with as generous flames,
As e'er inſpir'd the ancient Grecian Dames:
Every Iſmena would reſign her breaſt;
And every dear Hippolitus be bleſt.
But, as it is, ſix flouncing Flanders mares
Are even as good, as any two of theirs:
And if Hippolitus can but contrive
To buy the gilded chariot: John can drive.
Now of the buſtle you have ſeen to-day,
And Phædra's morals in this ſcholar's play,
Something at leaſt in juſtice ſhould be ſaid:
But this Hippolitus ſo fills one's head——
Well! Phædra liv'd as chaſtly as ſhe could;
For ſhe was father Jove's own fleſh and blood.
Her aukward love indeed was odly fated;
She and her Poly were too near related:
And yet that ſcruple had been laid aſide,
If honeſt Theſeus had but fairly died:
But when he came, what needed he to know,
But that all matters ſtood in STATU QUO?
There was no harm, you ſee, or grant there were:
She might want conduct; but he wanted care.

'Twas

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'Twas in a huſband little leſs than rude,
Upon his wife's retirement to intrude——
He ſhould have ſent a night or two before,
That he would come exact at ſuch an hour;
Then he had turn'd all tragedy to jeſt;
Found every thing contribute to his reſt;
The PICQUET-friend diſmiſs'd, the coaſt all clear,
And ſpouſe alone impatient for her dear.
But if theſe gay reflections come too late,
To keep the guilty Phædra from her fate;
If your more ſerious judgment muſt condemn
The dire effects of her unhappy flame:
Yet, ye chaſte matrons, and ye tender fair,
Let love and innocence engage your care:
My ſpotleſs flames to your protection take;
And ſpare poor Phædra for Iſmena's ſake.

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EPILOGUE

TO

LUCIUS.* A TRAGEDY.

BY

MRS. DE LA RIVIERE MANLEY.

SPOKEN BY MRS. HORTON.

THE female author who recites to-day,
Truſts to her ſex the merit of her play.
Like father Bayes ſecurely ſhe ſits down:
Pit, box, and gallery, gad! all's our own.
In ancient Greece, ſhe ſays, when Sappho writ,
By their applauſe the critics ſhow'd their wit,
They tun'd their voices to her Lyric ſtring;
Though they could all do ſomething more than ſing.
But one exception to this fact we find;
That booby Phaon only was unkind,
An ill-bred boat-man, rough as waves and wind.

* This play was acted at Drury-lane, in 1717, with ſucceſs. In the dedication to Sir Richard Steele, who wrote a prologue to it, the author apologizes for the ſeverity of her former writings againſt him.

From

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From Sappho down through all ſucceeding ages,
And now on French, or on Italian ſtages,
Rough ſatyrs, ſly remarks, ill-natur'd ſpeeches,
Are alway aim'd at poets that wear breeches.
Arm'd with Longinus, or with Rapin, no man
Drew a ſharp pen upon a naked woman.
The bluſtering bully in our neighbouring ſtreets
Scorns to attack the female that he meets:
Fearleſs the petticoat contemns his frowns:
The hoop ſecure whatever it ſurrounds.
The many-colour'd gentry there above,
By turns are rul'd by tumult, and by love:
And while their ſweet-hearts their attention fix,
Suſpend the din of their damn'd clattering ſticks.
Now, Sirs———
To you our author makes her ſoft requeſt.
Who ſpeak the kindeſt, and who write the beſt,
Your SYMPATHETIC hearts ſhe hopes to move,
From tender friendſhip, and endearing love.
If Petrarch's Muſe did Laura's wit rehearſe;
And Cowley flatter'd dear Orinda's verſe;
She hopes from you—Pox take her hopes and fears:
I plead her ſex's claim; what matters her's?
By our full power of beauty we think fit.
To damn the SALIQUE law impos'd on wit:
We'll try the empire you ſo long have boaſted;
And if we are not prais'd, we 'll not be toaſted.
Approve what one of us preſents to-night;
Or every mortal woman here ſhall write:

Rural

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Rural, pathetic, narrative, ſublime,
We 'll write to you, and make you write in rhime;
Female remarks ſhall take up all your time.
Your time, poor ſouls! we' ll take your very money;
Female third days ſhall come ſo quick upon ye.
As long as we have eyes, or hands, or breath,
We 'll look, or write, or talk you all to death.
Unleſs you yield for better and for worſe:
Then the She-Pegaſus ſhall gain the courſe;
And the grey mare will prove the better horſe.

THE THIEF AND THE CORDELIER, A BALLAD.

TO THE TUNE OF KING JOHN, AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

WHO has e'er been at Paris, muſt needs know the Greve,
The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave:
Where honour and juſtice moſt odly contribute,
To eaſe hero's pains by a halter and gibbet,
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There

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There death breaks the ſhackles, which force had put on;
And the hangman compleats, what the judge but begun:
There the 'ſquire of the pad, and the knight of the poſt,
Find their pains no more balk'd, and their hopes no more croſt.
Derry down, &c.

Great claims are there made, and great ſecrets are known;
And the king, and the law, and the thief has his own;
But my hearers cry out; what a deuce doſt thou ail?
Cut off thy reflections; and give us thy tale.
Derry down, &c.

'Twas there then, in civil reſpect to harſh laws,
And for want of falſe witneſs, to back a bad cauſe,
A Norman, though late, was obliged to appear:
And who to aſſiſt, but a grave Cordelier?
Derry down, &c.

The 'Squire, whoſe good grace was to open the ſcene,
Seem'd not in great haſte, that the ſhow ſhould begin:
Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart;
And often took leave; but was loth to depart.
Derry down, &c.

What

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What frightens you thus, my good ſon? ſays the prieſt:
You murder'd, are ſorry, and have been confeſt.
O father! my ſorrow will ſcarce ſave my bacon:
For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken.
Derry down, &c.

Pugh! pr'ythee never trouble thy head with ſuch fancies:
Rely on the aid you ſhall have from Saint Francis:
If the money you promis'd be brought to the cheſt,
You have only to die: let the church do the reſt.
Derry down, &c.

And what will folks ſay, if they ſee you afraid;
It reflects upon me; as I knew not my trade:
Courage, Friend; to-day is your period of ſorrow?
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.
Derry down, &c.

To-morrow? our hero reply'd in a fright:
He that's hang'd before noon, ought to think of to-night.
Tell your beads, quoth the prieſt, and be fairly truſs'd up,
For you ſurely to-night ſhall in Paradiſe ſup.
Derry down, &c.

Alas! quoth the 'Squire, howe'er ſumptuous the treat,
PARBLEU, I ſhall have little ſtomach to eat;
I ſhould therefore eſteem it great favour and grace;
Would you be ſo kind, as to go in my place.
Derry down, &c.

That

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That I would, quoth the father, and thank you to
boot;
But our actions, you know, with our duty muſt ſuit.
The feaſt, I propos'd to you, I cannot taſte;
For this night, by our order, is mark'd for a faſt.
Derry down, &c.

Then turning about to the hangman, he ſaid;
Diſpatch me, I pr'ythee, this troubleſome blade:
For thy cord, and my cord both equally tie;
And we live by the gold for which other men die.
Derry down, &c.

AN
EPITAPH.

Stet quicunque volet potens
Aulæ culmine lubrico, &c. Seneca.

INTERR'D beneath this marble ſtone,
Lie ſauntering Jack, and idle Joan,
While rolling threeſcore years and one
Did round this globe their courſes run;
If human things went ill or well;
If changing empires roſe or fell:

The

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The morning paſt, the evening came,
And found this couple ſtill the ſame.
They walk'd and eat, good folks: what then?
Why then they walk'd and eat again:
They ſoundly ſlept the night away:
They juſt did nothing all the day:
And having bury'd children four,
Would not take pains to try for more:
Nor ſiſter either had, nor brother;
They ſeem'd juſt tally'd for each other.
Their moral and œconomy
Moſt perfectly they made agree:
Each virtue kept its proper bound,
Nor treſpaſs'd on the others ground.
Nor fame, nor cenſure they regarded:
They neither puniſh'd, nor rewarded.
He car'd not what the footmen did:
Her maids ſhe neither prais'd, nor chid:
So every ſervant took his courſe:
And bad at firſt, they all grew worſe.
Slothful diſorder fill'd his ſtable;
And ſluttiſh plenty deck'd her table.
Their beer was ſtrong; their wine was Port:
Their meal was large; their grace was ſhort.
They gave the poor the remnant meat,
Juſt when it grew not fit to eat.
They paid the church and pariſh rate;
And took, but read not the receipt:
For which they claim their Sunday's due,
Of ſlumbering in an upper pew.

No.

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No man's defects ſought they to know;
So never made themſelves a foe.
No man's good deeds did they commend;
So never rais'd themſelves a friend.
Nor cheriſh'd they relations poor:
That might decreaſe their preſent ſtore:
Nor barn nor houſe did they repair:
That might oblige their future heir.
They neither added, nor confounded:
They neither wanted, nor abounded.
Each Chriſtmas they accompts did clear,
And wound their bottom round the year.
Nor tear, nor ſmile did they employ
At news of public grief, or joy.
When bells were rung, and bonfires made;
If aſk'd, they never deny'd their aid:
Their jug was to the ringers carry'd;
Whoever either dy'd, or marry'd.
Their billet at the fire was found;
Whoever was depos'd, or crown'd.
Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wiſe;
They would not learn, nor could adviſe:
Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
They led—a kind of—as it were:
Nor wiſh'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cry'd:
And ſo they liv'd, and ſo they dy'd.

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HORACE,

LIB. I. EPIST. IX.

Septimius, Claudi, nimirum intelligit unus,
Quanti me facias: &c.

IMITATED.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MR. HARLEY. *

DEAR Dick, † however it comes into his head,
Believes as firmly as he does his creed,
That you and I, Sir, are extremely great;
Though I plain MAT, you MINISTER OF STATE:
One word from me, without all doubt, he ſays,
Would fix his fortune in ſome little place.
Thus better than myſelf, it ſeems, he knows,
How far my intereſt with my patron goes?

* Robert Harley, Eſq; afterwards Earl of Oxford and Mortimer.

† This was Richard Shelton, Eſq; one of the interlocutors in the poem of Alma. Mr. Prior in his will ſtiles him his dear friend and companion.

And

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And anſwering all objections I can make,
Still plunges deeper in his dear miſtake.
From this wild fancy, Sir, there may proceed
One wilder yet, which I foreſee, and dread;
That I, in fact, a real intereſt have,
Which to my own advantage I would ſave,
And, with the uſual courtier's trick, intend
To ſerve myſelf, forgetful of my friend.
To ſhun this cenſure, I all ſhame lay by;
And make my reaſon with his will comply;
Hoping for my excuſe, 'twill be confeſt,
That of two evils I have choſe the leaſt.
So, Sir, with this epiſtolary ſcroll,
Receive the partner of my inmoſt ſoul:
Him you will find in letters, and in laws
Not unexpert, firm to his country's cauſe,
Warm in the glorious intereſt you purſue,
And, in one word, a good man and a true.

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TO

MR. HARLEY,

WOUNDED BY

GUISCARD.*

ab ipso
Ducit opes animumque ferro. Hor.

I.

IN one great now, superior to an age,
The full extremes of Nature's force we find:
How heavenly virtue can exalt; or rage
Infernal, how degrade the human mind.

* Antoine De Guiscard had been Abbot De Borly, near the Cevennes in France, but being of a vicious and profligate disposition, he committed offences which obliged him to fly from his country. He afterwards entered into the army, and was made colonel of a regiment of horse, and lieutenant general, with pensions both from England and Holland. He afterwards, to make his peace with France, became a spy on the English court; was discovered, and taken before the council to be examined, when in a fit of madness and despair he stabbed Mr. Harley with a penknife which he had secreted. He was immediately secured, but died in Newgate a few days after, of some wounds he received in the scuffle. A very particular account of this transaction by Dean Swift and Mrs. Manley is printed in the Supplement to the former's works.

II. While

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II.

While the fierce monk does at his trial ſtand;
He chews revenge, abjuring his offence:
Guile in his tongue, and murder in his hand,
He ſtabs his judge to prove his innocence.

III.

The guilty ſtroke and torture of the ſteel
Infix'd, our dauntleſs Briton ſcarce perceives:
The wounds his country from his death muſt feel,
The Patriot views; for thoſe alone he grieves.

IV.

The barbarous rage that durſt attempt thy life,
Harley, great counſellor, extends thy fame:
And the ſharp point of cruel Guiſcard's knife,
In braſs and marble carves thy deathleſs name.

V.

Faithful aſſertor of thy country's cauſe,
Britain with tears ſhall bathe thy glorious wound:
She for thy ſafety ſhall enlarge her laws;
And in her ſtatutes ſhall thy worth be found.

VI.

Yet 'midſt her ſighs ſhe triumphs, on the hand
Reflecting, that diffus'd the publick woe;
A ſtranger to her altars, and her land:
No ſon of her's could meditate this blow.

VII.

Mean time thy pain is gracious Anna's care:
Our queen, our ſaint, with ſacrificing breath
Softens thy anguiſh: in her powerful prayer
She pleads thy ſervice, and forbids thy death.

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VIII.

Great as thou art, thou canſt demand no more,
O breaſt bewail'd by earth, preſerv'd by heaven!
No higher can aſpiring virtue ſoar:
Enough to thee of grief, and fame is given.

AN EXTEMPORE INVITATION TO THE EARL OF OXFORD,

LORD HIGH TREASURER, MDCCXII.

MY LORD,

OUR weekly Friends to-morrow meet
At Matthew's palace, in Duke-ſtreet,
To try for once, if they can dine
On bacon-ham, and mutton-chine:
If weary'd with the great affairs,
Which Britain truſts to Harley's cares,
Thou, humble ſtateſman, may'ſt deſcend,
Thy mind one moment to unbend;
To ſee thy ſervant from his ſoul
Crown with thy health the ſprightly bowl:
Among the gueſts, which e'er my houſe
Receiv'd, it never can produce
Of honour a more glorious proof——
Though Dorſet us'd to bleſs the roof.

EARL

ERLE ROBERT'S MICE.

IN

CHAUCER'S STYLE.

TWAY mice, full blythe and amicable,
Batten beſide Erle Robert's table.
Lies there ne trap their necks to catch,
Ne old black cat their ſteps to watch,
Their fill they eat of fowl and fiſh;
Feaſt lyche as heart of mouſe mote wiſh.
As gueſts ſat jovial at the board,
Forth leap'd our mice: eftſoons the lord
Of Boling, whilome John the Saint,
Who maketh oft propos full queint,
Laugh'd jocund, and aloud he cry'd,
To Matthew ſeated on t' oth' ſide;
To thee, lean bard, it doth partain
To underſtand theſe creatures tweine.
Come frame us now ſome clean device,
Or playſant rhime on yonder mice:

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They ſeem, God ſhield me, Mat. and Charles,*
Bad as Sir Topaz, or ſquire Quarles †
(Matthew did for the nonce reply)
At emblem, or device am I:
But could I chaunt, or rhyme, pardie,
Clear as Dan Chaucer, or as thee:
Ne verſe from me (ſo God me ſhrive)
On mouſe, or other beaſt alive.
Certes, I have theſe many days
Sent myne poetic herd to graze,
Ne armed knight ydrad in war
With lyon fierce will I compare:
Ne judge unjuſt, with furred fox,
Harming in ſecret guiſe the flocks;
Ne prieſt unworth of goddeſs coat,
To ſwine ydrunk, or filthy ſtoat.
Elk ſimilè farewell for aye,
From elephant, I trow, to flea.
Reply'd the friendlike peer, I weene,
Matthew is angred on the ſpleen.
Ne ſo, quoth Mat, ne ſhall be e'er,
With wit that falleth all ſo fair:
Eftſoons, well weet ye, mine intent
Boweth to your commaundement.
If by theſe creatures ye have ſeen,
Pourtrayed Charles and Matthew been,
Behoveth neet to wreck my brain,
The reſt in order to explain.

* Charles Mountague, Earl of Halifax.
† Francis Quarles.

That

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That cup-board, where the mice diſport,
I liken to St. * Stephen's Court:
Therein is ſpace enough, I trow,
For elke comrade to come and goe:
And therein eke may both be fed
With ſhiver of the wheaten bread.
And when, as theſe mine eyen ſurvey,
They ceaſe to ſkip, and ſqueak and play;
Return they may to different cells,
Auditing one, whilſt t'other tells.
Dear Robert, quoth the Saint, whoſe mind,
In bounteous deed no mean can bind;
Now as I hope to grow devout,
I deem this matter well made out.
Laugh I, whilſt thus I ſerious pray?
Let that be wrought which Mat. doth ſay:
Yea, quoth the ERLE, but not to-day.

* Exchequer.

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IN THE SAME STILE.

FULL oft doth MAT. with TOPAZ dine,
Eateth baked meats, drinketh Greek wine;
But TOPAZ his own werke rehearſeth;
And Mat. mote praiſe what Topaz verſeth.
Now ſure as prieſt did e'er ſhrive ſinner,
Full hardly earneth Mat. his dinner.

IN THE SAME STILE.

FAIR Suſan did her wif-hede well menteine:
Algates aſſaulted ſore by Letchours tweine:
Now, and I read aright that auncient ſong,
Old were the paramours, the dame full yong.
Had thilke ſame tale in other guiſe been tolde;
Had they been young (pardie) and ſhe been olde:
That, by St. Kit, had wrought much ſorer tryal;
Full merveillous, I wote, were ſwilk denyal.

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A

FLOWER

PAINTED BY

SIMON VERELST*.

WHEN famed VERELST this little wonder drew;
Flora vouchsaf'd the growing work to view:

* Simon Verelst, a Flemish painter, born at Antwerp. He settled in England, and became very celebrated for painting fruits and flowers, and received greater sums for his performances than had ever been paid before for the like kind in London. Mr. Pilkington says, "as to his "flower and fruit subjects, he handled them in a charm- "ing manner, and gave them force and relief by a judi- "cious management of the chiaro scuro. He painted his "objects with great truth and resemblance of nature, and "his colouring was fresh, but as to his portraits they "were not much to his honour, though he finished them "as highly as he did his flowers, which he always took "care to introduce in every portrait." He died 1710, aged 46. See PILKINGTON'S DICTIONARY OF PAINTERS, p. 667.

Finding

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Finding the painter's ſcience at a ſtand,
The goddeſs ſnatch'd the pencil from his hand;
And finiſhing the piece, ſhe ſmiling ſaid:
Behold one work of mine, that ne'er ſhall fade.

TO THE

LADY ELIZABETH HARLEY,

SINCE

MARCHIONESS OF CARMARTHEN,

ON A

COLUMN OF HER DRAWING

WHEN future ages ſhall with wonder view
These glorious lines, which Harley's daughter drew;
They ſhall confeſs, that Britain could not raiſe
A fairer column to the father's praiſe.

PRO-

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PROTOGENES AND APELLES.

WHEN poets wrote, and painters drew,
As nature pointed out the view:
Ere Gothic forms were known in Greece,
To ſpoil the well-proportion'd Piece:
And in our verſe ere Monkiſh rhimes
Had jangl'd their fantaſtick chimes:
Ere on the flowery lands of Rhodes
Thoſe knights had fix'd their dull abodes,
Who knew not much to paint or write,
Nor car'd to pray, nor dar'd to fight:
Protogenes, hiſtorians note,
Liv'd there, a burgeſs ſcot and lot;
And, as old Pliny's * writings ſhow,
Apelles did the ſame at Co.

* See C. Plinii, Nat. Hiſt. lib. xxxv. cap. x. vol. iii. p. 181. ed. 1669.

Agreed

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Agreed theſe points of time and place,
Proceed we in the preſent caſe.
Picqu'd by Protogenes's fame,
From Co to Rhodes Apelles came;
To ſee a rival and a friend,
Prepar'd to cenſure, or commend,
Here to abſolve, and there object,
As art with candour might direct.
He ſails, he lands, he comes, he rings:
His ſervants follow with the things:
Appears the governante of th' houſe:
For ſuch in Greece were much in uſe:
If young or handſome, yea or no,
Concerns not me, or thee to know.
Does 'ſquire Protogenes live here?
Yes, ſir, ſays ſhe, with gracious air,
And court'ſey low; but juſt call'd out
By lords peculiarly devout;
Who came on purpoſe, ſir, to borrow
Our Venus, for the feaſt to-morrow.
To grace the church: 'tis Venus' day:
I hope, ſir, you intend to ſtay,
To ſee our Venus: 'tis the piece
The moſt renown'd throughout all Greece,
So like the original, they ſay:
But I have no great ſkill that way.
But, ſir, at ſix ('tis now paſt three)
Dromo muſt make my maſter's tea;

At

At ſix, ſir, if you pleaſe to come,
You'll find my maſter, ſir, at home.
Tea, ſays a critic, big with laughter,
Was found ſame twenty ages after;
Authors, before they write, ſhould read.
'Tis very true; but we'll proceed.
And, ſir, at preſent would you pleaſe
To leave your name——Fair maiden, yes.
Reach me that board. No ſooner ſpoke
But done. With one judicious ſtroke,
On the plain ground Apelles drew
A circle regularly true;
And will you pleaſe, ſweet-heart, ſaid he,
To ſhew your maſter this from me?
By it he preſently will know,
How painters write their names at Co.
He gave the pannel to the maid.
Smiling and court'ſing, ſir, ſhe ſaid,
I ſhall not fail to tell my maſter:
And, ſir, for fear of all diſaſter,
I 'll keep it my ownſelf: ſafe bind,
Says the old proverb, and ſafe find.
So, ſir, as ſure as key or lock ——
Your ſervant, ſir—at ſix a clock.
Again at ſix Apelles came;
Found the ſame prating civil dame.
Sir, that my maſter has been here,
Will by the board itſelf appear.

If

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If from the perfect line he found,
He has presum'd to swell the round,
Or colours on the draught to lay;
'Tis thus (he ordered me to say)
Thus write the painters of this isle:
Let those of Co remark the stile.
She said; and to his hand restor'd
The rival pledge, the missive board.
Upon the happy line were laid
Such obvious light, and easy shade;
That Paris' apple stood confest,
Or Leda's egg, or Cloe's breast.
Apelles view'd the finish'd piece:
And live, said he, the arts of Greece!
How e'er Protogenes and I
May in our rival talents vie;
How e'er our works may have express'd
Who truest drew, or colour'd best;
When he beheld my flowing line;
He found at least I could design:
And from his artful round, I grant,
That he with perfect skill can paint.
The dullest genius cannot fail
To find the moral of my tale:
That the distinguish'd part of men.
With compass, pencil, sword, or pen,
Should in life's visit leave their name,
In characters, which may proclaim,

That

That they with ardour ſtrove to raiſe
At once their arts, and country's praiſe;
And in their working took great care,
That all was full, and round, and fair.

DEMOCRITUS AND HERACLITUS.

DEMOCRITUS, dear droll, reviſit earth,
And with our follies glut thy heighten'd mirth:
Sad Heraclitus, ſerious wretch, return,
In louder grief our greater crimes to mourn.
Between you both I unconcern'd ſtand by:
Hurt, can I laugh? and honeſt, need I cry?

FOR

FOR MY OWN

TOMB STONE.

TO me 'twas giv'n to die: to thee 'tis given
To live: alas! one moment ſets us even.
Mark! how impartial is the will of Heaven?

*GUALTERUS DANISTONUS

AD AMICOS.

DUM ſtudeo fungi fallentis munere vitæ,
Adfectoque viam ſedibus Elyſiis,
Arctoa florens Sophiâ, Samiiſque ſuperbus
Diſcipulis, animas morte carere cano.

Has

*Theſe verſes were written by Dr. Archibald Pitcairne, a celebrated Scotch phyſician, who died in the year 1713. Walter

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Has ego corporibus profugas ad ſidera mitto;
Sideraque ingreſſis otia blanda dico;
Qualia conveniunt divis, queis fata volebant
Vitäi faciles molliter ire vias:
Vinaque Cœlicolis media inter gaudia, libo;
Et me quid majus ſuſpicor eſſe viro.
Sed fuerint nulli forſan, quos ſpondeo, cœli;
Nullaque ſint Ditis numina, nulla Jovis:
Fabula ſit terris agitur quæ vita relictis;
Quique ſuperſtes, homo; qui nihil, eſto Deus.
Attamen eſſe hilares, & inanes mittere curas
Proderit, ac vitæ commoditate frui,
Et feſtos agitâſſe dies, ævique fugacis
Tempora perpetuis detinuiſſe jocis.

Walter Daniſton was a ſchoolmaſter and Latin poet, very intimate with the author. The title, as given by Mr. Prior, is here retained, although in Dr. Pitcarne's works, printed at Edinburgh, 1727, it is intirely different, as are the firſt four lines of the poem. It does not with certainty appear whether the alterations were made by the author, or by his imitator. In the before-mentioned edition the poem begins in this manner:

JOANNIS SYLVII de ſeipſo carmen.
Dum brevis adnitor momentum fallere vitæ,
Et ſomni æterni non nimis eſſe memor;
Demonſtro quæ ſit Sophiæ natura, quis hoſpes
Pectoris; atque animas poſſe perire nego.

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His me parentum præceptis occupet Orcus,
Et Mors; ſeu Divum, ſeu nihil eſſe velit;
Nam Sophia ars illa eſt, quæ fallere ſuaviter horas
Admonet, atque Orci non timuiſſe minas.

IMITATED.

STUDIOUS the buſy moments to deceive,
That fleet between the cradle and the grave,
I credit what the Grecian dictates ſay,
And Samian ſounds o'er Scotia's hills convey.
When mortal man reſigns his tranſient breath,
The body only I give o'er to death;
The parts diſſolv'd, and broken frame I mourn:
What came from earth, I ſee to earth return.
The immaterial part, the æthereal ſoul,
Nor can change vanquiſh, nor can death controul.
Glad I releaſe it from its partner's cares;
And bid good angels waft it to the ſtars.
Then in the flowing bowl I drown thoſe ſighs,
Which, ſpight of wiſdom, from our weakneſs riſe.
The draught to the dead's memory I commend,
And offer to the now immortal friend.

But

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But if oppos'd to what my thoughts approve,
Nor Pluto's rage there be, nor power of Jove;
On its dark ſide if thou the proſpect take;
Grant all forgot beyond black Lethe's lake:
In total death ſuppoſe the mortal lie,
No new hereafter, nor a future ſky:
Yet bear thy lot content! yet ceaſe to grieve:
Why, ere death comes, doſt thou forbear to live?
The little time thou haſt, 'twixt inſtant now
And fate's approach, is all the gods allow:
And of this little haſt thou ought to ſpare
To ſad reflection, and corroding care?
The moments paſt, if thou art wiſe, retrieve
With pleaſant memory of the bliſs they gave.
The pleaſant hours in preſent mirth employ,
And bribe the future with the hopes of joy,
The future (few or more, howe'er they be)
Were deſtin'd erſt; nor can by fate's decree
Be now cut off, betwixt the grave and thee.

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THE

FIRST HYMN

OF

CALLIMACHUS

TO

JUPITER.

WHILE we to Jove ſelect the holy victim,
Whom after ſhall we ſing, than Jove himſelf,
The God for ever great, for ever king;
Who ſlew the earth-born race, and meaſures right
To Heaven's great habitants? Dictæan hear'ſt thou
More joyful, or Lycæan, long diſpute
And various thought has trac'd. On Ida's Mount,
Or Dicte, ſtudious of his country's praiſe,
The Cretan boaſts thy natal place: but oft
He meets reproof deſerv'd: for he preſumptuous
Has built a tomb for thee, who never know'ſt

To

To die, but liv'ſt the ſame to-day and ever.
Arcadian therefore be thy birth: Great Rhea
Pregnant to high Parrhaſia's cliffs retir'd,
And wild Lycæus, black with ſhading pines:
Holy retreat! Sithence no female hither,
Conſcious of ſocial love and nature's rites,
Muſt dare approach, from the inferior reptile
To woman, form divine. There the bleſt parent
Ungirt her ſpacious boſom, and diſcharg'd
The ponderous birth: ſhe ſought a neighbouring ſpring
To waſh the recent babe: in vain: Arcadia,
(However ſtreamy) now aduſt and dry.
Deny'd the goddeſs water; where deep Melas,
And rocky Cratis flow, the chariot ſmoak'd,
Obſcure with riſing duſt: the thirſty traveller
In vain requir'd the current, then impriſon'd
In ſubterraneous caverns: foreſts grew
Upon the barren hollows, high o'erſhading
The haunts of ſavage beaſts, where now Iaon,
And Erimanth incline their friendly urns.
Thou too, O Earth, great Rhea ſaid, bring forth;
And ſhort ſhall be thy pangs. She ſaid; and high
She rear'd her arm, and with her ſceptre ſtruck
The yawning cliff: from its diſparted height
Adown the mount the guſhing torrent ran,
And chear'd the vallies: there the heavenly mother

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Bath'd, mighty king, thy tender limbs: ſhe wrapt them
In purple bands: ſhe gave the precious pledge
To prudent Neda, charging her to guard thee,
Careful and ſecret: Neda, of the nymphs
That tended the great birth, next Philyre
And Styx, the eldeſt. Smiling, ſhe receiv'd thee,
And conſcious of the grace, abſolv'd her truſt:
Not unrewarded; ſince the river bore
The favourite virgin's name; fair Neda rowls
By Lerpion's ancient walls, a fruitful ſtream.
Faſt by her flowery banks the ſons of Arcas,
Favourites of Heaven, with happy care protect
Their fleecy charge; and joyous drink her wave.
Thee, God, to Cnoſſus Neda brought: the nymphs
And Corybantes thee their ſacred charge
Receiv'd: Adraſte rock'd thy golden cradle:
The goat, now bright amidſt her fellow ſtars,
Kind Amalthea, reach'd her teat diſtent
With milk, thy early food: the ſedulous bee
Diſtill'd her honey on thy purple lips.
Around, the fierce Curetes (order ſolemn
To thy foreknowing mother!) trod tumultuous
Their myſtic dance, and chang'd their ſounding arms;
Induſtrious with the warlike din to quell
Thy infant cries and mock the ear of Saturn,

Swift

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Swift growth and wonderous grace, O heavenly Jove,
Waited thy blooming years: inventive wit,
And perfect judgment crown'd thy youthful act.
That Saturn's ſons receiv'd the three-fold empire
Of Heaven, of ocean, and deep hell beneath,
As the dark urn and chance of lot determin'd,
Old poets mention, fabling. Things of moment
Well nigh equivalent and neighbouring value
By lot are parted: but high Heaven, thy ſhare,
In equal balance laid 'gainſt ſea or hell,
Flings up the adverſe ſcale, and ſhuns proportion.
Wherefore not chance, but power, above thy brethren
Exalted thee, their king. When thy great will
Commands thy chariot forth; impetuous ſtrength,
And fiery ſwiftneſs wing the rapid wheels,
Inceſſant; high the eagle flies before thee.
And oh! as I and mine conſult thy augur,
Grant the glad omen; let thy favourite riſe
Propitious, ever ſoaring from the right.
Thou to the leſſer Gods haſt well aſſign'd
Their proper ſhares of power: thy own, great Jove,
Boundleſs and univerſal. Thoſe who labour
The ſweaty forge, who edge the crooked ſcythe,
Bend ſtubborn ſteel, and harden gleening armour,
Acknowledge Vulcan's aid. The early hunter
Bleſſes Diana's hand; who leads him ſafe
O'er hanging cliffs; who ſpreads his net ſucceſsful,

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And guides the arrow through the panther's heart.
The ſoldier from ſucceſsful camps returning
With laurel wreath'd, and rich with hoſtile ſpoil,
Severs the bull to Mars. The ſkilful bard,
Striking the Thracian harp, invokes Apollo,
To make his hero and himſelf immortal.
Thoſe, mighty Jove, mean time, thy glorious care,
Who model nations, publiſh laws, announce
Or life or death, and found or change the empire.
Man owns the power of kings; and kings of Jove.
And, as their actions tend ſubordinate
To what thy will deſigns, thou giv'ſt the means
Proportion'd to the work; thou ſee'ſt impartial,
How they thoſe means imploy. Each monarch rules
His different realm, accountable to thee,
Great Ruler of the world: Theſe only have
To ſpeak and be obey'd; to thoſe are given
Aſſiſtant days to ripen the deſign;
To ſome whole months; revolving years to ſome:
Others, ill-fated are condemn'd to toil
Their tedious life, and mourn their purpoſe blaſted
With fruitleſs act, and impotence of council.
Hail! greateſt ſon of Saturn, wiſe diſpoſer
Of every good: thy praiſe what man yet born
Has ſung? or who that may be born ſhall ſing?
Again, and often hail! indulge our prayer,
Great father! grant us virtue, grant us wealth:
For without virtue, wealth to man avails not;

And

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And virtue without wealth exerts leſs power,
And leſs diffuſes good. Then grant us, gracious,
Virtue and wealth; for both are of thy gift.

THE SECOND HYMN OF CALLIMACHUS TO APOLLO.

HAH! how the laurel, great Apollo's tree,
And all the cavern ſhakes! far off, far off,
The man that is unhallow'd: for the God,
The God approaches. Hark! he knocks; the gates
Feel the glad impulſe: and the fever'd bars
Submiſſive clink againſt their brazen portals.
Why do the Delian palms incline their boughs,

Self

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Self-mov'd: and hovering ſwans, their throats releas'd,
From native ſilence, carol ſounds harmonious?
Begin, young men, the hymn: let all your harps
Break their inglorious ſilence; and the dance,
In myſtic numbers trod, explain the muſic.
But firſt by ardent prayer, and clear luſtration
Purge the contagious ſpots of human weakneſs:
Impure no mortal can behold Apollo,
So may ye flouriſh favour'd by the God,
In youth with happy nuptials, and in age
With ſilver hairs, and fair deſcent of children;
So lay foundations for aſpiring cities,
And bleſs your ſpreading colonies' increaſe.
Pay ſacred reverence to Apollo's ſong;
Leſt wrathful the far-ſhooting God emit
His fatal arrows. Silent Nature ſtands;
And ſeas ſubſide, obedient to the ſound
Of Iö, Iö PEAN! nor dares Thetis
Longer bewail her lov'd Achilles' death:
For Phœbus was his foe. Nor muſt ſad Niobe
In fruitleſs ſorrow perſevere, or weep
Ev'n through the Phrygian marble. Hapleſs mother!
Whoſe fondneſs could compare her mortal offſpring
To thoſe which fair Latona bore to Jove.
Iö! again repeat ye, Iö Pean!

Againſt

Againſt the deity 'tis hard to ſtrive.
He that reſiſts the power of Ptolemy,
Reſiſts the power of heaven, for power from heaven
Derives; and monarchs rule by Gods appointed.
Recite Apollo's praiſe, till night draws on,
The ditty ſtill unfiniſh'd; and the day
Unequal to the godhead's attributes
Various, and matter copious of your ſongs.
Sublime at Jove's right hand Apollo ſits,
And thence diſtributes honour, gracious king,
And theme of verſe perpetual. From his robe
Flows light ineffable: his harp, his quiver,
And Lictian bow are gold: with golden ſandals
His feet are ſhod; how rich! how beautiful!
Beneath his ſteps the yellow mineral riſes;
And earth reveals her treaſures. Youth and beauty
Eternal deck his cheek; from his fair head
Perfumes diſtil their ſweets; and chearful Health,
His dutious handmaid, through the air improv'd,
With laviſh hand diffuſes ſcents ambroſial.
The ſpear-man's arm by thee, great God, directed,
Sends forth a certain wound. The laurel'd bard,
Inſpir'd by thee, compoſes verſe immortal.
Taught by thy art divine, the ſage phyſician
Eludes the urn; and chains, or exiles death.

The

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Thee, Nomian we adore; for that from Heaven
Deſcending, thou on fair Amphryſus' banks
Didſt guard Admetus's herds. Sithence the cow
Produc'd an ampler ſtore of milk; the ſhe-goat
Not without pain dragg'd her diſtended udder;
And ewes, that erſt brought forth but ſingle lambs,
Now dropp'd their two-fold burthens. Bleſt the cattle,
On which Apollo caſt his favouring eye!
But, Phœbus, thou to man beneficent,
Delight'ſt in building cities. Bright Diana,
Kind ſiſter to thy infant-deity
New-wean'd, and juſt ariſing from the cradle.
Brought hunted wild goats heads, and branching antlers
Of Stags, the fruit and honor of her toil.
Theſe with diſcerning hand thou knew'ſt to range,
(Young as thou waſt) and in the well-fram'd models,
With emblematic ſkill, and myſtic order,
Thou ſhew'dſt, where towers or battlements ſhould riſe;
Where gates ſhould open; or where walls ſhould compaſs:
While from thy childiſh paſtime man received,
The future ſtrength, and ornament of nations.
Battus, our great progenitor, now touch'd
The Libyan ſtrand; when the foreboding crow
Flew on the right before the people, marking
The country deſtin'd the auſpicious ſeat

Of

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Of future kings, and favour of the God,
Whoſe oath is ſure, and promiſe ſtands eternal.
Or Boedromian hear'ſt thou pleas'd, or Clarian,
Phœbus, great king? for different are thy names,
As thy kind hand has founded many cities,
Or dealt benign thy various gifts to man.
Carnean let me call thee! for my country
Calls thee Carnean: the fair colony
Thrice by thy gracious guidance was tranſported,
Ere ſettl'd in Cyrene; there w' appointed
Thy annual feaſts, kind God, and bleſs thy altars
Smoaking with hecatombs of ſlaughter'd bulls;
As Carnus, thy high-prieſt and favour'd friend,
Had erſt ordain'd; and with myſterious rites,
Our great forefathers taught their ſons to worſhip.
Io Carnean Phœbus! Iŏ Pean!
The yellow crocus there, and fair narciſſus
Reſerve the honours of the winter-ſtore,
To deck thy temple; 'till returning ſpring
Diffuſes nature's various pride; and flowers
Innumerable, by the ſoft ſouth-weſt
Open'd; and gather'd by religious hands,
Rebound their ſweets from th' odoriferous pavement.
Perpetual fires ſhine hallow'd on thy altars,
When annual the Carnean feaſt is held:
The warlike Libyans clad in armour, lead
The dance; with clanging ſwords and ſhields they beat

The

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The dreadful meaſure: in the chorus join
Their women, brown but beautiful: ſuch rites
To thee well pleaſing. Nor had yet thy votaries,
From Greece tranſplanted, touch'd Cyrene's banks,
And lands determin'd for their laſt abodes;
But wander'd through Azilis' horrid foreſt
Diſpers'd; when from Myrtuſa's craggy brow,
Fond of the maid, auſpicious to the city,
Which muſt hereafter bear her favour'd name,
Thou gracious deign'ſt to let the fair one view
Her typic people; thou with pleaſure taught'ſt her
To draw the bow, to ſlay the ſhaggy lion,
And ſtop the ſpreading ruin of the plains.
Happy the nymph, who honour'd by thy paſſion,
Was aided by thy power! the monſtrous Python
Durſt tempt thy wrath in vain: for dead he fell,
To thy great ſtrength, and golden arms unequal.
Iö! while thy unerring hand elanc'd
Another, and another dart; the people
Joyfully repeated Iö! Iö Pean!
Elance the dart, Apollo: for the ſafety,
And health of man, gracious thy mother bore thee.
Envy thy lateſt foe ſuggeſted thus:
Like thee I am power immortal; therefore
To thee dare ſpeak. How canſt thou favour partial
Thoſe poets who write little? Vaſt and great
Is what I love: the far-extended ocean
To a ſmall rivulet I perfer. Apollo
Spurn'd Envy with his foot; and thus the God:

Dæmon

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Dæmon, the head-long current of Euphrates,
Aſſyrian river, copious runs, but muddy;
And carries forward with his ſtupid force
Polluting dirt; his torrent ſtill augmenting,
His wave ſtill more defil'd; mean while the nymphs
Meliſſan, ſacred and recluſe to Ceres,
Studious to have their offerings well receiv'd,
And fit for Heavenly uſe, from little urns
Pour ſtreams ſelect, and purity of waters.
Iô! Apollo, mighty king, let Envy
Ill-judging and verboſe, from Lethe's lake,
Draw tuns unmeaſureable; while thy favour
Adminiſters to my ambitious thirſt
The wholeſome draught from Aganippe's ſpring
Genuine, and with ſoft murmurs gently rilling
Adown the mountains where thy daughters haunt.

CHA

CHARITY.

A PARAPHRASE ON THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER OF THE FIRST EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS.

DID ſweeter ſounds adorn my flowing tongue,
Than ever man pronounc'd, or angel ſung:
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
That thought can reach, or ſcience can define;
And had I power to give that knowledge birth,
In all the ſpeeches of the babling earth;
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breaſt inſpire,
To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire;
Or had I faith like that which Iſrael ſaw
When Moſes gave them miracles, and law:
Yet gracious Charity, indulgent gueſt,
Were not thy power exerted in my breaſt;
Thoſe ſpeeches would ſend up unheeded prayer:
That ſcorn of life would be but wild deſpair:
A tymbal's ſound were better than my voice,
My faith were form: my eloquence were noiſe.

Charity,

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Charity, decent, modeſt, eaſy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind;
Knows with juſt reins, and gentle hand to guide,
Betwixt vile ſhame, and arbitrary pride,
Not ſoon provok'd, ſhe eaſily forgives;
And much ſhe ſuffers, as ſhe much believes.
Soft peace ſhe brings, where-ever ſhe arrives:
She builds our quiet, as ſhe forms our lives;
Lays the rough paths of peeviſh Nature even;
And opens in each heart a little Heaven.
Each other gift, which God on man beſtows,
It's proper bound, and due reſtriction knows;
To one fixt purpoſe dedicates it's power;
And, finiſhing it's act, exiſts no more.
Thus, in obedience to what Heaven decrees,
Knowledge ſhall fail, and Prophecy ſhall ceaſe;
But laſting Charity's more ample ſway,
Nor bound by time, nor ſubject to decay,
In happy triumph ſhall for ever live,
And endleſs good diffuſe, and endleſs praiſe receive.
As through the artiſt's intervening glaſs,
Our eye obſerves the diſtant planets paſs;
A little we diſcover; but allow,
That more remains unſeen, than art can ſhow:
So whilſt our mind its knowledge would improve
(Its feeble eye intent on things above)
High as we may, we lift our reaſon up,
By Faith directed, and confirm'd by Hope:

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Yet are we able only to ſurvey
Dawnings of beams, and promiſes of day.
Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazl'd ſight;
Too great its ſwiftneſs, and too ſtrong its light.
But ſoon the mediate clouds ſhall be diſpell'd:
The ſun ſhall ſoon be face to face beheld,
In all his robes with all his glory on,
Seated ſublime on his meridian throne.
Then conſtant Faith, and holy Hope ſhall die,
One loſt in certainty, and one in joy:
Whilſt thou, more happy power, fair Charity,
Triumphant ſiſter, greateſt of the three,
Thy office, and thy nature ſtill the ſame,
Laſting thy lamp, and unconſum'd thy flame,
Shalt ſtill ſurvive———
Shalt ſtand before the hoſt of Heaven confeſt,
For ever bleſſing, and for ever bleſt.

EN-

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ENGRAVEN ON A COLUMN IN THE CHURCH OF HALSTEAD IN ESSEX.

THE SPIRE OF WHICH, BURNT DOWN BY LIGHTNING, WAS REBUILT AT THE EXPENCE OF MR. SAMUEL FISKE, MDCCXVII. *

VIEW not this ſpire by meaſure given
To buildings rais'd by common hands:
That fabric riſes high as Heaven,
Whoſe BASIS on devotion ſtands.

While yet we draw this vital breath,
We can our Faith and Hope declare:
But Charity beyond our death
Will ever in our works appear.

* The ſpire of this church was burnt by lightning in April 1701, when, to prevent the flames from ſpreading, the ſupporters of the ſteeple were ſawn aſunder, and the whole

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Beſt be he call'd among good men,
Who to his God this column rais'd:
Though lightning ſtrike the dome * again:
The man, who built it, ſhall be prais'd.

whole fell into the church-yard. To record the liberality of Mr. Fiſke, the following inſcription, probably written by Mr. Prior, is fixed on the ſouth ſide of the chancel, on a large ſheet of copper framed with wood.

JOHN MORLEY

To the memory of his
good friend and neighbour
dedicates this plate,
Obiit Apr. 21, 1718, æt. 64.
Samuel Fiſke,
By deſcent a gentleman,
By profeſſion an apothecary.
In his practice
honeſt, knowing, ſucceſsful.
In his life
pious, juſt, and charitable.
The riches he acquired he uſed
as the means of doing good.
A friend to the public, a father to the poor,
A great benefactor to this town of Halſtead,
More particularly
the ſpire of this church, burnt down by
lightning, he rebuilt at his own expence.
Anno 1717.

* This hath ſince actually happened. It hath a ſecond time been deſtroyed by lightning, and rebuilt about 1765.

Yet

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Yet ſpires and towers in duſt ſhall lie,
The weak effort of human pains;
And Faith and Hope themſelves ſhall die;
While deathleſs charity remains.

WRITTEN IN

MONTAIGNE'S ESSAYS,

GIVEN TO THE

DUKE OF SHREWSBURY IN FRANCE,

AFTER THE PEACE, MDCCXIII.

DICTATE, O mighty judge, what thou haſt ſeen
Of cities, and of courts, of books, and men;
And deign to let thy ſervant hold the pen.

Through ages thus I may preſume to live;
And from the tranſcript of thy proſe receive,
What my own ſhort-lived verſe can never give.

Thus ſhall fair Britain with a gracious ſmile
Accept the work; and the inſtructed iſle,
For more than treaties made, ſhall bleſs my toil.

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Nor longer hence the Gallic ſtyle preferr'd,
Wiſdom in Engliſh IDIOM ſhall be heard;
While Talbot tells the world, where Montaigne
err'd.

AN EPISTLE,

DESIRING THE QUEEN'S PICTURE.

WRITTEN AT PARIS, MDCCXIV.

BUT LEFT UNFINISHED, BY THE SUDDEN NEWS OF HER MAJESTY'S DEATH.

THE train of equipage and pomp of ſtate,
The ſhining ſide-board, and the burniſh'd plate,
Let other miniſters, great Anne, require;
And partial fall thy gift to their deſire.
To the fair portrait of my ſovereign dame.
To that alone, eternal be my claim.
My bright defender, and my dread delight,
If ever I found favour in thy ſight:
If all the pains that for thy Britain's ſake
My paſt has took, or future life may take,

Be

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Be grateful to my Queen: permit my prayer,
And with this gift reward my total care.
Will thy indulgent hand, fair ſaint, allow
The boon? and will thy ear accept the vow?
That in deſpite of age, of impious flame,
And eating Time, thy picture like thy fame
Entire may laſt; that as their eyes ſurvey
The ſemblant ſhade, men yet unborn may ſay,
Thus great, thus gracious look'd Britannia's queen;
Her brow thus ſmooth, her look was thus ſerene;
When to a low, but to a loyal hand
The mighty empreſs gave her high command,
That he to hoſtile camps, and kings ſhould haſte,
To ſpeak her vengeance, as their danger, paſt;
To ſay, ſhe wills deteſted wars to ceaſe;
She checks her conqueſt, for her ſubjects eaſe;
And bids the world attend her terms of peace.
Thee, gracious Anne, thee preſent I adore,
Thee, Queen of peace—If Time and Fate have power
Higher to raiſe the glories of thy reign;
In words ſublimer, and a nobler ſtrain,
May future bards the mighty theme rehearſe,
Here, Stator Jove, and Phœbus king of verſe,
The votive tablet I ſuſpend * * * *

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A L M A:

OR, THE

PROGRESS OF THE MIND.

IN

THREE CANTOS.

Πάντα γέλως, καὶ πάντα κόπος, καὶ πάντα τὸ μηδέν·
Πάντα γὰρ ἐξ ἀλόγων ἐστὶ τὰ γιγνόμενα.

Incert. ap. Stobæum.

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CANTO I.

MATTHEW * met Richard †, when or where
From ſtory is not mighty clear,
Of many knotty points they ſpoke;
And PRO and CON by turns they took.
Rats half the manuſcript have eat:
Dire hunger! which we ſtill regret.
O! may they ne'er again digeſt.
The horrors of ſo ſad a feaſt!
Yet leſs our grief, if what remains,
Dear Jacob §, by thy care and pains
Shall be to future times convey'd,
It thus begins:
* * * * Here Matthew ſaid:
Alma in verſe, in proſe the Mind,
By Ariſtotle's pen defin'd,
Throughout the body ſquat or tall,
Is, BONA FIDE, all in all.

* The author himſelf. † Mr. Shelton.
§ Tonſon.

And,

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And yet, flap-dash, is all again
In every sinew, nerve, and vein:
Runs here and there, like Hamlet's ghost:
While every where she rules the roast.
This SYSTEM, Richard, we are told,
The men of Oxford firmly hold,
The Cambridge wits, you know, deny
With IPSE DIXIT to comply.
They say (for in good truth they speak
With small respect of that old Greek),
That, putting all his words together,
'Tis three blue beans in one blue bladder.
Alma, they strenuously maintain,
Sits cock-horse on her throne the brain;
And from that seat of thought dispenses
Her sovereign pleasure to the senses.
Two OPTIC nerves, they say, she ties,
Like spectacles, across the eyes;
By which the spirits bring her word,
Whene'er the balls are fix'd or stirr'd,
How quick at park and play they strike;
The duke they court; the toast they like;
And at St. James's turn their grace
From former friends now out of place.
Without these aids, to be more serious,
Her power, they hold, had been precarious:
The eyes might have conspir'd her ruin;
And she not known what they were doing.

Foolish

Fooliſh it had been, and unkind,
That they ſhould ſee, and ſhe be blind.
Wiſe nature likewiſe, they ſuppoſe,
Has drawn two conduits down our noſe:
Could Alma elſe with judgment tell,
When cabbage ſtinks, or roſes ſmell?
Or who would aſk for her opinion
Between an oyſter and an onion?
For from moſt bodies, Dick, you know,
Some little bits aſk leave to flow;
And, as through theſe canals they roll,
Bring up a ſample of the whole;
Like footmen running before coaches,
To tell the Inn, what Lord approaches.
By nerves about our palate plac'd,
She likewiſe judges of the taſte,
Elſe (diſmal thought!) our warlike men
Might drink thick Port for fine Champagne;
And our ill-judging wives and daughters
Miſtake ſmall-beer for citron-waters.
Hence too, that ſhe might better hear,
She ſets a drum at either ear;
And, loud or gentle, harſh or ſweet,
Are but th' alarums which they beat.
Laſt, to enjoy her ſenſe of feeling
(A thing ſhe much delights to deal in),
A thouſand little nerves ſhe ſends
Quite to our toes, and fingers' ends;

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And theſe in gratitude again
Return their ſpirits to the brain;
In which their figure being printed
(As juſt before, I think, I hinted),
Alma inform'd can try the caſe,
As ſhe had been upon the place.
Thus, while the judge gives different journies
To country counſel and attornies,
He on the bench in quiet ſits,
Deciding, as they bring their writs.
The Pope thus prays and ſleeps at Rome,
And very ſeldom ſtirs from home:
Yet, ſending forth his holy ſpies,
And having heard what they adviſe,
He rules the church's bleſt dominions,
And ſets mens faith by his opinions.
The ſcholars of the Stagyrite,
Who for the old opinion fight,
Would make their modern friends confeſs
The difference but from more to leſs.
The mind, ſay they, while you ſuſtain
To hold her ſtation in the brain;
You grant, at leaſt, ſhe is extended:
ERGO the whole diſpute is ended.
For till to-morrow ſhould you plead,
From form and ſtructure of the head;
The mind as viſibly is ſeen
Extended through the whole machine.

Why

Why ſhould all honour then be ta'en
From lower parts to load the brain;
When other limbs we plainly ſee,
Each in his way, as briſk as he?
For muſic, grant the head receive it;
It is the artiſts hand that gave it;
And, though the ſkull may wear the laurel,
The ſoldier's arm ſuſtains the quarrel.
Beſides, the noſtrils, ears, and eyes,
Are not his parts, but his allies;
Ev'n what you hear the tongue proclaim
Comes AB ORIGINE from them.
What could the head perform alone,
If all their friendly aids were gone?
A fooliſh figure he muſt make;
Do nothing elſe but ſleep and ake.
Nor matters it, that you can ſhow
How to the head the ſpirits go;
Thoſe ſpirits ſtarted from ſome goal,
Before they through the veins could roll.
Now, we ſhould hold them much to blame,
If they went back, before they came.
If therefore, as we muſt ſuppoſe,
They came from fingers, and from toes;
Or toes, or fingers, in this caſe,
Of NUM-SCULL's ſelf ſhould take the place:
Diſputing fair, you grant thus much,
That all ſenſation is but touch.

Dip

Dip but your toes into cold water,
Their correſpondent teeth will chatter:
And, ſtrike the bottom of your feet,
You ſet your head into a heat.
The bully beat, and happy lover,
Confeſs, that feeling lies all over.
Note here, Lucretius dares to teach
(As all our youth may learn from Creech)
That eyes were made, but could not view;
Nor hands embrace, nor feet purſue:
But heedleſs Nature did produce
The members firſt, and then the uſe.
What each muſt act was yet unknown,
Till all is moved by Chance alone.
A man firſt builds a country-ſeat;
Then finds the walls not good to eat.
Another plants, and wondering ſees
Nor books nor medals on the trees.
Yet Poet and Philoſopher
Was he, who durſt ſuch whims aver.
Bleſt, for his ſake, be human reaſon,
That came at all, though late in ſeaſon.
But no man ſure ere left his houſe,
And ſaddled Ball with thoughts ſo wild,
To bring a midwife to his ſpouſe,
Before he knew ſhe was with child.
And no man ever reapt his corn,
Or from the oven drew his bread,
Ere hinds and bakers yet were born,
That taught them both to ſow and knead.

Before

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Before they 're aſk'd, can maids refuſe?
Can—Pray, ſays Dick, hold in your Muſe.
While you Pindaric truths rehearſe,
She hobbles in ALTERNATE verſe.
Verſe! Mat reply'd; is that my care?
Go on, quoth Richard, ſoft and fair.
This looks, friend Dick, as Nature had
But exercis'd the SALESMAN'S trade;
As if ſhe haply had ſet down,
And cut-out cloaths for all the town:
Then ſent them out to Monmouth-ſtreet,
To try, what perſons they would fit;
But every free and licenc'd taylor
Would in this THESIS find a failure.
Should whims like theſe his head perplex,
How could he work for either ſex;
His cloaths, as atoms might prevail,
Might fit a piſmire, or a whale.
No, no; he views with ſtudious pleaſure
Your ſhape, before he takes your meaſure.
For real Kate he made the boddice,
And not for an IDEAL goddeſs.
No error near his ſhop-board lurk'd:
He knew the folks for whom he work'd;
Still to their ſize he aim'd his ſkill:
Elſe, pr'ythee, who would pay his bill?
Next, Dick, if chance herſelf ſhould vary,
Obſerve, how matters would miſcarry:

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Acroſs your eyes, friend place your ſhoes:
Your ſpectacles upon your toes:
Then you and Memmius ſhall agree,
How nicely men would walk, or ſee.
But wiſdom, peeviſh and croſs-grain'd,
Muſt be oppos'd, to be ſuſtain'd.
And ſtill your knowledge will increaſe,
As you make other people's leſs.
In arms and ſcience 'tis the ſame:
Our rival's hurts create our fame.
At Faubert's, if diſputes ariſe
Among the champions for the prize;
To prove who gave the fairer butt,
John ſhews the chalk on Robert's coat.
So, for the honour of your book,
It tells where other folks miſtook;
And, as their notions you confound,
Thoſe you invent get farther ground.
The commentators on old Ariſtotle ('tis urg'd) in judgment vary:
They to their own conceits have brought
The image of his general thought;
Juſt as the melancholic eye
Sees fleets and armies in the ſky;
And to the poor apprentice ear
The bells ſound, "Whittington lord mayor."
The conjuror thus explains his SCHEME;
Thus ſpirits walk, and prophets dream;

North.

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North Britons thus have SECOND-SIGHT;
And Germans, free from gun-ſhot, fight.
Theodoret and Origen,
And fifty other learned men,
Atteſt, that, if their comments find
The traces of their maſter's mind,
Alma can ne'er decay nor die:
This flatly t' other ſect deny;
Simplicius, Theophraſt, Durand,
Great names, but hard in verſe to ſtand.
They wonder men ſhould have miſtook
The TENETS of their maſter's book;
And hold, that Alma yields her breath,
O'ercome by Age, and ſeiz'd by Death.
Now which were wiſe? and which were fools?
Poor Alma ſits between two ſtools:
The more ſhe reads, the more perplext;
The comment ruining the text:
Now fears, now hopes, her doubtful fate
But, Richard, let her look to that—
Whilſt we our own affairs purſue.
Theſe different SYSTEMS, old or new,
A man with half an eye may ſee,
Were only form'd to diſagree.
Now, to bring things to fair concluſion,
And ſave much Chriſtian ink's effuſion;
Let me propoſe an healing SCHEME,
And ſail along the middle ſtream:

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For, Dick, if we could reconcile
Old Ariſtotle with Gaſſendus;
How many would admire our toil!
And yet how few would comprehend us!
Here, Richard, let my SCHEME commence:
Oh! may my words be loſt in ſenſe!
While pleas'd Thalia deigns to write
The ſlips and bounds of Alma's flight.
My ſimple SYSTEM ſhall ſuppoſe,
That Alma enters at the toes;
That then ſhe mounts by juſt degrees
Up to the ancles, legs, and knees;
Next, as the ſap of life does riſe,
She lends her vigour to the thighs;
And, all theſe under-regions paſt,
She neſtles ſomewhere near the waiſt;
Gives pain or pleaſure, grief or laughter;
As we ſhall ſhew at large hereafter.
Mature, if not improv'd by time,
Up to the heart ſhe loves to climb;
From thence, compell'd by craft and age,
She makes the head her lateſt ſtage.
From the feet upward to the head—
Pithy and ſhort, ſays Dick, proceed.
Dick, this is not an idle notion:
Obſerve the progreſs of the motion.
Firſt, I demonſtratively prove
That feet were only made to move:

And

And legs desire to come and go;
For they have nothing else to do.
Hence, long before the child can crawl,
He learns to kick, and wince, and sprawl:
To hinder which, your midwife knows
To bind those parts extremely close;
Lest Alma, newly enter'd in,
And stunn'd at her own christening's din,
Fearful of future grief and pain,
Should silently sneak out again.
Full piteous seems young Alma's case;
As in a luckless gamester's place,
She would not play, yet must not pass.
Again; as she grows something stronger,
And master's feet are swath'd no longer,
If in the night too oft he kicks,
Or shews his LOCO-MOTIVE tricks;
These first assaults fat Kate repays him;
When half-asleep, she overlays him.
Now mark, dear Richard, from the age
That children tread this worldly stage,
Broom-staff or poker they bestride,
And round the parlour love to ride;
Till thoughtful father's pious care
Provides his brood, next Smithfield Fair,
With supplemental hobby-horses:
And happy be their infant courses!

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Hence for ſome years they ne'er ſtand ſtill:
Their legs, you ſee, direct their will;
From opening morn till ſetting ſun,
Around the fields and woods they run:
They friſk, and dance, and leap, and play;
Nor heed what Friend or Snape can ſay.

To her next ſtage as Alma flies,
And likes, as I have ſaid, the thighs,
With SYMPATHETIC power ſhe warms
Their good allies and friends, the arms;
While Betty dances on the green;
And Suſan is at ſtool-ball ſeen;
While John for nine-pins does declare;
And Roger loves to pitch the bar;
Both legs and arms ſpontaneous move;
Which was the thing I meant to prove.

Another motion now ſhe makes:
O need I name the feat ſhe takes?
His thought quite chang'd the ſtripling finds;
The ſport and race no more he minds;
Neglected Tray and Pointer lie;
And covies unmoleſted fly,
Sudden the jocund plain he leaves;
And for the nymph in ſecret grieves.
In dying accents he complains
Of cruel fires, and raging pains.
The nymph too longs to be alone;
Leaves all the ſwains, and ſighs for one.

The

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The nymph is warm'd with young desire;
And feels, and dies to quench his fire,
They meet each evening in the grove:
Their parley but augments their love;
So to the priest their case they tell:
He ties the knot; and all goes well.

But, O my Muse, just distance keep;
Thou art a maid, and must not peep.
In nine months time the boddice loose,
And petticoats too short, disclose,
That at this age the active mind
About the waist lies most confin'd;
And that young life and quickening sense
Spring from his influence darted thence,
So from the middle of the world
The sun's prolific rays are hurl'd:
'Tis from that seat he darts those beams,
Which quicken earth with genial flames.

Dick, who thus long had passive sat,
Here stroak'd his chin, and cock'd his hat;
Then slapp'd his hand upon the board;
And thus the youth put in his word.
Love's advocates, sweet sir, would find him
A higher place than you assign'd him.

Love's advocates! Dick, who are those?—
The Poets, you may well suppose.
I 'm sorry, sir, you have discarded
The men with whom till now you herded.

PROSE.

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PROSE-MEN alone for private ends,
I thought, forſook their ancient friends.
IN COR STELLAVIT, cries Lucretius;
If he may be allow'd to teach us.
The ſelf-ſame thing ſoft Ovid ſays
(A proper judge in ſuch a caſe).
Horace's phraſe is, TORRET JECUR;
And happy was that curious ſpeaker.
Here Virgil too has plac'd this paſſion.
What ſignifies too long quotation?
In ode and epic, plain the caſe is,
That love holds one of theſe two places.
Dick, without paſſion or reflection,
I 'll ſtrait demoliſh this objection.
Firſt, Poets, all the world agrees,
Write half to profit, half to pleaſe,
Matter and figure they produce;
For garniſh this, and that for uſe;
And, in the ſtructure of their feaſts,
They ſeek to feed and pleaſe their gueſts;
But one may balk this good intent,
And take things otherwiſe than meant.
Thus, if you dine with my lord mayor,
Roaſt-beef, and veniſon, is your fare:
Thence you proceed to ſwan and buſtard,
And perſevere in tart and cuſtard:
But TULIP-LEAVES and LEMON-PEEL
Help only to adorn the meal;

And

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And painted flags, ſuperb and neat,
Proclaim you welcome to the treat.
The man of ſenſe his meat devours;
But only ſmells the peel and flowers;
And he muſt be an idle dreamer,
Who leaves the pie, and gnaws the ſtreamer.
That Cupid goes with bow and arrows,
And Venus keeps her coach and ſparrows,
Is all but emblem, to acquaint one.
The ſon is ſharp, the mother wanton.
Such images have ſometimes ſhown
A myſtic ſenſe, but oftener none,
For who conceives, what bards deviſe,
That Heaven is plac'd in Celia's eyes;
Or where 's the ſenſe, direct and moral,
That teeth are pearl, or lips are coral?
Your Horace owns, he various writ,
As wild or ſober maggots bit:
And where too much the Poet ranted,
The ſage Philoſoper recanted.
His grave Epiſtles may diſprove
The wanton Odes he made to love.
Lucretius keeps a mighty pother
With Cupid and his fancy'd mother;
Calls her great Queen of Earth and Air,
Declares that Wind and Seas obey her;
And, while her honour he rehearſes,
Implores her to inſpire his verſes.

Yet,

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Yet, free from this poetic madneſs,
Next page he ſays, in ſober ſadneſs,
That ſhe and all her Fellow-gods
Sit idling in their high abodes,
Regardleſs of this world below,
Our health or hanging, weal or woe;
Nor once diſturb their heavenly ſpirits
With Scapin's cheats, or Cæſar's merits.
Nor e'er can Latin Poets prove
Where lies the real Seat of Love.
JECUR they burn, and COR they pierce.
As either beſt ſupplies their verſe;
And, if folks aſk the reaſon for't,
Say, one was long, and t' other ſhort.
Thus, I preſume, the Britiſh Muſe
May take the freedom ſtrangers uſe.
In proſe our property is greater:
Why ſhould it then be leſs in metre?
If Cupid throws a ſingle dart,
We make him wound the lover's HEART:
But, if he takes his bow and quiver;
'Tis ſure, he muſt transfix the LIVER:
For rhyme with reaſon may diſpenſe;
And ſound has right to govern ſenſe.
But let your friends in verſe ſuppoſe,
What ne'er ſhall be allow'd in proſe;
ANATOMISTS can make it clear,
The LIVER minds his own affair;

Kindly

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Kindly ſupplies our public uſes;
And parts and ſtrains the vital juices;
Still lays ſome uſeful bile aſide,
To tinge the chyle's inſipid tide:
Elſe we ſhould want both gibe and ſatyr;
And all be burſt with pure good-nature;
Now gall is bitter with a witneſs;
And love is all delight and ſweetneſs.
My LOGIC then has loſt its aim,
If ſweet and bitter be the ſame:
And, he, methinks, is no great ſcholar,
Who can miſtake deſire for choler.
The like may of the HEART be ſaid;
Courage and terror there are bred.
All thoſe, whoſe HEARTS are looſe and low
Start, if they hear but the TATTOO:
And mighty phyſicial their fear is;
For, ſoon as noiſe of combat near is,
Their heart, deſcending to their breeches,
Muſt give their ſtomach cruel twitches.
But Heroes, who o'ercome or die,
Have their hearts hung extremely high;
The ſtrings of which, in battles heat,
Againſt their very CORSLETS beat;
Keep time with their own trumpet's meaſure,
And yield them moſt exceſſive pleaſure.
Now, if 'tis chiefly in the heart
That courage does itſelf exert;

'Twill

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'Twill be prodigious hard to prove,
That this is eke the throne of love.
Would Nature make one place the ſeat
Of fond deſire, and fell debate;
Muſt people only take delight in
Thoſe hours, when they are tir'd with fighting?
And has no man, but who has kill'd
A father, right to get a child?
Theſe notions then I think but idle;
And love ſhall ſtill poſſeſs the middle.
This truth more plainly to diſcover,
Suppoſe your Hero were a Lover.
Though he before had gall and rage,
Which Death and Conqueſt muſt aſſwage!
He grows diſpirited and low;
He hates the fight, and ſhuns the foe.
In ſcornful ſloth Achilles ſlept;
And for his wench, like Tall-boy, wept:
Nor would return to war and ſlaughter;
Till they brought back the Parſon's daughter.
Antonius fled from Actium's coaſt,
Auguſtus preſſing, Aſia loſt:
His ſails by Cupid's hands unfurl'd,
To keep the fair, he gave the world.
Edward our Fourth, rever'd and crown'd,
Vigorous in youth, in arms renown'd;
While England's voice, and Warwick's care,
Deſign'd him Gallia's beauteous heir;

Chang'd

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Chang'd peace and power, for rage and wars,
Only to dry one widow's tears.—
France's fourth Henry we may ſee
A ſervant to the fair d'Eſtree:
When, quitting Coutras' proſperous field,
And Fortune taught at length to yield,
He from his guards and midnight tent
Diſguis'd o'er hills and vallies went,
To wanton with the ſprightly dame;
And in his pleaſure loſt his fame.
Bold is the critic who dares prove
Theſe Heroes were no friends to Love;
And bolder he, who dares aver,
That they were enemies to war.
Yet, when their thought ſhould, now or never,
Have rais'd their HEART, or fir'd their LIVER;
Fond Alma to thoſe parts was gone,
Which Love more juſtly calls his own.
Examples I could cite you more;
But be contented with theſe four:
For, when one's proof are aptly choſen,
Four are as valid as four dozen.
One came from Greece, and one from Rome;
The other two grew nearer home.
For ſome in ancient books delight;
Others prefer what moderns write:
Now I ſhould be extremely loth,
Not to be thought expert in both.

CANTO

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CANTO II.

BUT ſhall we take the Muſe abroad,
To drop her idly on the road?
And leave our ſubject in the middle;
As Butler did his bear and fiddle?
Yet he, conſummate maſter, knew
When to recede, and where purſue;
His noble negligences teach
What others toils deſpair to reach.
He, perfect dancer, climbs the rope *,
And balances your fear and hope:
If, after ſome diſtinguiſh'd leap,
He drops his pole, and ſeems to ſlip;
Strait gathering all his active ſtrength,
He riſes higher half his length.

* Ut quaſdam artes, ita eloquentiam nihil magis quam ancipitia commendant Vides qui fune in ſumma nituntur, quantos ſoleant excitare clamores, cum jam jamque caſuri videntur. PLINY LETTERS, l. 9, ep. 26.

With

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With wonder you approve his ſlight *;
And owe your pleaſure to your fright.
But like poor Andrew I advance,
Falſe MIMIC of my maſter's dance;
Around the cord a while I ſprawl;
And thence, though low, in earneſt fall.
My preface tells you, I digreſs'd:
He 's half abſolv'd who has confeſs'd.
I like, quoth Dick, your SIMILE:
And, in return, take two from me.
As maſters in the CLARE OBSCURE
With various light your eyes allure;
A flaming yellow here they ſpread:
Draw off in blue, or charge in red;
Yet, from theſe colours oddly mix'd,
Your ſight upon the whole is fix'd:
Or as, again, your courtly dames
(Whoſe cloaths returning birth-day claims)
By arts improve, the ſtuffs they vary;
And things are beſt as moſt contrary;
The gown, with ſtiff embroidery ſhining,
Looks charming with a ſlighter lining;
The out- if Indian figure ſtain,
The in-ſide muſt be rich and plain,

* Sunt enim maxime MIRABILIA, que maxime inexpectata, et maxime——PERICULOSA. PLINY.

See Hurd's Horace.

So

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So you great authors have thought fit
To make digreſſion temper wit:
When arguments too fiercely glare,
You calm them with a milder air:
To break their points, you turn their force;
And FURBELOW the plain diſcourſe.
Richard, quoth Mat, theſe words of thine
Speak ſomething ſly, and ſomething fine:
But I ſhall e'en reſume my THEME;
However thou may'ſt praiſe or blame.
As people marry now, and ſettle;
Fierce Love abates his uſual mettle:
Worldly deſires, and houſehold cares,
Diſturb the Godhead's ſoft affairs:
So now, as health or temper changes,
In larger compaſs Alma ranges,
This day below, the next above;
As light or ſolid whimſies move.
So merchant has his houſe in town,
And country-ſeat near Banſtead-down;
From one he dates his foreign letters,
Sends out his goods, and duns his debtors:
In t' other, at his hours of leiſure,
He ſmoaks his pipe, and takes his pleaſure.
And now your matrimonial Cupid,
Laſh'd on by time, grows tir'd and ſtupid.
For ſtory and experience tell us,
That man grows old, and woman jealous.

Both

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Both would their little ends ſecure;
He ſighs for freedom, ſhe for power.
His wiſhes tend abroad to roam;
And her's, to domineer at home.
Thus paſſion flags by ſlow degrees;
And, ruffled more, delighted leſs,
The buſy mind does ſeldom go
To thoſe once charming ſeats below;
But, in the breaſt incamp'd, prepares.
For well-bred feints and future wars.
The man ſuſpects his lady's crying
(When he laſt autumn lay a-dying)
Was but to gain him to appoint her
By codicil a larger jointure.
The woman finds it all a trick,
That he could ſwoon when ſhe was ſick;
And knows, that in that grief he reckon'd
On black-ey'd Suſan for his ſecond.
Thus, having ſtrove ſome tedious years
With feign'd deſires, and real fears;
And, tir'd with anſwers and replies
Of John affirms, and Martha lies,
Leaving this endleſs altercation,
The mind affects a higher ſtation.
Poltis, that generous king of Thrace,
I think, was in this very caſe.
All Aſia now was by the ears;
And Gods beat up for volunteers

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To Greece and Troy; while Poltis ſat
In quiet governing his ſtate.
And whence, ſaid the pacific king,
Does all this noiſe and diſcord ſpring?
Why, Paris took Atrides' wife—
With eaſe I could compoſe this ſtrife:
The injur'd hero ſhould not loſe,
Nor the young lover want a ſpouſe.
But Helen chang'd her firſt condition,
Without her huſband's juſt permiſſion.
What from the dame can Paris hope?
She may as well from him elope.
Again, how can her old good-man
With honour take her back again?
From hence I logically gather,
The woman cannot live with either.
Now, I have two right honeſt wives,
For whoſe poſſeſſion no man ſtrives:
One to Atrides I will ſend;
And t' other to my Trojan friend.
Each prince ſhall thus with honour have
What both ſo warmly ſeem to crave:
The wrath of Gods and man ſhall ceaſe;
And Poltis live and die in peace.
Dick, if this ſtory pleaſeth thee,
Pray thank Dan Pope, who told it me.
Howe'er ſwift Alma's flight may vary,
(Take this by way of COROLLARY.)

Some

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Some limbs ſhe finds the very ſame,
In place, and dignity, and name:
Theſe dwell at ſuch convenient diſtance,
That each may give his friend aſſiſtance.
Thus he who runs or dances begs
The equal vigour of two legs;
So much to both does Alma truſt,
She ne'er regards which goes the firſt.
Teague could make neither of them ſtay,
When with himſelf he ran away.
The man who ſtruggles in the fight
Fatigues left arm as well as right;
For, whilſt one hand exalts the blow,
And on the earth extends the foe;
T' other would take it wondrous ill,
If in your pocket he lay ſtill.
And, when you ſhoot, and ſhut one eye,
You cannot think he would deny
To lend the other friendly aid,
Or wink as coward and afraid.
No, Sir; whilſt he withdraws his flame,
His comrade takes the ſurer aim.
One moment if his beams recede;
As ſoon as e'er the bird is dead,
Opening again, he lays his claim
To half the profit, half the fame,
And helps to pocket up the game.

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'Tis thus one tradeſman ſlips away,
To give his partner fairer play.
Some limbs again, in bulk or ſtature
Unlike, and not a-kin by Nature,
In concert act, like modern friends;
Becauſe one ſerves the other's ends.
The arm thus waits upon the heart,
So quick to take the bully's part,
That one, though warm, decides more ſlow
Than t' other executes the blow.
A ſtander-by may chance to have it,
Ere Hack himſelf perceives he gave it.
The amorous eyes thus always go
A-ſtrolling for their friends below:
For, long before the ſquire and dame
Have tête à tête reliev'd their flame,
Ere viſits yet are brought about,
The eye by ſympathy looks out,
Knows Florimel, and longs to meet her,
And, if he ſees, is ſure to greet her,
Though at ſaſh-window, on the ſtairs,
At court, nay (authors ſay) at prayers.—
The funeral of ſome valiant knight
May give this thing its proper light.
View his two gauntlets; theſe declare
That both his hands were us'd to war.
And from his two gilt ſpurs 'tis learn'd,
His feet were equally concern'd.

But

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But have you not with thought beheld
The ſword hang dangling o'er the ſhield?
Which ſhews the breaſt, that plate was us'd to,
Had an ally right arm to truſt to:
And, by the peep-holes in his creſt,
Is it not virtually confeſt,
That there his eyes took diſtant aim,
And glanc'd reſpect to that bright dame,
In whoſe delight his hope was center'd,
And for whoſe glove his life he ventur'd?
Objections to my general SYSTEM
May riſe perhaps; and I have miſt them:
But I can call to my aſſiſtance
Proximity (mark that!) and diſtance;
Can prove, that all things on occaſion
Love union, and deſire adheſion;
That Alma merely is a ſcale;
And motives, like the weights, prevail.
If neither ſide turn down nor up,
With loſs or gain, with fear or hope;
The balance always would hang even,
Like Mah'met's tomb, 'twixt earth and Heaven.
This, Richard, is a curious caſe:
Suppoſe your eyes ſent equal rays
Upon two diſtant pots of ale,
Not knowing which was mild or ſtale:
In this ſad ſtate your doubtful choice
Would never have the caſting voice;

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Which beſt or worſt you could not think;
And die you muſt for want of drink;
Unleſs ſome chance inclines your fight,
Setting one pot in fairer light;
Then you prefer or A, or B,
As lines and angles beſt agree:
Your ſenſe reſolv'd impels your will:
She guides your hand—ſo drink your fill,
Have you not ſeen a baker's maid
Between two equal panniers ſway'd?
Her tallies uſeleſs lie, and idle,
If plac'd exactly in the middle:
But, forc'd from this unactive ſtate
By virtue of ſome caſual weight,
On either ſide you hear them clatter,
And judge of right and left hand matter.
Now, Richard, this coercive force,
Without your choice, muſt take its courſe;
Great kings to wars are pointed forth,
Like loaded needles to the north.
And thou and I, by power unſeen,
Are barely paſſive, and ſuck'd-in
To Henault's vault, or Celia's chamber;
As ſtraw and paper are by amber.
If we ſit down to play or ſet
(Suppoſe at OMBRE or BASSET)
Let people call us cheats or fools,
Our cards and we are equal tools,

We

We ſure in vain the cards condemn:
Ourſelves both cut and ſhuffled them.
In vain on Fortune's aid rely:
She only is a ſtander-by.
Poor men! poor papers! we and they
Do ſome impulſive force obey:
And are but play'd with—do not play.
But ſpace and matter we ſhould blame;
They palm'd the trick that loſt the game.
Thus, to ſave further contradiction,
Againſt what you may think but fiction;
I for attraction, Dick, declare:
Deny it thoſe bold men that dare.
As well your motion, as your thought,
Is all by hidden impulſe wrought:
Ev'n ſaying that you think or walk,
How like a country ſquire you talk!
Mark then;—Where fancy, or deſire,
Collects the beams of vital fire;
Into that limb fair Alma ſlides,
And there PRO TEMPORE, reſides.
She dwells in Nicolini's tongue,
When Pyrrhus chaunts the heavenly ſong.
When Pedro does the lute command,
She guides the cunning artiſt's hand.
Through Macer's gullet ſhe runs down,
When the vile glutton dines alone.

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And, void of modeſty and thought,
She follows Bibo's endleſs draught.
Through the ſoft ſex again ſhe ranges;
As youth, caprice, or faſhion, changes.
Fair Alma, careleſs and ſerene,
In Fanny's ſprightly eyes is ſeen;
While they diffuſe their infant beams,
Themſelves not conſcious of their flames.
Again fair Alma ſits confeſt
On Florimel's experter breaſt;
When ſhe the riſing ſigh conſtrains,
And by concealing ſpeaks her pains.
In Cynthia's neck fair Alma glows,
When the vain thing her jewels ſhows:
When Jenny's ſtays are newly lac'd,
Fair Alma plays about her waiſt;
And when the ſwelling hoop ſuſtains
The rich brocade, fair Alma deigns
Into that lower ſpace to enter,
Of the large round herſelf the centre.
Again: that ſingle limb or feature
(Such is the cogent force of nature)
Which moſt did Alma's paſſion move
In the firſt object of her love,
For ever will be found confeſt,
And printed on the amorous breaſt.

O Abe-

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O Abelard, * ill-fated youth,
Thy tale will juſtify this truth:
But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
Adorn a nobler poet's ſong.
Dan Pope, for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern and ſkill has weav'd
A ſilken web; and ne'er ſhall fade
Its colours; gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy ſad diſtreſs:
And Venus ſhall the texture bleſs.
He o'er the weeping nun has drawn
Such artful folds of ſacred lawn;
That love, with equal grief and pride,
Shall ſee the crime he ſtrives to hide;
And, ſoftly drawing back the veil,
The god ſhall to his votaries tell

* A writer of eminence, Shenſtone, vol. ii. 177, has obſerved that Pope never mentions Prior, though ſo handſomely ſpoken of in this paſſage. He added, "One might "imagine that the latter (Pope), indebted as he was to the "former (Prior) for ſuch numberleſs beauties, ſhould have "readily repaid this poetical obligation. This can only "be imputed to pride or party-cunning. In other words, "to ſome modification of ſelfiſhneſs." It is certain Pope has been very ſparing in his mention of Prior; but he is not, as Shenſtone aſſerts, wholly unnoticed, as his name twice occurs in the Dunciad, B. II. l. 124, 138, though but ſlightly. Party-cunning could hardly have occaſioned it, as the chief of Prior's party were Pope's intimate friends.

Each

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Each conſcious tear, each bluſhing grace,
That deck'd dear Eloiſa's face.
Happy the poet, bleſt the lays,
Which Buckingham has deign'd to praiſe!
  Next, Dick, as youth and habit ſways,
A hundred gambols Alma plays.
If, whilſt a boy, Jack ran from ſchool,
Fond of his hunting-horn and pole;
Though gout and age his ſpeed detain,
Old John halloos his hounds again:
By his fire-ſide he ſtarts the hare;
And turns her in his wicker chair:
His feet, however lame, you find,
Have got the better of his mind.
  If, while the mind was in her leg,
The dance affected nimble Peg;
Old Madge, bewitch'd at ſixty-one,
Calls for Green Sleeves, and Jumping Joan.
In public maſk, or private ball,
From Lincoln's-inn, to Goldſmith's-hall,
All Chriſtmas long away ſhe trudges;
Trips it with prentices and judges:
In vain her children urge her ſtay;
And age or palſey bar the way.
But, if thoſe images prevail
Which wiſdom did affect the tail,
She ſtill renews the ancient ſcene,
Forgets the forty years between:

Auk-

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Awkwardly gay, and oddly merry,
Her ſcarf pale pink, her head-knot cherry;
O'er-heated with ideal rage,
She cheats her ſon, to wed her page.
If Alma, whilſt the man was young,
Slipp'd up too ſoon into his tongue:
Pleas'd with his own fantaſtic ſkill,
He lets that weapon ne'er lie ſtill.
On any point if you diſpute;
Depend upon it, he 'll confute:
Change ſides; and you increaſe your pain;
For he 'll confute you back again.
For one may ſpeak with Tully's tongue;
Yet all the while be in the wrong.
And 'tis remarkable that they
Talk moſt, who have the leaſt to ſay.
Your dainty ſpeakers have the curſe,
To plead bad cauſes down to worſe:
As dames, who native beauty want,
Still uglier look, the more they paint.
Again: if in the female ſex
Alma ſhould on this member fix
(A cruel and a deſperate caſe,
From which Heaven ſhield my lovely laſs!);
For evermore all care is vain,
That would bring Alma down again.
As, in habitual gout or ſtone,
The only thing that can be done,

Is

Is to correct your drink and diet,
And keep the inward foe in quiet;
So, if for any ſins of ours
Or our forefathers, higher powers,
Severe though juſt, afflict our life
With that prime ill, a talking wife;
Till death ſhall bring the kind relief,
We muſt be patient, or be deaf.

You know a certain lady, Dick,
Who ſaw me when I laſt was ſick:
She kindly talk'd, at leaſt three hours,
Of plaſtic forms, and mental powers;
Deſcrib'd our pre-exiſting ſtation
Before this vile terrene creation;
And, leſt I ſhould be weary'd, madam,
To cut things ſhort, came down to Adam;
From whence, as faſt as ſhe was able,
She drowns the world, and builds up Babel:
Through Syria, Perſia, Greece ſhe goes;
And takes the Romans in the cloſe.

But we 'll deſcant on general nature:
This is a ſyſtem, not a ſatire.
Turn we this globe; and let us ſee
How different nations diſagree
In what we wear, or eat and drink;
Nay, Dick, perhaps in what we think.
In water as you ſmell and taſte
The ſoils through which it roſe and paſt;

In

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In Alma's manners you may read
The place where ſhe was born and bred.
One people from their ſwaddling bands
Releas'd their infants' feet and hands:
Here Alma to theſe limbs was brought;
And Sparta's offspring kick'd and fought.
Another taught their babes to talk,
Ere they could yet in go-carts walk:
There Alma ſettled in the tongue:
And orators from Athens ſprung.
Obſerve but in theſe neighbouring lands
The different uſe of mouths and hands;
As men repos'd their various hopes,
In battles theſe, and thoſe in tropes.
In Briton's iſles, as Heylin notes,
The ladies trip in petticoats;
Which, for the honour of their nation,
They quit but on ſome great occaſion.
Men there in breeches clad you view:
They claim that garment as their due.
In Turkey the reverſe appears;
Long coats the haughty huſband wears;
And greets his wife with angry ſpeeches,
If ſhe be ſeen without her breeches.
In our fantaſtic climes, the fair
With cleanly powder dry their hair:
And round their lovely breaſt and head
Freſh flowers their mingled odours ſhed.

Your

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Your nicer Hottentots think meet
With guts and tripe to deck their feet:
With down-caſt looks on Totta's legs,
The ogling youth moſt humbly begs,
She would not from his hopes remove
At once his breakfaſt and his love:
And, if the ſkittiſh nymph ſhould fly,
He in a double ſenſe muſt die.

We ſimple toaſters take delight
To ſee our womens teeth look white.
And every ſaucy ill-bred fellow
Sneers at a mouth profoundly yellow.
In China none hold women ſweet,
Except their ſnags are black as jett.
King Chihu put ten queens to death,
Convict on ſtatute, IVORY TEETH.

At Tonquin, if a prince ſhould die,
(As Jeſuits write, who never lye),
The wife, and counſellor, and prieſt,
Who ſerv'd him moſt, and lov'd him beſt,
Prepare and light his funeral fire,
And chearful on the pile expire.
In Europe 't would be hard to find,
In each degree, one half ſo kind.

Now turn we to the fartheſt eaſt,
And there obſerve the gentry dreſt.
Prince Giolo, and his royal ſiſters,
Scarr'd with ten thouſand comely bliſters;

The

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The marks remaining on the ſkin,
To tell the quality within.
Diſtinguiſh'd ſlaſhes deck the great:
As each excels in birth or ſtate,
His oylet-holes are more and ampler:
The king's own body was a ſamplar.
Happy the climate, where the beau
Wears the ſame ſuit for uſe and ſhow:
And at a ſmall expence your wife,
If once well pink'd, is cloath'd for life.
Weſtward again, the Indian fair
Is nicely ſmear'd with fat of bear:
Before you ſee, you ſmell your toaſt;
And ſweeteſt ſhe who ſtinks the moſt.
The fineſt ſparks and cleaneſt beaux
Drip from the ſhoulders to the toes:
How ſleek their ſkins! their joints how eaſy!
There ſlovens only are not greaſy.
I mention'd different ways of breeding:
Begin we in our childrens reading.
To maſter John the Engliſh maid
A horn-book gives of ginger-bread;
And, that the child may learn the better,
As he can name, he eats the letter.
Proceeding thus with vaſt delight,
He ſpells, and knaws, from left to right.
But, ſhew a Hebrew's hopeful ſon
Where we ſuppoſe the book begun,

The

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The child would thank you for your kindneſs,
And read quite backward from our FINIS.
Devour he learning ne'er ſo faſt,
Great A would be reſerv'd the laſt.
An equal inſtance of this matter
Is in the manners of a daughter.
In Europe, if a harmleſs maid,
By Nature and by Love betray'd,
Should, ere a wife, become a nurſe,
Her friends would look on her the worſe.
In China, Dampier's Travels tell ye
(Look in his Index for Pagelli),
Soon as the Britiſh ſhips unmoor,
And jolly long-boat rows to ſhore;
Down come the nobles of the land:
Each brings his daughter in his hand,
Beſeeching the imperious tar
To make her but one hour his care.
The tender mother ſtands affrighted,
Leſt her dear daughter ſhould be ſlighted:
And poor miſs Yaya dreads the ſhame
Of going back the maid ſhe came.
Obſerve how cuſtom, Dick, compels
The lady that in Europe dwells:
After her tea, ſhe ſlips away;
And what to do, one need not ſay.
Now ſee how great Pomonque's queen
Behav'd herſelf amongſt the men:

Pleas'd

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Pleas'd with her punch, the gallant ſoul
Firſt drank, then water'd in the bowl;
And ſprinkled in the captain's face
The marks of her peculiar grace——
To cloſe this point, we need not roam
For inſtances ſo far from home.
What parts gay France from ſober Spain?
A little riſing rocky chain.
Of men born ſouth or north o' th' hill,
Thoſe ſeldom move; theſe ne'er ſtand ſtill.
Dick, you love maps, and may perceive
Rome not far diſtant from Geneve.
If the good Pope remains at home,
He 's the firſt prince in Chriſtendom.
Chooſe then, good Pope, at home to ſtay;
Nor weſtward curious take thy way:
Thy way unhappy ſhould'ſt thou take
From Tyber's bank to Leman lake;
Thou art an aged prieſt no more,
But a young flaring painted whore;
Thy ſex is loſt: thy town is gone,
No longer Rome, but Babylon.
That ſome few leagues ſhould make this change,
To men unlearn'd ſeems mighty ſtrange.
But need we, friend, inſiſt on this?
Since, in the very Cantons Swiſs,
All your philoſophers agree,
And prove it plain, that one may be

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A heretic, or true believer,
On this, or t' other ſide a river.
Here, with an artful ſmile, quoth Dick,
Your proofs come mighty full and thick——
The bard, on this extenſive chapter
Wound up into poetic rapture,
Continued: Richard, caſt your eye
By night upon a winter-ſky:
Caſt it by day-light on the ſtrand,
Which compaſſes fair Albion's land:
If you can count the ſtars that glow
Above, or ſands that lie below;
Into thoſe common-places look,
Which from great authors I have took;
And count the proofs I have collected,
To have my writings well protected.
Theſe I lay-by for time of need;
And thou may'ſt at thy leiſure read.
For, ſtanding every critic's rage,
I ſafely will to future age,
My SYSTEM, as a gift, bequeath,
Victorious over ſpight and death.

CAN-

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CANTO III.

RICHARD, who now was half aſleep,
Rous'd; nor would longer ſilence keep:
And ſenſe like this, in vocal breath,
Broke from his two-fold hedge of teeth.
Now, if this phraſe too harſh be thought;
Pope, tell the word, 'tis not my fault.
Old Homer taught us thus to ſpeak;
If 'tis not ſenſe, at leaſt 'tis Greek.
As folks, quoth Richard, prone to leaſing,
Say things at firſt, becauſe they 're pleaſing;
Then prove what they have once aſſerted;
Nor care to have their lie deſerted;
Till their own dreams at length deceive 'em;
And, oft' repeating, they believe 'em;
Or as, again, thoſe amorous blades,
Who trifle with their mothers' maids;
Though at the firſt their wild deſire
Was but to quench a preſent fire;
Yet if the object of their love
Chance by Lucina's aid to prove:
They ſeldom let the bantling roar
In baſket at a neighbour's door;

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But, by the flattering glaſs of nature
Viewing themſelves in CAKE-BREAD's feature;
With ſerious thought and care ſupport
What only was begun in ſport:
Juſt ſo with you, my friend, it fares,
Who deal in philoſophic wares.
Atoms you cut, and forms you meaſure,
To gratify your private pleaſure;
Till airy feeds of caſual wit
Do ſome fantaſtic birth beget:
And, pleas'd to find your ſyſtem mended
Beyond what you at firſt intended,
The happy whimſey you purſue,
Till you at length believe it true.
Caught by your own deluſive art,
You fancy firſt, and then aſſert.
Quoth Matthew: friend, as far as I
Through art or nature caſt my eye,
This axiom clearly I diſcern,
That one muſt teach, and t' other learn.
No fool Pythagoras was thought;
Whilſt he his weighty doctrines taught,
He made his liſtening ſcholars ſtand,
Their mouth ſtill cover'd with their hand:
Elſe, may be, ſome odd-thinking youth,
Leſs friend to doctrine than to truth,
Might have refus'd to let his ears
Attend the muſic of the ſpheres;

Deny'd

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Deny'd all tranſmigrating ſcenes,
And introduc'd the uſe of beans.
From great Lucretius take his void;
And all the world is quite deſtroy'd.
Deny Des-cart his ſubtil matter;
You leave him neither fire nor water.
How oddly would Sir Iſaac look,
If you, in anſwer to his book,
Say in the front of your diſcourſe,
That things have no elaſtic force!
How could our CHEMIC friends go on,
To find the PHILOSOPHIC ſtone;
If you more powerful reaſons bring,
To prove, that there is no ſuch thing?
Your chiefs in ſciences and arts
Have great contempt of Alma's parts.
They find, ſhe giddy is, or dull;
She doubts, if things are void, or full:
And who ſhould be preſum'd to tell
What ſhe herſelf ſhould ſee, or feel?
She doubts if two and two make four,
Though ſhe has told them ten times o'er.
It can't—it may be—and it muſt:
To which of theſe muſt Alma truſt?
Nay further yet they make her go
In doubting, if ſhe doubts, or no.
Can SYLLOGISM ſet things right?
No: MAJORS ſoon with MINORS fight;

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Or, both in friendly conſort join'd,
The CONSEQUENCE limps falſe behind.
So to ſome cunning-man ſhe goes,
And aſks of him, how much ſhe knows.
With patience grave he hears her ſpeak;
And from his ſhort notes gives her back
What from her tale he comprehended:
Thus the diſpute is wiſely ended.
From the account the loſer brings,
The Conjurer knows, who ſtole the things.
'Squire (interrupted Dick) ſince when
Were you amongſt theſe cunning-men?
Dear Dick, quoth Mat, let not thy force
Of eloquence ſpoil my diſcourſe.
I tell thee, this is Alma's caſe,
Still aſking, what ſome wiſe-man ſays,
Who does his mind in words reveal,
Which all muſt grant; though few can ſpell.
You tell your doctor, that y' are ill;
And what does he, but write a bill,
Of which you need not read one letter:
The worſe the ſcrawl, the doſe the better.
For if you knew but what you take;
Though you recover, he muſt break.
IDEAS, FORMS, and INTELECTS,
Have furniſh'd out three different ſects.
SUBSTANCE, or ACCIDENT, divides
All Europe into adverſe ſides.

Now,

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Now, as, engag'd in arms or laws,
You muſt have friends to back your cauſe;
In PHILOSOPHIC matters ſo
Your judgment muſt with others' go:
For as in ſenates, ſo in ſchools,
Majority of voices rules.
Poor Alma, like a lonely deer,
O'er hills and dales does doubtful err:
With panting haſte, and quick ſurprize,
From every leaf that ſtirs, ſhe flies;
Till mingled with the neighbouring herd,
She ſlights what erſt ſhe ſingly fear'd:
And now, exempt from doubt and dread,
She dares purſue, if they dare lead;
As their example ſtill prevails,
She tempts the ſtream, or leaps the pales.
He then, quoth Dick, who by your rule
Thinks for himſelf, becomes a fool;
As party men, who leaves the reſt,
Is call'd but WHIMSICAL * at beſt.
Now, by your favour, maſter Mat,
Like Ralpho, here I ſmell a rat.
I muſt be liſted in your ſect;
Who, though they teach not, can protect.
Right, Richard, Mat in triumph cry'd:
So put off all miſtruſt and pride.

* Some of the Tories, in the queen's reign, were diſtinguiſhed by that appellation.

And,

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And, while my principles I beg,
Pray anſwer only with your leg.
Believe what friendly I adviſe:
Be firſt ſecure; and then be wiſe.
The man within the coach that ſits,
And to another's ſkill ſubmits,
Is ſafer much (whate'er arrives)
And warmer too, than he that drives.
So Dick ADEPT, tuck back thy hair;
And I will pour into thy ear
Remarks which none did e'er diſcloſe
In ſmooth-fac'd verſe, or hobbling proſe.
Attend, dear Dick: but don't reply:
And thou may'ſt prove as wiſe as I.
When Alma now, in different ages,
Has finiſhed her aſcending ſtages;
Into the head at length ſhe gets,
And there in public grandeur ſits,
To judge of things, and cenſure wits.
Here, Richard, how could I explain
The various labyrinths of the brain!
Surprize my readers, whilſt I tell 'em
Of CEREBRUM, and CEREBELLUM!
How could I play the commentator
On DURA and on PIA MATER!
Where hot and cold, and dry and wet,
Strive each the other's place to get;
And with inceſſant toil and ſtrife,
Would keep poſſeſſion during life:

I could

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I could demonſtrate every pore,
Where memory lays up all her ſtore;
And to an inch compute the ſtation
'Twixt judgment and imagination:
O friend! I could diſplay much learning,
At leaſt to men of ſmall diſcerning.
The brain contains ten thouſand cells:
In each ſome active fancy dwells;
Which always is at work, and framing
The ſeveral follies I was naming.
As in a hive's vimineous dome
Ten thouſand bees enjoy their home;
Each does her ſtudious actions vary,
To go and come, to fetch and carry:
Each ſtill renews her little labour;
Nor juſtles her aſſiduous neighbour:
Each—whilſt this THESIS I maintain,
I fancy, Dick, I know thy brain.
O, with the mighty THEME affected,
Could I but ſee thy head diſſected!
My head! quoth Dick, to ſerve your whim!
Spare that, and take ſome other limb.
Sir, in your nice affairs of SYSTEM,
Wiſe men propoſe; but fools aſſiſt 'em.
Says Matthew: Richard, keep thy head,
And hold thy peace; and I 'll proceed.
Proceed! quoth Dick: Sir, I aver,
You have already gone too far.

When

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When people once are in the wrong,
Each line they add is much too long.
Who faſteſt walks, but walks aſtray,
Is only furtheſt from his way.
Bleſs your conceits! muſt I believe,
Howe'er abſurd, what you conceive:
And, for your friendſhip, live and die
A papiſt in philoſophy?
I ſay, whatever you maintain
Of Alma in the heart or brain;
The plaineſt man alive may tell ye,
Her ſeat of empire is the belly:
From hence ſhe ſends out thoſe ſupplies,
Which make us either ſtout or wiſe;
The ſtrength of every other member
Is founded on your belly-timber;
The qualms or raptures of your blood
Riſe in proportion to your food;
And, if you would improve your thought,
You muſt be fed, as well as taught.
Your ſtomach makes your fabrick roll;
Juſt as the bias rules the bowl.
That great Achilles might employ
The ſtrength, deſign'd to ruin Troy;
He din'd on lion's marrow, ſpread
On toaſts of ammunition-bread:
But, by his mother ſent away,
Amongſt the Thracian girls to play,

Effe-

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Effeminate he ſat, and quiet:
Strange product of a cheeſe-cake diet!
Now give my argument fair play,
And take the thing the other way:
The youngſter, who at nine and three
Drinks with his ſiſters milk and tea,
From breakfaſt reads till twelve o'clock,
Burnet and Heylin, Hobbes and Locke;
He pays due viſits after noon
To couſin Alice and uncle John;
At ten from coffee-houſe or play
Returning, finiſhes the day.
But, give him port and potent ſack,
From MILKSOP he ſtarts up MOHACK;
Holds that the happy know no hours;
So through the ſtreet at midnight ſcowers,
Breaks watchmen's heads, and chairmen's glaſſes,
And thence proceeds to nicking ſaſhes;
Till, by ſome tougher hand o'ercome,
And firſt knock'd down, and then led home,
He damns the footman, ſtrikes the maid,
And decently reels up to bed.
Obſerve the various operations
Of food and drink in ſeveral nations.
Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel
Upon the ſtrength of water-gruel?
But who ſhall ſtand his rage and force,
If firſt he rides, then eats his horſe?

Sallads,

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Sallads, and eggs, and lighter fare,
Tune the Italian ſpark's guitar.
And, if I take Dan Congreve right,
Pudding and beef make Britons fight.
Tokay and coffee cauſe this work,
Between the German and the Turk;
And both, as they proviſions want,
Chicane avoid, retire and faint.
Hunger and thirſt, or guns and ſwords,
Give the ſame death in different words.
To puſh this argument no further;
To ſtarve a man, in law is murther.
As in a watch's fine machine,
Though many artful ſprings are ſeen;
The added movements, which declare
How full the moon, how old the year,
Derive their ſecondary power
From that which ſimply points the hour.
For, though thoſe gim-cracks were away,
(Quare would not ſwear, but Quare would ſay)
However more reduc'd and plain,
The watch would ſtill a watch remain:
But, if the HORAL orbit ceaſes,
The whole ſtands ſtill, or breaks to pieces;
Is now no longer what it was;
And you may e'en go ſell the caſe.
So, if unprejudic'd you ſcan
The goings of this clock-work, man,

You

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You find a hundred movements made
By fine devices in his head;
But 'tis the ſtomach's ſolid ſtroke
That tells his being, what 's o' clock.
If you take off this RHETORIC trigger,
He talks no more in mode and figure:
Or, clog his MATHEMATIC-wheel,
His buildings fall, his ſhip ſtands ſtill;
Or, laſtly, break his POLITIC-weight.
His voice no longer rules the ſtate.
Yet, if theſe finer whims were gone,
Your clock, though plain, would ſtill go on,
But ſpoil the engine of digeſtion;
And you entirely change the queſtion.
Alma's affairs no power can mend;
The jeſt, alas! is at an end:
Soon ceaſes all this worldly buſtle;
And you conſign the corpſe to Ruſſel *.
Now make your Alma come or go
From leg to hand, from top to toe,
Your SYSTEM, without my addition,
Is in a very ſad condition,
So Harlequin extoll'd his horſe,
Fit for the war, or road, or courſe;
His mouth was ſoft; his eye was good;
His foot was ſure as ever trod:

* A celebrated undertaker of funerals. He is mentioned by Dr. Garth in the Diſpenſary, canto III.

One

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One fault he had (a fault indeed!)
And what was that? the horſe was dead.
Dick, from theſe inſtances and fetches,
Thou mak'ſt of horſes, clocks, and watches,
Quoth Mat, to me thou ſeem'ſt to mean,
That Alma is a mere MACHINE:
That, telling others what 's o' clock,
She knows not what herſelf has ſtruck;
But leaves to ſtanders-by the trial
Of what is mark'd upon her dial.
Here hold a blow, good friend, quoth Dick,
And rais'd his voice exceeding quick.
Fight fair, Sir: what I never meant
Don't you infer. In argument
Similies are like ſongs in love:
They much deſcribe; they nothing prove.
Mat, who was here a little gravel'd
Toſt up his noſe, and would have cavil'd;
But, calling Hermes to his aid,
Half pleas'd, half angry, thus he ſaid:
(Where mind ('tis for the author's fame)
That Mathew call'd, and Hermes came.
In danger heroes, and in doubt
Poets find Gods to help them out.)
Friend Richard, I begin to ſee,
That you and I ſhall ſcarce agree.
Obſerve how oddly you behave:
The more I grant, the more you crave.

But,

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But, comrade, as I ſaid juſt now,
I ſhould affirm, and you allow.
We SYSTEM-makers can ſuſtain
The THESIS, which you grant was plain;
And with remarks and comments teaze ye,
In caſe the thing before was eaſy.
But, in a point obſcure and dark,
We fight as Leibnitz did with Clarke;
And, when no reaſon we can ſhew,
Why matters this or that way go,
The ſhorteſt way the thing we try,
And what we know not, we deny;
True to our own o'erbearing pride,
And falſe to all the world beſide.
That old philoſopher grew croſs,
Who could not tell what motion was:
Becauſe he walk'd againſt his will,
He fac'd men down, that he ſtood ſtill.
And he who, reading on the heart
(When all his QUOLLIBETS of art
Could not expound its pulſe and heat)
Swore, he had never felt it beat.
Chryſippus, foil'd by Epicurus,
Makes bold (Jove bleſs him!) to aſſure us,
That all things, which our mind can view,
May be at once both falſe and true.
And Malebranche has an odd conceit,
As ever enter'd Frenchman's pate:

Says

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Says he, ſo little can our mind
Of matter or of ſpirit find,
That we by gueſs at leaſt may gather
Something, which may be both, or neither.
Faith, Dick, I muſt confeſs, 'tis true
(But this is only ENTRE NOUS)
That many knotty points there are,
Which all diſcuſs, but few can clear.
As Nature ſlily had thought fit,
For ſome by-ends, to croſs-bite wit;
Circles to ſquare, and cubes to double,
Would give a man exceſſive trouble;
The longitude uncertain roams,
In ſpite of Whiſton and his bombs.
What SYSTEM, Dick, has right averr'd
The cauſe why women has no beard?
Or why, as years our frame attack,
Our hairs grow white, our teeth grow black?
In points like theſe, we muſt agree,
Our barbers know as much as we.
Yet ſtill, unable to explain,
We muſt perſiſt the beſt we can;
With care our SYSTEMS ſtill renew;
And prove things likely, though not true.
I could, thou ſee'ſt, in quaint diſpute,
By dint of LOGIC, ſtrike thee mute;
With learned ſkill, now puſh, now parry,
From Darii to Bocardo vary,

And

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And never yield; or, what is worſt,
Never conclude the point diſcours'd.
Yet, that you HIC ET NUNC may know,
How much you to my candour owe,
I 'll from the diſputant deſcend,
To ſhew thee, I aſſume the friend:
I 'll take thy notion for my own —
(So moſt philoſophers have done):
It makes my SYSTEM more complete:
Dick, can it have a nobler fate?
Take what thou wilt, ſaid Dick, dear friend;
But bring thy matters to an end.
I find, quoth Mat, reproof is vain:
Who firſt offend will firſt complain.
Thou wiſheſt I ſhould make to ſhore;
Yet ſtill putt'ſt in thy thwarting oar.
What I have told thee fifty times
In proſe, receive for once in rhymes:
A huge fat man in country-fair,
Or city-church (no matter where)
Labour'd and puſh'd amidſt the croud,
Still bawling out extremely loud,
Lord ſave us! why do people preſs!
Another, marking his diſtreſs,
Friendly reply'd, Plump Gentleman,
Get out as faſt as e'er you can;
Or ceaſe to puſh, or to exclaim:
You make the very croud you blame.

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Says Dick, your moral does not need
The leaſt return; ſo e'en proceed:
Your tale, howe'er apply'd, was ſhort:
So far, at leaſt, I thank you for't.
Mat took his thanks; and, in a tone
More magiſterial, thus went on.
Now, Alma ſettles in the head;
As has before been ſung, or ſaid;
And here begins this farce of life;
Enter revenge, ambition, ſtrife:
Behold on both ſides men advance,
To form in earneſt Bays's dance.
L'Avare, not uſing half his ſtore,
Still grumbles that he has no more;
Strikes not the preſent tun, for fear
The vintage ſhould be bad next year;
And eats to-day with inward ſorrow,
And dread of fancy'd want to-morrow.
Abroad if the SURTOUT you wear
Repels the rigour of the air;
Would you be warmer, if at home
You had the fabric and the loom?
And, if two boots keep out the weather,
What need you have two hides of leather?
Could Pedro, think you, make no trial
Of a SONATA on his viol,
Unleſs he had the total gut
Whence every ſtring at firſt was cut?

When

When Rarus ſhews you his cartone,
He always tells you, with a groan,
Where two of that ſame hand were torn
Long before you or he were born.
Poor Vento's mind ſo much is croſt,
For part of his Petronius loſt,
That he can never take the pains
To underſtand what yet remains.
What toil did honeſt Curio take,
What ſtrict enquiries did he make,
To get one medal wanting yet,
And perfect all his Roman ſet!
'Tis found: and, O his happy lot!
'Tis bought, lock'd up, and lies forgot:
Of theſe no more you hear him ſpeak:
He now begins upon the Greek.
Theſe, rang'd and ſhew'd, ſhall in their turns
Remain obſcure as in their urns.
My copper-lamps at any rate,
For being true antique, I bought:
Yet wiſely melted down my plate,
On modern models to be wrought:
And trifles I alike purſue,
Becauſe they 're old, becauſe they 're new.
Dick, I have ſeen you with delight
For Georgy * make a paper kite.

* Mr. Shelton's ſon

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And ſimple odes too many ſhow ye
My ſervile complaiſance to Chloe.
Parents and lovers are decreed
By Nature fools—That 's brave indeed!
Quoth Dick: ſuch truths are worth receiving.
Yet ſtill Dick look'd as not believing.
Now, Alma, to divines and proſe
I leave thy frauds, and crimes, and woes;
Nor think to-night of thy ill-nature,
But of thy follies, idle creature!
The turns of thy uncertain wing,
And not the malice of thy ſting:
Thy pride of being great and wiſe
I do but mention, to deſpiſe;
I view with anger and diſdain
How little gives thee joy or pain;
A print, a BRONZE, a flower, a root,
A ſhell, a butterfly, can do 't;
Ev'n a romance, a tune, a rhyme,
Help thee to paſs the tedious time,
Which elſe would on thy hand remain;
Though, flown, it ne'er looks back again;
And cards are dealt, and cheſs-boards brought,
To eaſe the pain of coward thought:
Happy reſult of human wit!
That Alma may herſelf forget.
Dick, thus we act; and thus we are,
Or toſs'd by hope, or ſunk by care.

With

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With endleſs pain this man purſues
What, if he gain'd, he could not uſe:
And t'other fondly hopes to ſee
What never was, nor e'er ſhall be.
We err by uſe, go wrong by rules,
In geſture grave, in action fools:
We join hypocriſy to pride,
Doubling the faults we ſtrive to hide.
Or grant that, with extreme ſurprize,
We find ourſelves at ſixty wiſe;
And twenty pretty things are known,
Of which we can't accompliſh one;
Whilſt, as my SYSTEM ſays, the mind
Is to theſe upper rooms confin'd:
Should I, my friend, at large repeat
Her borrow'd ſenſe, her fond conceit,
The bead-roll of her vicious tricks;
My Poem will be too prolix.
For could I my remarks ſuſtain,
Like Socrates, or Miles Montaigne;
Who in theſe times would read my books,
But Tom o'Stiles, or John o'Nokes?
As Brentford kings, diſcreet and wiſe,
After long thought and grave advice,
Into Lardella's coffin peeping,
Saw nought to cauſe their mirth or weeping:
So Alma, now to joy or grief
Superior, finds her late relief:

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Weary'd of being high or great,
And nodding in her chair of ſtate;
Stunn'd and worn out with endleſs chat
Of Will did this, and Nan ſaid that;
She finds, poor thing, ſome little crack,
Which Nature, forc'd by Time, muſt make,
Through which ſhe wings her deſtin'd way;
Upward ſhe ſoars; and down drops clay:
While ſome ſurviving friend ſupplies
HIC JACET, and a hundred lies.

O Richard, till that day appears,
Which muſt decide our hopes and fears,
Would fortune calm her preſent rage,
And give us play-things for our age;
Would Clotho waſh her hands in milk,
And twiſt our thread with gold and ſilk;
Would ſhe, in friendſhip, peace, and plenty,
Spin out our years to four times twenty;
And ſhould we both in this condition
Have conquer'd Love, and worſe Ambition;
(Elſe thoſe two paſſions, by the way,
May chance to ſhew us ſcurvy play);
Then, Richard, then ſhould we ſit down,
Far from the tumult of this town;
I fond of my well-choſen ſeat,
My pictures, medals, books compleat.
Or, ſhould we mix our friendly talk,
O'er ſhaded in that favourite walk,

Which

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Which thy own hand had whilom planted,
Both pleas'd with all we thought we wanted:
Yet then, ev'n then, one croſs reflection
Would ſpoil thy grove, and my collection:
Thy ſon, and his, ere that may die
And Time ſome uncouth heir ſupply,
Who ſhall for nothing elſe be known
But ſpoiling all that thou haſt done.
Who ſet the twigs, ſhall he remember
That is in haſte to ſell the timber?
And what ſhall of thy woods remain,
Except the box that threw the main?
Nay, may not Time and Death remove
The near relations whom I love?
And my coz Tom, or his coz Mary,
(Who hold the plough, or ſkim the dairy)
My favourite books and pictures ſell
To Smart, or Doiley, by the ell?
Kindly throw in a little figure,
And ſet the price upon the bigger?
Thoſe who could never read the grammar,
When my dear volumes touch the hammer,
May think books beſt, as richeſt bound;
My copper medals by the pound
May be with learned juſtice weigh'd;
To turn the balance, Otho's head
May be thrown in; and for the metal,
The coin may mend a tinker's kettle—

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Tir'd with theſe thoughts—Leſs tir'd than I,
Quoth Dick, with your philoſophy—
That people live and die, I knew
An hour ago, as well as you.
And, if Fate ſpins us longer years,
Or is in haſte to take the ſhears,
I know we muſt both fortunes try,
And bear our evils wet or dry.
Yet, let the Goddeſs ſmile or frown,
Bread we ſhall eat, or white or brown;
And in a cottage, or a court,
Drink fine CHAMPAIGNE or muddled PORT.
What need of books theſe truths to tell,
Which folks perceive who cannot ſpell?
And muſt we ſpectacles apply,
To view what hurts our naked eye?
Sir, if it be your wiſdom's aim
To make me merrier than I am;
I 'll be all night at your devotion—
Come on, friend; broach the pleaſing notion;
But, if you would depreſs my thought,
Your SYSTEM is not worth a groat—
For Plato's fancies what care I?
I hope you would not have me die,
Like ſimple Cato, in the play,
For any thing that he can ſay?
Ev'n let him of ideas ſpeak
To heathens in his native Greek,

If

If to be ſad is to be wiſe;
I do moſt heartily deſpiſe
Whatever Socrates has ſaid,
Or Tully writ, or Wanley * read.
Dear Drift †, to ſet our matters right,
Remove theſe papers from my ſight;
Burn Mat' Deſ-cart', and Ariſtotle:
Here! Jonathan, your maſter's bottle.

* Humphrey Wanley, librarian to the Earl of Oxford.
† Mr. Prior's Secretary and Executor.

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